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The Emperor

CHARLES V

MONARCHS

RETIRED FROM BUSINESS.

37828

BY

DR. DORAN,

AUTHOR OF 'THE KNIGHTS AND THEIR DAYS,' 'QUEENS OF ENGLAND OF THE HOUSE OF HANOVER,' 'HABITS AND MEN,' 'TABLE TRAITS AND SOMETHING ON THEM.'

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOLUME I.

"I've thought, at gentle and ungentle hour,
Of many an act and giant-shape of power,
Of the old Kings with high-exacting looks,
Sceptred and globed."—LEIGH HUNT.

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TO THE

RIGHT HON. HENRY, VISCOUNT LASCELLES

AND TO THE

HON. EGREMONT WILLIAM LASCELLES

These Volumes are Inscribed

WITH FEELINGS OF RESPECTFUL ATTACHMENT

BY

THEIR DEVOTED FRIEND AND SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

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MONARCHS

RETIRED FROM BUSINESS.

THE KING!

"Oh, 'tis the sweetest of all earthly things,
To gaze on Princes and to talk of Kings!"—POPE.

THE word *King* has had assigned to it a Germanic derivation, which implies the power of the privileged individual by whom it is borne. The term is derived, we are told, from *können*, "to be able,"—a man who emphatically *can* do, what he pleases. The word is to be traced in many Germanic names borne by exalted personages wielding sovereign power; and the old Kunibalds, Kunigilds, Kunildas, and the like, were, doubtless, irresponsible persons, who were not to be questioned.

In the Old High-German language, the term *Chuninc* (from *Chunni*, a race) signifies the "chief of a race." In the Anglo-Saxon we have, according to Schwenke, the word King under the forms *Cyning*, *Cynig*, *Cyng*, *Cinc*, *Cing*, *Cinge*, *Cining*, *Cininc*. The Swedish language gives it us in *Konung*, the Danish in *Konge*, the Finnish in *Kuningas*. The word Queen may be traced through the Anglo-Saxon *Cvaen*, *Cven*, the Gothic *Quino*, and the terms used in various

parts of Germany in the ancient time—*Queno*, *Chena*, *Kona*, and even the Slavonic *Shena*,—to the Greek γυνή, a *woman*. The word Queen, with a slight difference in the spelling, has still that original meaning in English, where Quean implies "woman," in the spirit with which it is used in the vulgar tongue. Schwenke, in tracing both *King* and *Queen* to the Anglo-Saxon *cennan*, "to know," adds, that the word had originally affinity with *können*, "to be able," "to beget." There is the same affinity in the Greek γιγνώσκειν and γίγνεσθαι, and in the Latin *noscere* (*gnoscere*) and *nasci* (*gnasci*). In the respective words, then, *King* and *Queen*, there is implied union of knowledge and power. Mr. Shandy would make much more of them; but it will suffice to say here that these wise and strong individuals were the actual chiefs and the metaphorical parents of their race.

The Tartar *Khan* is probably another form of the word. The Russians, who are not Europeans, but descendants of the wreck of the army of the Mogul Batou Khan, were accustomed, previous to their sudden conversion to Christianity, to hail their supreme chief by the name of *Konger*. Very zealous antiquarians affect to see the grand original of "King" in Kenan (an uncle of Seth), who was especially appointed by Heaven, ruler of the Universe.

Cun, the British word for chief or sovereign, has been safely asserted to be cognate with *Khan*. Davies, in his 'Mythology of the Druids,' states that British Kings were accustomed to appropriate to themselves some title of the God to whom they were devoted. He cites as an example Cunobelinus, "believed to be the royal name of Bran, Brennus, the Raven, Caractacus's father." Cunobelinus is interpreted *King* or *Lord Belinus*, a title of the Sun,—a title which, we are assured, is often to be found on ancient British coins or talismans.

The word *King* may also be traced in the Gaelic. The patron-saint of Glasgow is Mungo, or *Kentigern*. The

latter word is only expressive of the rank and office of the saint. He was Kean-Tigherna, "chief ruler of the House of the Lord."

Adam and Abraham have been included among Kings, both being great chiefs among men. Some persons have even ascribed to the former the title of "King of Kings," on the ground that he was identical with David and Messiah; a proof of which they see in his name, so divinely constituted in the Hebrew as to give the initials A. D. M.

There are a few etymologists who assert that the original of the word is in "Cain," which may mean a "possession," or to "envy," or to "lament," with all of which, Kings have much to do. Abraham Zacutho gravely asserts that there was extant, in his time, a letter addressed by Alexander to Aristotle, in which the warrior informed the philosopher that he had landed on a Persian island, where he heard nothing spoken but Greek (a circumstance not more singular than the fact that at the present day, through a great portion of Persia, little is spoken but Turkish), and that he had seen there the grave of "*Kenan*, son of Enos," who had been sole *King* of the world.

Whatever may be the origin of the term (the Latin form of which, *Rex*, is from the Hebrew *Rosch*, a chief, from which is derived *Rajah*), the first man who wore it is said to have been Shem, who is identified, by persons of more than ordinary acuteness, with Melchizedek, King of Salem. There is probably a truer, certainly a prettier, legend, which makes of Nimrod the first King who ever wore a crown. Pope Gregory VII. used to say that the priesthood was derived from God himself, but that imperial power had first been assumed by Nimrod. The story runs thus, as told in the Rabbinical traditions, and it fails to confirm the assertion of Gregory.

Nimrod was abroad one day in the fields, following his vocation of the chase. Happening to look up, he beheld in

the heavens a figure which resembled that subsequently so familiar to man—the figure of a crown. The mighty hunter summoned to his side the most skilful craftsman in gold, who resided in the vicinity, and pointing out to him the still glittering shape in the sky, asked if he could fashion a headpiece like that visibly intended for Nimrod by Heaven, whence the pattern had expressly come. The artist answered confidently in the affirmative, sketched the model, and, in a short time, produced a radiant crown, which the King for ever wore, and at which his subjects could seldom look without peril of being blinded by its dazzling glory. This is perhaps the first suggestion on record of the right divine of monarchs; and it is not impossible that from Nimrod is derived the grand syllable here discussed. That potentate was styled the mighty hunter; and *Kenaz*, which implies "*hunting*," is thus supposed to typify that regal government to which people of old were subjected by their rulers.

Of old, Kings were not necessarily sovereigns of nations. Some of them were simply chiefs of cities, such as the King of Sodom and the King of Gomorrah. Nicolaus Damascenus even speaks of the ancestors of Abraham as "reigning," because they were proprietors not only of flocks and herds, but also of men.

There is no mention in Scripture of a royal crown, as a kingly possession, till the time when the Amalekites are described as bringing Saul's crown to David. The first Roman who wore a crown was Tarquin, B.C. 616. It was at first a mere fillet, then a garland, subsequently stuffs adorned with pearls. Alfred is said to have been the first English King who wore this symbol of authority, A.D. 872. Athelstan (A.D. 929) wore a modern earl's coronet. In 1053, Pope Damasius II. introduced the Papal cap. Thirteen years later, William the Conqueror added a coronet with points to his ducal cap. The Papal cap was not en-

circled with a crown till the era of John XIX. (1276). Nineteen years afterwards Boniface VIII. added a second crown. Benedict XII. completed the tiara, or triple crown, about the year 1334. In 1386, Richard II. pawned *his* crown and regalia to the City of London for £2000. The crosses on the crown of England were introduced by Richard III., 1483. The arches date from Henry VII. (1485). The sceptre has undergone as many changes as the crown. Originally it was a staff, intended for the support of the monarch; they who shortened it sometimes turned it into a club, to lay prostrate their people.

The first quality of an ancient King was valour. Josephus especially praises David, for the circumstance that when war broke out, he did not *send* his people to battle, but *led* them. He "went readily and first of all," says the historian, "into danger, when he was to fight for his subjects." Josephus lays down, that piety towards God, justice towards the people, and care for the public welfare, are the three great duties required of a King. Irresponsibility however was long cherished as an unquestionable privilege of royalty, and Antony said in reference to Herod, who was the mere nominee of Rome, that "it was not good to require an account of a King as to the affairs of his government, for at this rate he could be no King at all; but that those who had given him the authority ought to permit him to make use of it." The Jewish historian has a less exalted idea of the regal office than the Roman Triumvir, and he holds that Kings may be incited to virtue and humanity by the good actions of their subjects. He evidently indorses the old Latin maxim, "Rex datur propter regnum, non regnum propter regem." He would seem to maintain, what indeed is the truth, that the monarch is greater than any single individual, but less than the entire people; or, as Bracton pithily puts it, "Rex est major singulis, minor universis."

It may be here noticed, by the way, that although Nimrod be the first King named by Moses,—although his time is fixed as being about three hundred and forty years after the Flood, and that popular gratitude made a god of him, and gave him a place among the constellations, where he still shines, the brilliant-belted Orion,—there is nevertheless a tradition of a royal Chaldean dynasty before the Deluge. Of this apocryphal line there is said to have been ten kings; and the name of the first, whose accession is set down at four hundred and sixty years after the Creation, was Alorus, or "Shepherd of his people,"—a signification which should be very suggestive to all contemporary monarchs in these and succeeding times. Xisuther was the name of the last, and he is said to have been identical with Noah!

There is something very majestic in the details connected with this sublime but cloudy race. One monarch is said to have reigned upwards of ten thousand years! The sway of another lasted, we are told, above sixty-four thousand years; and the dynasty itself endured the amazing period of nearly *half a million* of years! Some attempts have been made to reconcile this with probability, by substituting *days* for years. The period even then will be found to be one of vast extent; but it is thought that, considering the duration of human life before the Deluge, the alleged era of the Chaldean dynasty may, in its improved form, be less likely to meet rejection. It is noticed here, chiefly for the sake of the tradition which tells us that the name of the first King was one indicative of gentle and careful guardianship,—"Shepherd of his people."

Before proceeding to notice the "King of Kings," in the worldly sense of that title, let us remark that, for a long time, among the Jews, there prevailed an idea that the Divine Majesty, to whom alone such a title belongs, would never dwell in any congregation that did not number more than nine. If ten persons were not present in a synagogue, there

was no worship; for the King of Kings was not supposed to be present. Lightfoot quotes Rabbi Jonathan as saying, "When the holy blessed God cometh into the synagogue, and findeth not ten there, he is presently angry; as it is said, Wherefore came I, and there was *no man?*" Among the Jews therefore it required *more* than nine persons to make one individual.

The proud title of "King of Kings" was allowed to monarchs who had Kings for their vassals. It is authoritatively given in Scripture to the King of Babylon; it was a title of Artaxerxes; it was assumed by Mithridates, in Pontus; by Tigranes, in Armenia; by Vologeses, in Parthia. It was the distinctive appellation of the King of Abyssinia in the time of Bruce; and it is this day worn by the most contemptible of the crowned slaves in Asia, the Shah Inshah, King of Kings, who has his sovereign seat in Persia. Some of the old Irish potentates arrogated to themselves this title, but that was before the Christian era. Setting aside the Christian ruler of Abyssinia, the title of King of Kings has never been assumed by Christian monarchs. The Pagan title sounded sacrilegious in their ears; it was one which belonged, they thought, to the Almighty alone; and the words "Christ is the King of Kings" were impressed on the exergue of the coins of several of the Greek Emperors, with whom this easy homage constituted all their Christianity.

Justinus, when supporting the antiquity of the regal power, remarks, "Principio, rerum gentiumque imperium penes reges erat." Julius Cæsar refused the title, but took the *thing*. He knew the rooted dislike of the people to the royal title, and he retained the then more modest term of *Imperator*,—originally, a military commander-in-chief. The Eastern Emperors however remembered that, of old, King was a higher title than that which they commonly bore; and though they did not suppress the imperial distinction, they

heightened their dignity by adding βασιλεύς, or "King," to their title of Emperor or Autocrat. The Emperors of the West, when they were but very small personages, retained the title adopted by Cæsar, apparently because that of King was assumed by the barbarian rulers of the Goths, Franks, and Lombards. The Emperors of the East distinguished lesser potentates, not by the regal title, but by that of Phyx. In more modern times—that is to say, in the days of the old German Empire—the term King of the Romans simply designated the successor to the Empire. To have such a successor ready, in an empire that was not hereditary, was of great importance, to avoid tumult. In hereditary monarchies the King never dies, and tumult is not apprehended.

The right to create a King is said to reside in an Emperor. The Pope has claimed or exercised the right, but not without protest. Cosmo, Duke of Florence, was crowned by a Pontiff, but the Emperor Maximilian forbade him to assume a regal title. It seemed absurd to Maximilian that a Pope, who could not, with strict legality, create Counts, should create Kings; and yet the Imperial title itself was thought all the more safe for having the Pontifical sanction. Generally speaking, however, Kings derive from Emperors. A decree of the Senate indeed made Herod, King of Judæa; but Nero appointed Tiridates, King of Armenia. Wenceslaus, King of Bohemia, owed his title to the great Emperor Otho; and from the Imperial German throne issued the patent which raised Ducal Poland to a kingdom. On the other hand, Charles the Bald created Bozones, King of Burgundy. The Franks have been mentioned as calling their leader by the regal title; but in earlier times, that warlike people preferred the name of "Leader" to that of "King." *Dux* was, in their ears, a more worthy name than *Rex;* and *Herzog*, "lord leader" (of an army), which is the modern German name for Duke, was the most popular title on the lips of a Frank.

Whether the Popes can, of right, make or unmake Kings, is a question on which opinion is pronounced in various ways. The Pontifical court however certainly established the royal table of precedency. It thus stood in the days before the Reformation:—

1. The King of the Romans, heir to the German Empire.
2. King of France.
3. Castile and Spain.
4. Arragon.
5. Portugal.
6. England.
7. Sicily.
8. Scotland.
9. Hungary.
10. Navarre.
11. Cyprus.
12. Bohemia.
13. Poland.
14. Scandinavia.

England does not rank high in this list, but she stoutly claimed to stand third. There was great jealousy touching her royal precedence. It was curiously illustrated a year *after the Battle of Agincourt*. A council assembled at Constance, and the French envoys objected to any representatives of the King of England being received there, on account of the insignificance of the kingdom and its deeds! It was an ill time to make such a protest, and the representatives of England took their place. With regard to Sicily and Portugal, each claimed to be first; and Scotland, Hungary, Navarre, and Cyprus, each asserted its right to place the dignity of its respective crown immediately after Sicily. In 1564, Maximilian protested against an attempt of the French to disturb an order of precedency established by the Pontifical office; but the French remarked that they

did not care a maravedi for such authority, and would rank crowns as they themselves thought most fitting. The representatives of the French King, however, were content to abide by the established order at the negotiations in 1648 for the Peace of Westphalia; and at the Council-board they took precedence of Sweden. The time however had arrived when such forms were no longer true symbols, and the French envoys were told that all crowns were equal;—except that a King, who was the guest of another, always ranked before his host. At the late Conferences in Paris, it will be remembered, the representatives of the different imperial and regal powers avoided all difficulties by adopting an alphabetical order of precedence;—and this will henceforward be the established form.

The old French writer Montreuil, writing upon the subject of his death, remarks that, as persons on going to sleep put out the candle, he is sorry, for his part, that on sinking into his "eternal sleep" he cannot annihilate the universe and extinguish the sun. This ferocious sentiment haunted more than one Roman monarch, few of whom died without hopes that their successors would be greater tyrants than themselves. Tiberius especially chuckled at the thought that the infamy of the ill-promising Caligula would cause himself to be regretted.

St. Chrysostom says, that even good kings are not exempt from a feeling which the Saint himself appears to consider rather natural than otherwise. He adds, that the very best of them like to be aided, but not to be excelled. We have an example of this in the Czar Nicholas and General Mouravieff. At a sham fight the Czar and the General commanded opposite divisions of the Russian army; the Autocrat bade the Commander look to himself, for he would assail him vigorously; Mouravieff let him come on, fled, and caused the Czar to be delighted with the prospect of gaining a victory in the eyes of his holiday people; but Mouravieff so skilfully manœuvred

that, by a well-timed charge, he enveloped the Czar and Imperial staff, and took them prisoners. Nicholas kept him at a distance for years, and hated him for ever.

Alva had a better knowledge of Kings than Mouravieff had, or than that Spanish lord who lost his promotion by beating Phillip II. at chess. "They will serve you," said the great Duke to a young courtier, "as men serve oranges —throw you aside after squeezing you dry; they will read you as a book, and, as men do with books, cast you aside and forget you."

The pithiest and also the most profound sayings touching Kings, are to be found in that trite but too little-known storehouse of wisdom, the 'Maxims of State of the Marquis of Halifax.' "A prince who falleth out with the laws," he says, "breaketh with his best friends." This sacred respect for sacred law is again impressed on the King in the following admirable sentence:—"The exalting his own authority above his laws, is like letting in his enemy to surprise his guards: the laws are the only guards he can be sure will never run away from him." More "smart," in its way, is the definition of arbitrary power: "it is," says Halifax, "like most other things that are very hard, they are also very brittle." And how exquisitely is a disagreeable conclusion hinted at in the subjoined paragraph!—"If a Prince does not show an aversion to knaves, there will be an inference that will be very natural, let it be never so unmannerly." In another and perhaps even richer form we have a similar sentiment enunciated: "Where the least useful part of the people have the most credit with the Prince, men will conclude that the way to get everything is to be good for nothing." It will be hardly trespassing on a reader's patience to ask him to read and admire the maxims next quoted:—"The Prince is to take care that the greater part of the people be not angry at the same time; for though the first beginning of their ill-humour should be against one an-

other, yet, if not stopt, it will naturally end in anger against him." A concentrated wisdom may be said to lie in the words which he addresses to foolishly self-opinionated monarchs: "Changing hands," he says, "without changing measures, is as if a drunkard in a dropsy should change his doctors and not his diet." There is something grand too in the solemn warning, which Halifax indeed was not the first to give, but which none has expressed so well, and neglect of which has uselessly shed the blood and squandered the treasures of England, in these our own times. "Quality alone," says Halifax, "should only serve to make a show in the embroidered part of the government; but ignorance, though never so well-born, should never be admitted to spoil the public business." Finally, and to bring back the maxims to their personal application to the King, it may be said that neglect of the truth contained in the following maxim caused nine-tenths of the depositions narrated in these pages, and will cause many others yet to come. "A people," exclaims our political philosopher,—"a people may let a King fall, and yet remain a people; but if a King let his people slip from him, he is no longer a King."

With respect to the style and title of Kings, it may be here stated that the royal "We" represents, or was supposed originally to represent, the source of the national power, glory, and intellect, in the august power of the Sovereign. "Le Roi le veut"—the King will have it so—sounded as arrogantly as it was meant to sound in the royal Norman mouth. It is a mere form, now that royalty in England has been relieved of responsibility. In haughtiness of expression it was matched by the old French formula at the end of a decree: "For such is our good pleasure." The royal subscription in Spain, "Yo, el Re," *I, the King*, has a thundering sort of echo about it too. The only gallant expression to be found in royal addresses was made by the Kings of France, that is, by the *married* Kings. Thus, when the French monarch

summoned a Council to meet upon affairs of importance, and desired to have around him the princes of the blood and the wiser nobility of the realm, his Majesty invariably commenced his address with the words, "Having previously consulted on this matter with the Queen," etc. It is very probable, almost certain, that the King had done nothing of the sort; but the assurance that he *had*, seemed to give a certain sort of dignity to the consort in the eyes of the grandees and the people at large. Old Michel de Marolles was proud of this display of gallantry on the part of the Kings of France. "According to my thinking," says the garrulous old Abbé of Villeloin, "this is a matter highly worthy of notice, although few persons have condescended to make remarks thereon down to this present time."

It may here be added, with respect to English Kings, that the first "King's speech" ever delivered was by Henry I., in 1107. Exactly a century later, King John first assumed the royal "We:" it had never before been employed in England. The same monarch has the credit of having been the first English King who claimed for England the sovereignty of the seas. "Grace" and "my Liege" were the ordinary titles by which our Henry IV. was addressed. "Excellent Grace" was given to Henry VI., who was not the one, nor yet had the other. Edward IV. was "Most High and Mighty Prince." Henry VII. was the first English "Highness." Henry VIII. was the first complimented by the title of "Majesty;" and James I. prefixed to the last title "Sacred and Most Excellent."

D'Israeli, when treating of titles of Monarchs, says that "illustrious" was not known till the time of Constantine; that it afterwards became very common, descending to petty princes, nobles, and (if that be a descent) to poets, and finally to cardinals. The latter humble individuals dropped the title when it became common, and took that of "Excellence." This last title was the one by which Spanish princes

were distinguished at a time when "Highness," as belonging to the King only, would have been accounted as treason if arrogated by any below the throne. At last, the Cardinals, despising to be "illustrious" and not choosing to share "excellence," first with princes, and next with their representatives, pronounced themselves "Eminent," and have since remained so. As for "Highness," an honest curate refused to give it to the Duke of Mantua, because his Breviary contained the words "Dominus solus Altissimus."

When so many were hailed illustrious, the flatterers hailed the Imperial Monarch as "super-illustrious." The abuse of royal titles went to such an excess in Spain, that at last Philip III., weary of them, suppressed all, and commanded that in future "the King our Lord" should constitute the form by which the Monarch should be addressed. "Most Serene" was the title of many a royal savage; and "Your Grace" was applied to as many in whom the quality was not to be found. "Highness" was an ordinary royal title, on which petty princes soon seized; just as, when Charles V., in his quality of Emperor, took the title of "Majesty," the high-sounding appellation was immediately adopted by all existing sovereigns, as it has been by their successors. The title, however, is said to have been first assumed in France by Louis XI., the least majestic of monarchs, and to have been first applied to an English King, as just noticed, in the person of Henry VIII., who was saluted under that complimentary name by Francis I.

In treating of sovereign titles, by which barbaric sovereigns have been distinguished, D'Israeli notices a few that may be here cited. The Chief of the Natchez was "the Child of the Sun;" the King of Quiteroa was "the Royal Lion;" and the King of Monomotapa was not only "Great Magician" and "Lord of the Sun and Moon," but "Great Thief." Among the titles of the Emperor of Arracan are those which show him to be "Possessor of the White Ele-

phant and the two ear-rings," and "Lord of the twelve kings who place their heads under his feet." The King of Ava combines the blasphemously sublime with the obviously ridiculous: he is "God;" he is "King of Kings;" he is "Preserver of all life," "Regulator of the seasons," "absolute master of the ebb and flow of the sea," "brother to the sun," *and* "King of the four-and-twenty umbrellas!"

Something very like divinity was ascribed to our own James I. by many men who addressed him, and in whom we should have expected to find more wisdom and decency. The same ascription was the delight of barbaric monarchs. The King of Achem was said to be "as spiritual as a ball is round," "whose body is luminous as the sun," "whom God created to be accomplished as the moon in her plenitude," "who when he rises shades all his people," and "from under whose feet a sweet odour is wafted." This last quality seems to have been insisted upon by other barbarian Kings. Of him of Kandy it is said, not only that he is his people's "god by custom," but that his "feet are as fragrant to the noses of other kings as flowers to bees." The "rose of delight," as ascribed to the Shah, is probably by way of warrant that his Majesty is not ill-smelling. These potentates were ever like the Laureate's

> "—— Oil'd and curl'd Assyrian Bull,
> Smelling of musk and of insolence;"

and their

> "Essences turn'd the live air sick;
> And barbarous opulence, jewel-thick,
> Sunn'd itself on their breast and their hands."

The great Julius refused to be called even "demigod." Napoleon said of the Czar Alexander, that he was merely a cheating Greek of the Lower Empire. It is singular that it is only to the Czars that are now addressed the blasphemous titles of the Eastern and Western Empires. The people who oppose the Czars are "sacrilegious;" the memory

of those monarchs is "divine;" their letters, however mendacious, are "holy;" and Prince Menschikoff did not hesitate to assert of Nicholas, after his death, that he was "seated in the clouds beckoning his armies to victory!" Mr. Tennyson had a more acute vision when alluding to this monarch, before the catastrophe of his death and the downfall of his stronghold; he said,—

"And God's just doom shall be wreak'd on a giant liar."

The old problem, having reference as to what system of government is most profitable to the governed, still remains unsolved. There was one of the Ptolemys who, like our own Charles II., was very fond of conversing privately on this subject with the ambassadors at his court. On one occasion, the Egyptian King entertained some of these legates at dinner. When they had finished the royal luxury, the goose,—when they had enjoyed the dish which very nearly resembled our plum-pudding, and had drunk their barley-wine,—they fell into a pleasant discussion, touching the most beneficial sort of government. The haughty Roman referred to the magnificence of the temples, the submissiveness of the people, and the severity of punishment visited on the wicked, as a proof that nothing could equal the Imperial system. The other half-dozen envoys turned restlessly on their cushions as they heard the vaunt. What was proved by a crushed people and glowing edifices? "At Carthage," said the Punic Ambassador, cracking nuts between his knuckles as he spoke, "our nobles are for ever fighting, our workmen for ever toiling, and our philosophers for ever teaching." Upon this, the Sicilian minister remarked, with a smile, "In *our* Commonwealth, judges are not partisans; lawyers do not pledge their consciences in support of falsehood; every man in trade is honest; and all men are really and truly equal." And then the Rhodian, raising a brow which looked as polished as ivory, and extend-

ing a hand soft and white as a girl's and jewelled like a king's, said, in musical tones, "At Rhodes there is that too, and much more: there the old men are honest, the young men are modest, and women of all ages never speak more than is absolutely necessary." The Athenian Ambassador sighed as he heard this testimony in favour of the Rhodian ladies, and thought of his too loquacious Lalage at home. He confined himself accordingly to a political testimony, and he averred that "in the Athenian Commonwealth the rich were not allowed to divide themselves into factions, nor the poor to be idle, nor the governors to be ignorant." The whole company having shaken with laughter at the impudence of the assertion, the Lacedæmonian *chargé d'affaires* roughly and rapidly exclaimed, "At home, in Sparta, there is neither envy, avarice, nor sloth, for one man there is as good as another; all property is common, and every citizen must work if he would live."

"O godlike Majesty!" piped the complacent-looking Sicyonian Ambassador, "how much happier is our State than that to which any one of my colleagues belong! We never permit our people to travel, and so they never acquire new-fangled notions; we do not allow a physician to live among us, being too fond of life ourselves; and, by not tolerating lawyers, we keep our citizens strangers to dissensions and mendacity." The Ambassadors looked to their royal host to decide between them. "What do I know about it?" asked he, sleepily—and truly; for it was to him that Apelles sent the celebrated picture of a King, in which the monarch was represented seated in a chair, with great hands, to denote his cupidity, and great ears, to symbolize his credulity; in waiting upon him were Ignorance, Suspicion, Treason, and Flattery. Ptolemy thought of the allegorical painting, and not well knowing how to apply it and profit by the application, simply expressed an opinion which neither did justice to his state nor settled the question. He wished that kings might ever do as they pleased, and that their attendants

would never cease being honest. The Egyptian wish has never prevailed. The greatest despot is compelled to make concessions, and to be surrounded by sycophants. When Constantine affected to relapse into Paganism, half the nobility of his court set their altars smoking; and when announcement was made in the crowded chapel at Versailles that the *Grand Monarque* would not be present, the whole congregation rushed out, without waiting for the prayers. The people however are seldom flatterers. When Marcus Antoninus declared a levy of a double tax, his subjects replied, they would pay it when he could give them two summers, two harvests, and two vintages in one year. Here was a spirit of liberty; and freedom has often been accepted as a compensation for many disadvantages; always indeed, except by the Cappadocians, who declared to the Romans that they would neither accept liberty for themselves, nor allow the enjoyment of it to others. Not so thought the Arragonese: never, perhaps, were people and King on such independent terms as the men of Arragon and their sovereign.

The little Kingdom of Arragon occupied as rough and unprofitable a locality as could well be imagined. "But what of that?" said the Arragonese; "what matters climate or soil? we have LIBERTY, and that compensates for both!" Assuredly the monarchs of this kingdom were not highly privileged mortals. The kingdom itself stood from the year 901 to 1479, when, by the marriage of Ferdinand of Arragon with Isabella of Castile, nearly the whole of Spain was united under one sceptre. During an existence of nearly six centuries, it saw many revolutions, annexations to, and separations from, other crowns. Its own royal crown was only a little more ornamented than the coronets of the nobles. The royal authority was put in check at almost every move. It seemed the vocation of the people to try and detect their King in a fault, or to "catch him napping," and make him pay the penalty. Each man

thought himself as good as the King; and the community together accounted themselves, in their totality, as infinitely better. When the Arragonese accepted a new sovereign, they promised to obey him if *he* obeyed the law, and, in their peculiar phrase, "if not, not!" They had a charter which authorized them to throw aside their allegiance to a King who did not reign according to law. In 1348 Pedro IV. cut the charter in two with his dagger. He slashed his own fingers as he committed the act of violation, and he cursed a parchment which could not be cut in two without shedding a King's blood. There was a very active legal officer, who was called "Justicia," and who was the mediator between King and people, but generally the defender of the latter against the Monarch. In all grievances the people made appeal to the Justicia; they did so long after the ancient crown had merged into that of Spain. Thus in 1591 they made such appeal, and Philip II. evinced his contempt for it by marching an army into Arragon and hanging the Justicia. After such an act of rigour his Majesty found no one willing to succeed to the vacant office. Gradually the royal power in Arragon grew less responsible, but it was only in 1707 that the Arragonese liberty was entirely abolished, and Philip V. reigned and governed, according to his good pleasure, quite regardless of the "*if not, not,*" of the old compact of the nobility of Arragon with their chief magistrate. Philip, in short, was like Kohendil Khan, who once asked General Ferrier the simple query, "What is a King who cannot, when he pleases, bastinado one of his subjects and cut off his head?" Where such a right was not existing, the Khan declared that "it is turning the world upside down; the most terrible thing that can be seen; it must be permanent anarchy. I think," added the sublime Afghan logician, "I think despotism therefore appears the best form of government for doing good!"

It cannot be questioned that despots generally think like Kohendil Khan. And yet the most stringent of them have been capable of great actions. Such qualification may be given to one particular proceeding of Alexander the Great. When an informer came to him with a criminal charge against an absent person, the Monarch used to clap his hand over one ear, reserving *that*, as he said, for the story of the accused. Even Tiberius so far respected the powers of taxation as to remark, that a truly royal shepherd would shear his flock close, but would not devour them. Antoninus Pius, who, in spite of his reputation, was a sharp ruler, preferring the weal of his people to military glory, once declared that he should feel more pride in saving the life of one of his own subjects than in killing five hundred of the enemy.

The philosophers too have never ceased to preach good truths to "tyrants,"—a name originally given to all rulers, till "King" was used to distinguish those who were above their fellow-monarchs in virtue. Pythagoras, the great and enlightened reformer of his day, by whose torch Copernicus gave light to the universe, says that subjects are to princes as the air is to fire,—the more there is of the first, the brighter will be the glory of the second. Seneca, with equal force, avers that the inexpugnable force of a King lies in the love of his subjects; and Anacharsis, writing to the Athenians on the choice of a king, sets down as the necessary moral virtues in the person to be selected,—justice in judgment, truth of word, constancy of action, reserve in planning, promptitude in execution, and a liberal spirit towards all. Kings themselves have not always heeded either philosophical or practical teaching. Our Saxon King Seldred was warned that if he did not reform he would come to a bad end; and when we read that he was ultimately killed "by a devil at a great feast," credence may be given to the story, and the name of the devil guessed at with

tolerable correctness. In like manner, when old chroniclers inform us that Mamprisius, King of Britain, was devoured by wolves, the account may perhaps be taken in a metaphorical rather than a real sense. For there is a legend in Africa, that a wolf will respect the corpse of a King. This tradition held good as recently as 1828, when Chaka, that grave Kaffir King (who put a merry fellow to death, because the joker made him laugh), was murdered by his brothers: these left the body out all night in the fields, to be devoured by the wolves; in the morning they found it untouched; and they confessed that they should have known better, for that of course the wolves would never eat a King.

Some sovereigns indeed have seemed to consider that as they were almost above humanity when living, they might defy corruption when dead. Edward I. must have been influenced by some such idea, and have considered that he would be for ever grateful to nose and eye, when he gave orders that his tomb should be opened every year or two, and that his body should then have the benefit of a new cerecloth; he might have been content with what some persons think he meant, namely a new pall for his coffin. The dead Danish Kings at Roskilde have not even that, but vast magnificence encases their corruption notwithstanding. The regal coffins there stand open to view, in chapels or crypts. They "are separated from the spectator," says Dr. Clarke, "only by an iron palisade; and as they are very magnificent, being covered with rich embossments of silver and gold, and the most costly chase-work, the effect is very striking. They seem intended to lie in state as long as the Danish monarchy shall endure." We have had less respect for the remains of our own old Kings, as will be allowed by those who remember that the Chapel at Kingston, in which many of those early potentates were buried, was destroyed by digging a grave near the foundation of one of the pillars!

There are instances since that of Ptolemy and the ambassadors, noticed above, of discussions among rulers themselves, if not perhaps as to the merits of governing systems, at least as to the degrees of felicity enjoyed by rulers and ruled. Körner has recorded one such instance in one of the prettiest of German ballads, wherein we are told that several German sovereigns were once at table in the Imperial hall at Worms, where, over their wine, they made boast each of the wealth and extent of his own dominions. The Prince of Saxony glorified the might and majesty of his territory, and complacently talked of the silver that lay for his use, within many a Saxon hill.

"*I* have no silver," said the Elector of the Rhine, "but I have a fertile land, where the valleys teem with golden corn, and the hillsides give promise of immortal wine."

"And *I*," exclaimed Bavarian Ludwig, "am inferior to neither of you in wealth. Rich commercial cities and wealthy convents bring tributes as rich as Saxon silver or Rhenish corn and wine."

At this, Eberhard the Bearded, who was sovereign lord of Würtemberg, quietly remarked, "In *my* land there are no large cities nor sparkling mines; nevertheless there is a jewel of great worth to be found there. In the wildest of its woods, I can lay my weary head to sleep, without fear, on any subject's breast." For a moment the Lords of Saxony, Bavaria, and the Rhine looked at one another in amazement; but, suddenly struck with the meaning of the last speaker, they smote the table with their hands, and exclaimed, "Oh, lucky Lord with the stupendous beard, you are the richest of us all! Your territory is full of precious stones!"

That a people's love is the richest jewel in a crown is a truth not to be denied; but even therewith a sovereign is no more secure of unalloyed happiness than ordinary individuals exposed to the common lot; but this love itself will

stand for happiness,—compensate for much that cannot be attained, and be a solace for much that has been forfeited.

There is a story told of an anonymous King, the moral of which may be well applied by all sovereigns. The old monarch, when dying, called his son to him, put in his hand the sceptre, and then asked him if he could take advice as easily as he had taken from his father the symbol of authority. The young heir, grasping the sceptre tightly, and hinting at the excellence of brevity in counsel as well as in wit, said, under the circumstances, "he could."

"I will be brief as my breath," answered the abdicating monarch, "and *that* is short enough. You look upon the world, boy, as a house of pleasure; now, hear better from me. Woe, my lad, tumbles in pailfulls, and good luck is only distilled in drops."

The son looked down at his now silent sire, and found he was dead. The new King commanded a splendid funeral, and arranged a grand hunting party for the day after. He laughed at the paternal simile, and, to publish its weakness and his own felicity, he caused to be placed above his palace a large silver-toned bell: a rope passed from it to each room which he occupied. "I will ring it," said he, "whenever I feel thoroughly happy. I have no doubt that I shall weary my own arm and deafen my people's ears."

For a whole month the bell was silent. "I have had my hand on the rope," said the King, "fifty times, but I felt that I was hardly happy enough to proclaim it to my people; but we have got over our first difficulties, and *tomorrow*—"

On the morrow, as he was boasting of the fidelity and friendship of one of his Ministers, he learned that his friend and servant was in the habit of betraying the contents of his private despatches to a neighbouring potentate, from whom the traitor received stars and crosses in return. The King sighed, "We shall not toll the bell, then, today; but assuredly tomorrow."

In the morning he rode over to the house of the mistress of his heart. "There," he remarked to himself, as he went along in that pace which used to be observed by the pilgrims to Canterbury, and which in England has taken its name from the first two syllables of the city's name,—"there I have never found disappointment." What he *did* find he never told; but on his return to the palace, when his groom of the chambers looked interrogatively between *him* and the bell-rope, the monarch simply twisted the end of the latter into a noose, and angrily muttered, as he flung it down again, "Would to heaven that they were both hanging from it together!"

On the following day he philosophically reviewed his case. "I have been unreasonable," he said; "why should I grieve because I have been betrayed by a knave, and jilted by a girl with golden hair? I have wide dominions, a full treasury, a mighty army, laughing vineyards, verdant meadows, a people who pay taxes as if they loved them, and God's free air to breathe in. I may be happy yet," added he, advancing to the window,—"nay, I *am!*" and he reached his hand to the rope. He was on the very point of ringing at it with goodwill, when he saw a sight without, and heard a voice within, which made him pause.

A messenger was at his feet. "Oh, Sire!" exclaimed the bringer of bad tidings, "thou seest the dust, the fires, and the gleam of arms without. The foe has broken in upon the land, and terror is before and devastation behind him!"

"Now, a curse upon kingship, that brings a wretched monarch evils like these!" cried the King who wanted to be happy. The courier hinted something about the miseries of the people. "By that Lady of Hate, whose church is in Brittany," cried the Prince, "thou art right! I thought to pull lustily at the bell, but I will as lustily pull at my sword in the sheath, and see if there be not virtue in that. How came in the foe? and who commands them?"

The answer to this double query told him that the enemy could not have entered had not his despatches been betrayed to the invader; and that the van of the army was under the command of a prince, whose name was no sooner uttered to the King than the latter turned red with fury, and exclaimed, "*He!*—then I shall ring the bell yet. I will have his life, and the lady—"

He said no more, but went out, fought like a man, cleared the land of the foe, hung the traitor with all his orders on him, maimed the young leader of the hostile vanguard past sympathy from Cupid, and returned to his capital in triumph. He had so much to employ him after his return, so much to accomplish for the restoration of the fortunes of his people, so much to meditate upon for future accomplishment, that when at night he lay down upon his couch, weariness upon his brow, but a shade of honest joy upon his cheek, he had fairly forgotten the silver bell in his turret, and the ropes which depended from it. And *so* he grew grey and infirm, never turning from his work till the Inevitable Angel looked smilingly in his face, and began to beckon him away.

He was sitting upright in his uneasy chair, pale as death, but still at his ministry, till his eyes grew dim, his head sank on his breast, and there was, without, a sound of wailing. "What voices are those?" asked he softly: "what is there yet for me to do?"

His Chancellor stooped over him as he now lay on a couch, and whispered, "Our father is departing from among us, and his children are at the threshold, in tears."

"Let them in! let them come in!" hoarsely cried the King. "God! do they really love me?"

"If there were a life to be purchased here, O worthy Sire, they would purchase thine with their blood." The crowd streamed silently in, to look once more upon the good old King, and to mourn at his departure. He stretched his hands towards them, and asked, "Have I won your love,

children? have I won your love?" One universal affirmative reply, given from the heart, though given with soft expression, seemed to bestow on the dying monarch new life. He raised himself on the couch, looked like an inspired saint, and tried to speak, but failed in the attempt. None the less happy, he looked up to God, glanced to the turret where hung the bell, extended his hand to the rope, gave one pull, and died, with a smile on his lips, as he rang his own knell.

The above scene is described as passing in the King's palace,—by which we are not to imagine a splendid mansion. The term *palace* did not always imply a magnificent residence. It is derived from *palor*, to wander; and originally the palace was the house or inn in which the early Kings, who were constantly moving about, sojourned during their endless peregrinations, and lived upon those among whom they were sojourners. This royal fashion did not go out till a late period: it was not extinct in Spain during the last century. Southey, in his 'Letters from Spain and Portugal,' enables us to have some idea of how a King of Spain travelled at the period in question, namely, with a train of seven thousand attendants, with whom he moved so rapidly as to kill three of his guards in front of his carriage, and to maim a fourth,—seizing on everything, paying for nothing, preceded by fear, and followed by curses.

They who may object to accept the above derivation for the word *palace*, will probably receive with less question that which traces it to the *Palatium*, or residence of the Cæsar on the Palatine Hill; but even then we may go back to *palor*, for the Palatine is said to have derived its name from the fact that Evander, after his wandering, gathered the scattered inhabitants of Italy around him on this spot, the palace, or home of the wanderer.

In these homes, the masters of them have exercised many

fancies; but subjects have often been as fanciful as their rulers. Thus, Philostratus mentions an old, and perhaps agreeable, fancy of a certain Indian people, with respect to their King. Every night they treated him with music and singing; and as he passed along to his bed, they not only wished him pleasant dreams, but admonished him to rise on the morrow, full of just and upright intentions towards his people. Where there were such importunate, although harmonious counsellors, the King was probably neither the first nor the happiest of the nation. It would be a difficult question to decide where that "happiest individual" is to be found. The decision however was once dogmatically rendered by the monarch who has been good-humouredly called the British Solomon. James I. has put it on record that the happiest lot of all others was to possess such an estate as set a man below the office of a justice of the peace, and above that of a petty constable. On what grounds James made such a decision is not known. There is, at least, one period when respective positions are not worth consideration. That period was glanced at by an Oriental sovereign, in the question—"When the soul is about to depart, of what import is it whether its owner sits on a throne or lies in the dust?" Perhaps of all those who have stood in the dust below the throne, none had a more singular fancy with respect to the choice of a King than the Egyptians. They did not particularly require him to be virtuous, but they would not tolerate a candidate who had red hair. There was some connection in their minds between red hair and leprosy. Some persons may recollect having read of a people who annually weighed their King. If the monarch proved heavier than on the preceding year, there was a general illumination; but if there was a falling-off in weight, there was a disposition to believe that remorse for some crime was making him thin, and that it would be as well to get rid of him. This may reckon among the singular rea-

sons for deposition. Not less singular for its fancy is the epitaph, on a Vice-King indeed, written for Pedro, Viceroy of Naples. Its wit will excuse its seeming profanity, for Pedro was a wretched tyrant, as the epitaph signified, which said, "This is he who, for us and for our salvation, went down to Hell!"* The Neapolitan Kings, as well as their representatives, were generally cruel oppressors of their people. They had not even the liberal fancy of that Inca of Peru who, in a fit of sublime generosity, determined to enlarge the privileges of his people; and, accordingly, he gave them permission to *bore their ears;* but they were on no account to bore such large holes as perforated the sacred ears of the Incas. The royalty of Peru was distinguished (singularly enough) by the length of its ears; the ornaments worn in which were very heavy. It is curious that there is an Egyptian tradition which speaks of the King of the Crocodiles. This animal is also famous for the length of its ears,—*and* the shortness or non-existence of a tail; too vulgar an appendage for a royal crocodile. In proof of its quality, it was said that this crocodile could do no harm; but this was rather unsatisfactory proof of his royalty.

However this may be, there have not been wanting individuals who claimed an equality with their Kings to which the Peruvians dared not aspire, and who, like the Arragonese generally, said to their monarchs, "We, who are as good as you—." Such a one was the Baron of Coucy, who, like many other Barons, styled himself "Sire," to denote his authority, and who thought himself as good as any King who ever reigned: as may be seen in the old distich,

> "Je ne suis ni Roi, ni Prince aussi;
> Je suis le Sire de Coucy."

In similar spirit the Spanish grandee, in comparing himself with Louis XIV., exclaimed, "I am equal with Bourbon

* There is an epigrammatic epitaph on Louis XV., which is pointed by a similar phrase.

—and more." "Good Heavens!" cried the French Ambassador, "you do not mean to put yourself above the head of the House of Bourbon!" "You forget," said the Spaniard, with a scornful smile,—"you forget that I am a Castilian!"

Proud as this Spaniard was, even a Spanish King himself has been outlawed by a plain English lawyer. Selden, who cites the incident in his Table-Talk, was the counsel who advised the step. His client was a merchant, who had gained costs in a suit against the King; but as he could not obtain payment, the monarch, on the advice of Selden, was outlawed for not appearing. The consequence justified the proceeding, for the King had several suits against English merchants; and as the outlawry was an insurmountable obstacle to the prosecution of such suits by him, the money was paid by his Government and the judgment of outlawry was set aside.

The subject of popular fancies with respect to Kings would occupy too extensive a space to warrant being indulged in. Nevertheless, it may be remarked that if the people have had their peculiar fancies, it were but reasonable that monarchs should have theirs also. Some of them however have almost abused their privilege in this respect. Louis XI. was one of them. He had a conceit, says Burton, "that everything did stink about him; all the odoriferous perfumes they could get would not ease him, but still he smelt a filthy stink." It is clear, supposing that there is no allegory intended here, that Louis would not have been able to select a consort after the fashion adopted by the King of Araca, when that fantastic monarch chose his wives. The swarthy Rose of the Universe did not care for mental or moral qualities in these ladies. He simply tried them by the "odour of complection;" and if the kiss came off like the south wind from a bank of violets, the particularly happy damsel became the fractional part of a Queen-Consort.

Among other sovereign fancies to be told, is that of Cunegunda, who, when engaged in erecting the Cathedral of Bamberg, raised the Devil, and compelled him to carry the heaviest blocks of marble from the quarry to the site, for the sacred edifice. To an ancient and probably apocryphal King is ascribed a no less singular fancy. He did not wish to summon Satan, but to send souls to him. To accomplish this, the King invented the penalty of hanging, and condemned thereto such persons as he held in his hottest hate. The royal fancy was, that by such a punishment the soul escaped from the body in a very ignoble fashion, which gave facilities for its seizure by Satan. Chilperic had a better fancy when he resolved to introduce the ϕ, χ, and θ from the Greek into the French alphabet. This was done, but there have been few Kings in France who could pronounce the last letter. For many generations it was a very generally royal fancy that despotism was the most salubrious description of government for nations. The system still survives in absolute monarchies and in some republics. It is even more cruelly developed in the latter than in the former, wherever the republic is in more haste to grow great than to be respected. The most beneficent of liberators have often been the most despotic in their characters. Even Luther, when he was asked what he thought of the election of Charles V. to the Empire, answered that he thought well of it: "The Ravens," said he, "must have a Kite: the world cannot do without stern governors, by whom they may be ruled." This was exactly the royal and ruling theory of Miss Seward's grandfather, Dr. Hunter, Master of the Lichfield Grammar School, of whom it was said that "he never taught a boy in his life: *he* whipped, and *they* learned." The despotic system is out of fashion with us both in courts and schools.

OF SOME SCRIPTURE KINGS AND EASTERN MONARCHS.

"The Jews, a headstrong, moody, murmuring race,
As ever tried th' extent and stretch of grace;
God's pamper'd people, whom, debauch'd with ease,
No King could govern, and no God could please."—DRYDEN.

THEY who do not discreetly handle Scripture passages would not be much embarrassed to prove that monarchy was not favourably contemplated by the Mosaic institution,—which was itself divinely inspired. Jehovah was the sole King recognized by that system, from which all worldly regal authority was alien. The first great lawgiver founded a society without a King, and was the chastiser of those Kings who stood in the way between him and the fulfilment of his great mission.

The Prophet nevertheless saw that the period would come when the Israelites would require a King; and the qualifications which are set down as those becoming a monarch might well be the guide of all sovereigns who rule by divine, or any other right. To describe these qualifications summarily—it was demanded of a King that he should be humble, modest, void of ostentation, free from extravagance, observant of economy, not covetous, and so studious of the law of God, so bent to keep in mind what the law enjoined, and act in all things according to its injunction,—as thereby to acknowledge that even the King was but the Viceroy of Him who is King of Kings and Lord of Lords.

The sacerdotal republic of the Jews was undeniably most hostile to Kings. How these fared at the hands of Moses, it is not necessary to repeat. But if Moses smote them heavily, what shall be said of Joshua? How did that irresistible conqueror sweep them from before his path, when they opposed him on his destined way! The despoiled monarchs were cast under the feet of his captains, hung up to the branches of trees, from which at sunset they were cut down to be ignominiously buried, or they were destroyed by the sword, they and their families, their households and their cattle.

If a feeling of compassion rises in the human heart on reading the melancholy chronicle of early kings, as it is recorded in Scripture, it is perhaps because we unconsciously take our impressions from false ideas, and mentally reason from wrong premises. These Kings were, after all, but savages impeding the march of civilization. They came in contact with a great revolution,—if the use of a modern instance may be permitted,—and they necessarily perished by the collision. As an instance of this kingly character, let us look at Adoni-Bezek. He had subdued seventy fellow-kings; and how did he treat those petty and unsceptred monarchs? Having captured them, he cut off their thumbs and toes, and they had no food but such scraps as he and his family chose to fling to them, while the mutilated wretches lay beneath the table or about the feet of their ruthless victor. But the day of retribution came, and Adoni-Bezek in his turn became subdued, and fell before the might of Judah and of Simeon. His captors, shocked at his cruelty, dealt with him as he had dealt with his royal prisoners. They amputated his thumbs and toes, made him grovel in the dust for his food, and kept him at Jerusalem in this deplorable condition, in which he recognized a well-earned retribution, till he died. Such was the fate of unsceptred sovereigns in the barbarous times when they warred against

each other in the East, or against those who carried with them civilization and the law of God.

In course of time Israel "*would* have a King," despite of the consequences foreshadowed to them by the prophet. The establishment of regality in Israel was by Divine concession; and royalty was at once strictly limited and rendered sacred by religion. Priest and prophet hedged with divinity that monarch, that Lord's Anointed, whom they governed, led, or counselled. The transmission of the royal authority was not regular, and the people often boldly withstood their King. But on such topics it is not necessary to dwell; let us rather briefly glance at the unsceptred monarchs who had once ruled over the chosen people of God. Among the offences of that people was putting the carcases of their kings in high places, whereby they had defiled the place of the Lord's throne. As it is said in Ezekiel xliii., —"Now then let them put away . . . the carcases of their kings far from me, and I will dwell in the midst of them for ever."

The record of the rulers of Israel exhibits to us but one unsceptred King out of the some dozen and a half who held sway in that much-vexed country during less than three centuries. There was many a monarch of the line who fell by violence, but who did not survive his fall. Of the last, Hoshea, we only know that he was carried into captivity by his great conqueror, and that, on the banks of a foreign river, and beneath the shade of a strange prison-house, he bore the burden of life until he died. What was his *way* of life,—whether he becomingly entertained his destiny, and how he met his end,—of these matters we remain in ignorance. We only know that, sinful man of a sinful race, in his own person he suffered for his predecessors' crimes as well as for his own errors. He had the misery of knowing that there was no remedy for the ruin which had swept over him, and that, as far as this world was concerned, his con-

dition was unrelieved by the smallest gleam of hope. "And so," in the simple words of Scripture, "and so he died!" It is singular, considering the spirit of the Jewish people, that of the twelve Kings of Israel, one only, and he an evil King (Jeroboam II.), reigned more than forty years.

The roll of Judah bears upon it the names of four Kings out of about a score of monarchs, who were deposed from their sovereign greatness, and who were less happy than those who, with the loss of such greatness, also yielded up their lives. These four sceptreless monarchs of the house of Judah were Uzziah, Jehoahaz, Jehoiachin, and Zedekiah. The fate of the first is a warning to all potentates who presume to take upon themselves to assert supremacy over the priesthood. So, at least, do commentators remark. It is to be observed however that Uzziah was stricken with leprosy, not for presuming to subject the priesthood to his own authority, but for daring to exercise the office of priest, with no other ordination than his own. He entered the temple, stood at the altar, and was about to make profane offering to the Lord, when the high-priest Azariah and his valiant band of fourscore orthodox curates, so to speak, dared to withstand, remonstrate with, and finally repulse him. The attendant earthquake, and its accompanying thunder and darkness, might have convinced the King of the impiety of his attempt; but he persisted in it, until a portion of the temple wall was rent. Through the aperture a sudden outburst of the sun darted its rays, and a beam thereof, falling on the forehead of the audacious King, revealed to the priests the mark of leprosy which had, in that minute, broken out upon the monarch's brow. They saw in it the brand of an outcast, and denounced the unclean prince as stripped of his royalty. Uzziah yielded reluctant assent to this unwelcome conclusion, and withdrew from the temple, a sceptreless King. He had carried the sceptre during the long, and it was an eventful, period of five-and-forty years; and now

"the Lord smote the King, so that he was a leper unto the day of his death, and dwelt in a several house." He lived thus divided from the living during the five or six succeeding years,—years of a slow but sure process of dying; and at the end of that time he lay dead, and apart from the dead; not among the tenants of the tombs of his predecessors, but in unconsecrated ground, where his subjects dug the grave of the leper-king.

It was war that struck the sceptre from the hands of the three other deposed monarchs of Judah. Of Jehoahaz we only know that his vaunting conqueror carried him off captive, first to Syria, and thence to Egypt, where, after a life of unrecorded incidents, he died; of the dethroned Jehoiachin we know something, but not much, more. Nebuchadnezzar kept the ex-monarch of Judah in stringent captivity for more than a quarter of a century, in Babylon. When the next Babylonian King, Evil-Merodach, or Merodach the Mindless, ascended the the throne, he exhibited, in this instance at least, a proof that he had a mind which could be moved by generous impulses: he brought the old Hebrew sovereign from his dungeon, decked him in suitable attire, and not only furnished him with a home and a well-provided table, but also conferred upon him a respectable income, which was paid to him daily. If Jehoiachin left debts at his decease (as retired as well as actual monarchs have been so accustomed to do), he was unworthy of the liberality of Evil-Merodach, who went so far as not only to give freedom to his predecessor's foeman, but also to grant him precedence of all other crownless captives at large, who attended the *levées* of the Great King in Babylon.

Zedekiah, the last of the royal masters of Judah, was less fortunate. He too was conveyed to Babylon, after the ruin of his cause, the downfall of his house, and the slaughter of his kinsmen, friends, and servants. The hot irons of the executioner blasted for ever the eyeballs of the last of the

Judah Kings, and of melancholy monotony must have been the captivity of him of the sightless orbs. Living, he was little cared for; but dead, he was treated as though his captors held that a Divinity *did* hedge the character of even an unsceptred sovereign. He had been kept in durance, like the veriest felon; but his body was buried with a magnificence of rite as though he had died in the purple, and was being entombed at the charge of a grateful heir-apparent.

A little compassion vouchsafed to him living, would have consoled him in his sorrow; but all the honours paid to him dead, were but fruitless homage to an unconscious King. So true are the quaint words of old Fuller, in his 'Pisgah:' —"A drought in the spring is not to be repaired by a deluge in the autumn;" and "Two drops seasonably showered would preserve the green blade from withering, when much rain cannot revive the roots once withered."

A consideration of the Jewish regal history might have convinced the Jews that the Psalmist spoke truly, when he said, "the Lord remaineth King for ever," affirmed that "no" earthly "King can be saved by the multitude of a host," and reminded the sons of Abraham that He it was who smote great Kings, slew mighty Kings, and gave away their land for an heritage unto Israel his servant. "I will magnify thee, O God, *my* King," is the expressive acknowledgment of one who wore an earthly crown; and it was *his* injunction which bade the children of Sion to *rejoice* in their King.

One characteristic of the Asiatic sovereignties has been their want of permanency. With an appearance of solidity, there has been a continual crumbling away. There are admirers of Asiatic despotisms who assert the contrary, and who point to China in support of their assertion. But, with regard to the various sovereign families which have reigned

in China, from Tai-Long to Lint-Choo, it may be observed that the last and reigning dynasty is *not* Chinese, and also, that of the twenty-two dynasties which have been permitted to govern China, each one, without exception, since the first, has succeeded by rebellion, assassination, deposition, or the suicide of the last King of the preceding dynasty. It was the want of affection and duty on the part of his people, which drove the very last Emperor of the Chinese race, Whay-Tsang, to hang himself, in despair, and leave his throne to the Mongol line of traitors, by whom it is still usurped.

Nowhere can we find that the effect of Asiatic government was to have permanence. The Caliphate, the most religious of them all, and by far the most glorious and enlightened, the most powerful and widely extended, even that gorgeous succession of Monarch-Priests endured in its splendid unity but from Abu-Bekir, in 632, to Al Mostassem Billah, in 1258. In the latter year, the house of Al Abbas ceased to reign in Bagdad, that city having then fallen before the forces of the bold Holagou Khan, who, with his Tartar mace, shivered the Caliphate into glittering fragments; one of these fragments the sons of Sarah reverently enshrined on the banks of the Nile, where its diminished lustre was finally trodden out by the Osmanli conqueror, Selim.

Again, if we cast a glance at Persia, we are still at a loss to find permanency as the rule either of individuals or of dynasties. In the Pashdadian race we see recorded, it is true, that a certain Feridoon reigned five hundred years; that Menucheher, the Mandaces of the Greeks, held the sovereign power during a century and a quarter; and that, in short, the eleven Kings of this dynasty enjoyed each an enviable rule of upwards of two centuries. But this is a fabulous permanency, in which we have as little faith as in the assertion that Kaiomurs fought with Demons; that Jemsheed invented the "delightful poison," the *zohu a Koush*, which

a less poetical posterity has condescended to drink under the ordinary appellation of wine; or that serpents grew on the shoulders of Zohauk, or that that monarch himself fed on human brains. Let us look now to the dynasties established since the period when the great Alexander was stricken dead by the demon of intemperance at Babylon. The result of this view presents to us the fact that if some one of these dynasties endured for a rather lengthened period, the individual sovereigns, even then, succeeded and fell by violence. This is no proof of permanency on the one hand, nor of obedience on the other. And in the general view we discover that, since the period of the mad Macedonian, nine established dynasties have held sway over Persia. Had these legally and naturally succeeded each other, Persia might have been cited as a country where were to be found permanency of power and examples of obedience. The truth, however, is exactly in the opposite direction. The descendants of Seleucus were exterminated by the rebellion of the Arsacidæ. The latter fell in their turn before the unjust invasion of the Tartars under Timour. The voluptuous Suffavean house, which succeeded, was destroyed by the rebel pewterer of Seistan; and the Suffarree dynasty, of which he was the founder, lasted but for a brief and bloody period. The nation then fell a prey to the irresistible might of him of Ghizni, from whose successors it passed, amid violence and evil, to the robber Seljuks. Anarchy reigned unrestrained over the length and breadth of the land, till the Afghans swept across it with the swiftness and destroying power of the hurricane. Both the monarchs of the Afghan race were murdered. Nadir Shah, who succeeded to the vacant throne, was himself slain; and the four monarchs who came after him were victims of a similiar catastrophe. The Zend dynasty next attempted to establish a claim for permanence of power, and the love of the people; but the boasted "principles of Asiatic government" again failed. In thirty-

seven years, eight monarchs seized, held, and fell from the unsteady throne. Upon the assassination of their last King, Lootf Ali Khan, the present Kurger dynasty rose to sovereignty. Of the four monarchs belonging to it, the first, Aga Mohammed, the ablest and most execrable tyrant that ever lived, was murdered by his own servants. The second and third were mere phantoms of power. The fourth, Nasr ul Din, surrounded, like the tomb of the Three Kings at Cologne, by tinsel, glass drops, and paste jewellery, gains as little reverence from those who stand before him, is the servant of three masters, hating each and fearing all; menaced by Russia, cajoled by France, and seldom treated with superfluous courtesy by England.

A great admirer of Asiatic rule, Mr. Bosanquet, in his collected Essays, styled *Principia*, asserts that the Asiatic people are not addicted to rebellion. How is this made out, if we test it by India? If we may not so emphatically cite the Ghiznian dynasty in Hindostan against the assertion, the history of the Ghourian, of the Patan, and of the Mogul dynasty would amply suit the purpose. Each King of the short-lived Ghourian race was massacred. Eighteen of the thirty-three Patan rulers of India were slain or deposed: among them was the celebrated female sovereign, the beautiful Mallakeh Doran. The same fate has fallen on more than one-half of the twenty-two Mogul monarchs who have occupied the uneasy seat of royalty since the accession of the illustrious tiger, Mohammed Baber. The last of the Mogul race was dethroned this very year; and the worthless descendant of a line of warriors, at once brutified and enervated by his debauched life, is turning his once resplendent face towards Leadenhall Street, and, bowing his uncrowned head to Sahib Koompany, humbly petitions for redress, or perseveringly remonstrates against the alleged wrongs of which he declares himself the victim.

Among the most ancient of the Asiatic tribes, the so-

called kings or chiefs were elected according to a fashion which *perhaps* disarmed intrigue, and which was as likely to secure an efficient ruler as any other mode which could then have been adopted. When a King became defunct, the tribes who had acknowledged his sway sent an arrow, marked with the name and seal of the tribe, to an appointed place. The arrows thus collected were cast before a very young child, and from the tribe whose arrow the child should pick, the King was to be chosen. De Joinville describes such an election during the Crusades; and he adds, that when the child had selected an arrow, fifty-two of the most valiant men of the tribe by whom it had been sent, despatched each an arrow, with a seal or name attached to it, and as the child again selected, so followed the appointment of the King.

To this day, when a Grand Lama dies, a child of five or six years old has the power of becoming his successor, by proving that the soul of the defunct Lama has transmigrated into his body. The child may be hundreds of miles away from the spot where the old Lama died; but on his well-prompted declaration that he is the old potentate under a new shape, he receives a universal homage. The test to which he is subjected, is not a difficult one. The commonly used utensils of his predecessor (or of his old self) are placed before him; and when he recognizes each as his own, and explains the service to which he put it, the faithful are in ecstasies at finding the old man in the new child.

The dependence of the Tartar Kings upon their supreme sovereign, the Emperor of China, seems to be of a somewhat loose character. Thus, we are told of one who was recently accused of rebelling against the Chinese monarch, and who was condemned, unheard, to be "shortened at both ends;" that is, to have his head and feet cut off. "The King," writes M. Huc, to whom we are indebted for the story, "made enormous presents to the officials who were sent to superintend the execution of the imperial edict; and they con-

tented themselves with cutting off a braid of his hair and the soles of his boots. They reported at Peking that the order had been executed, and no more was said about the matter." This King of Barains, as he is called, could not, however, save his seat as well as his head. He was compelled to retire from his vocation of King, and, that he might the better pass for dead, he withdrew into seclusion, and left the crown to his son.

In a preceding page mention has been made of various popular fancies in connection with the choice of Kings. Another may be mentioned here, referring to the Bucharians. In the seventeenth century, that people offered to a gigantic Scottish officer, Colonel Thomas Garne, in the Russian service, the throne of Bucharia. The choice was founded on the fact that the Colonel was taller and bigger "than any within six kingdoms about him;" and it was the political system of the slender Bucharians to "shun equality as near as they could with him of whom they should make choice to be their sovereign." That a sovereign should be small enough to stand on a level, face to face, with a subject, they considered derogatory to kingship. That his shadow should not be large enough to cover the person of a petitioner, they deemed a matter to be deplored. The system may have sprung from a principle of selfishness, for we hear of Eastern Kings who are weighed every year, and who give their weight in sugar-plums to the people. The latter must have had considerable interest, then, in keeping their monarch fat. However this may be, the old Scottish Colonel declined the honour offered to him by the Bucharians. It could not be enjoyed without his subsequently undergoing a Jewish ceremonial rite which the Colonel did not admire, and he accordingly remained a private individual, distinguished as the man who had refused to be a monarch.

The Eastern Courts of which mention has here been made, present an abundant field of illustrative incidents. Of these,

one or two may be cited, by way of conclusion to this discursive chapter. And first, it may be observed that there was a prospect of as much peril as profit in offering advice to a Persian King, in a difficult matter. He who did so was made to stand on a golden plate. If his advice was found to be good and practicable, he took away with him the plate for his pains. Nevertheless, if the counsel, wholesome as it might be, proved to be contrary to the King's opinion, he who gave it took away with him not only the plate, but a sound scourging into the bargain.

The Persian King must have been a dangerous person to advise, for he often had no opinion of his own, except when a sentiment was expressed by a counsellor, and then the monarch adopted a contrary opinion, out of mere spirit of wanton opposition. His dignity was accounted to be so great, that in his leisure hours reading was not to be thought of: he sat on his cushions, and whittled, like a Yankee. It is an indisputable fact that the Persian Kings were the original whittlers; and our Republican cousins, in adopting the fashion, follow an example set by the most despotic monarch who ever existed. That he might not find his leisure hours tedious, he carried in his hand, says Ælian, "branches of birch, and therewithal a knife, wherewith he did cut off the small sprigs from the stalk, and hacked and hewed the rest in little slices." His Majesty, not caring to read, and being unable to think, took up a stick and whittled. He might have done worse.

Tryzan, an Eastern tyrant, for instance, *did* much worse. He forbade the use of speech altogether, even between persons the most nearly connected. The people obeyed; but notwithstanding, they foiled the despotic King, for they invented the finger alphabet, and conversed without speaking! The instrumental music parties in the kingdom alone benefited by this decree. The *conversazioni* must have been rather heavy.

OF SOME SOVEREIGNS OF THE OLDEN TIME.

"An unjust King pulls himself down with his own teeth."
ARAB PROVERB.

IN the histories of Kings of the ancient period, who have been deposed or who have voluntarily abdicated, although there are not wanting examples of wrong done to sovereigns, it will be more frequently found that the people have been driven to exercise a right which they appear to have possessed from the earliest times. Some, like Strato, King of Sidon,—whom Alexander dethroned, and put a gardener of royal descent in his place,—have been hardly used by their conquerors. The sole offence of Strato was that he courageously refused to surrender. On the other hand, the Lydians very properly hung their King Achæus, because of his extortion: in other words, he taxed them without their consent,—a proceeding perilous to most kings, and fatal to many.

Injustice of any sort seems to have been considered as justifying war against the guilty King. They who remember how Cotys served Adamas, will not doubt that the youth justly led a rebellion against the King of Thrace. So the Epirotes, almost beggared by the wars that their King Æacidas carried on against Macedonia, and indignant that he would not heed their remonstrances, at length expelled him from the kingdom. But the royal Spartan Agis shows us how an indiscreet reformer, backed by friends unworthy of the name, may suffer loss of throne and life by excess of

zeal; nevertheless it was a hard case—to be deposed and strangled for nothing worse than attempting to restore the laws of Lycurgus. His case will be found admirably discussed in Alfieri's preface to his 'Agide,' dedicated to the Ghost of Charles I.

Agis deserved success; other Kings have been unable to bear it. Thus, the Illyrian King Egron, or Agron, lost crown and life by drinking to excess, in joy for his victory over the Ætolians. It was a more ignoble death than that of Agamemnon, whose shirt-sleeves had been sewn up by Clytemnestra, and who was butchered by that exemplary wife and her confederate, while the King was vainly striving to find an outlet from the sleeves of the shirt, or tunic.

It is justice to the really *great* Antiochus to state that he gave his subjects permission to disobey and depose him, if ever he issued commands contrary to the laws of the country. Here was solemn sanction of the popular right of insurrection, in a certain contingency.

Irreverence to the Gods, lack of hospitality, ill-treatment of the sacred persons of ambassadors,—all these offences have lost various monarchs their thrones, and even their lives. Tantalus was so punished, with worse and well-known after-penalties, for stealing or losing Jupiter's dog, which guarded the Temple of the Olympian, in Crete. Thiodamas, King of Mysia, suffered the losses above-named for refusing hospitality to Hercules and his son.

We have another ground for deposition offered by Pompey. He dethroned Antiochus Asiaticus, for the sole reason that when a usurper had got possession of his crown, Antiochus had hid himself, and trusted to others to aid him, without helping them or himself.

Again we hear of Lycaon, King of Arcadia, being deposed by Jupiter, and turned into a wolf for his impiety,—a myth which is supposed to mean that the Church may deal very decidedly with Kings, if these will not hear the Church. But

this myth may be a little misunderstood. A similar conclusion however is drawn from the case of the Arcadian Aristocrates, who was deposed and put to death by his subjects, for offering violence to the Priestess of Diana. In this case it is to be observed that the people took the matter into their hands, and evidenced their religious feeling by deposing and slaying their irreligious King. And it was not merely the person of the Priestess, but the place itself was sacred. Tmolus, King of Lydia, it will be remembered, lost crown and life for his insult to Arriphe, at the foot of Diana's altar. He was killed by a bull, as Kings have been even in Christian times.

Great as the loss of a crown and kingdom may be, it would be difficult to find many sovereigns on whom the loss inflicted a broken heart. Ariarathes, the ninth King of Cappadocia, was however one who so suffered. On the other hand, after the Parthians deposed Tiridates, that monarch may be said to have been rather sulky than indignant or afflicted; and he was as troublesome to Augustus as James II. to Louis XIV.

It was the lucky destiny of some, on being deposed from one crown, to gain another. Thus Vonones was not ill off when he lost Parthia, only to gain Armenia; but Ptolemy Lathyrus, or Ptolemy of the Pimple, made a less favourable exchange, on being ejected from Egypt, by ascending the throne of Cyprus; it was not much better than Elba for Imperial France. Cyprus however became annexed for a time to Egypt; and the gross political error of the twelfth Ptolemy, Auletes, or the Flute-player, in ceding the island to Rome, caused him to be dispossessed of his Egyptian throne.

The popular voice in Egypt was a powerful voice, whether expressed satirically or seriously. Historians called the third Seleucus of Babylon *Ceraunius*, or the *Thunderer*, out of ridicule for the royal meekness. It was the popular

voice in Egypt which gave to the second Ptolemy the surname of *Philadelphus*, or lover of his brothers, two of whom he murdered. By similar antiphrasis, the fourth Ptolemy, who killed his father, was called *Philopator*, and the sixth, who hated his mother, was distinguished by the title of *Philometor*. The adjunct of *Epiphanes*, or illustrious, was given to the fifth Ptolemy, as much for his extravagant vices as his extraordinary ability. The most remarkable of the Kings who bore this name was that "tun of man," the obese Ptolemy *Physcon*. It is ordinarily said that fat men are good-natured: the huge Physcon is an exception to the rule. His predecessor, *Philadelphus*, had been also named *Euergetes*, or the "Beneficent," by a people who knew how to distinguish between a man who murdered his brothers (as our Edward murdered Clarence, and buried him in a wine-cask) and a monarch who had respect for popular rights. Physcon also required his people to drop the title which alluded to his fatness, and to speak of him with the addition of *Euergetes;* the Alexandrians however would not heed their Sovereign, although he had the power to slay half of them. They continued to name him *Kakergetes*, or the Evil-doer, and with some reason. Physcon married the wife of his brother Philometor, and on their wedding-day he killed the infant son of Philometor in its mother's arms; he subsequently repudiated the wife, married her daughter, by his brother, and murdered his own two sons by these two Queens. He sent the limbs of one child to its mother as a present, on a day of festival. His atrocities caused the people to burn him out of his palace; but Physcon recovered his throne, after a period of exile, and calmly died in his bed. This inhuman monster was not only fond of literature, and had an extensive knowledge of languages, but he wrote a comment on Homer, and was the author of a general history, in twenty-four books, celebrated for its elegance. This seems inconsistent with what is otherwise reported of

him; and, as Athenæus tells us that learning was greatly promoted in Greece by the Alexandrine scholars driven into exile by Physcon, we may entertain well-founded doubts touching the report of his refined literary predilections.

The subjects of Physcon could not tolerate their obese monster; on the other hand, the Thracians could not tolerate their good King Lycurgus. This sovereign is said to have abolished the worship of Bacchus. In modern phrase, he established a "Maine liquor law," and drove all his subjects into sobriety and sedition. The oracle informed them that no wine would be tasted in Thrace, as long as Lycurgus was on the throne. The priest or priestess of the oracle was probably not averse from a bowl of the *vin du pays*, and thus gave a hint which was quickly followed. Lycurgus was deposed, and, to make the growth of the vine doubly sure, he was, soon afterwards, slain; a terrible example to legislators who fancy themselves wiser than Paul, and who see their patron saint in the Thracian Lycurgus!

The instances in which *men* assumed the right of deposing their Monarchs are very numerous; there is one instance of women successfully exercising a similar privilege. It will be remembered that the ladies of Lemnos once resolved to kill all the men in the island. Their provocation was rather strong, but the ladies may be said to have "provoked the provocation." However this may be, Thoas, the King, hastily abdicated in favour of his daughter Hypsipyle, who, in return, protected him in the general massacre. Thoas is supposed to have passed his remaining days in obscurity, in Chios. His obscurity must have been of the deepest; and we know less of the occupations of his private life than we do of those of Attalus, the third King of Pergamus, who gave up his throne, that he might keep his little garden in order with his own hands, make experiments on metals, and study philosophy.

This was a preferable course to that pursued by the great

Sesostris, who, after a career of glory, characterized by the captive kings who drew his car, became impatient when he grew old, infirm, and blind, and only laid down the sceptre to commit suicide.

They who examine the respective rolls of Kings who ruled in Rome and in Athens, will find that kingship was suppressed in the two localities for exactly opposite reasons. In Rome royalty perished in the person of the seventh King, because of his vices, a crime of his son leading to the destruction of the father. In Athens, royalty was suppressed on the death of the seventeenth King, because of his virtue.

Of the seven Kings of Rome, only two, Numa and Ancus Marcius, died natural deaths. Romulus, Tullus Hostilius, Tarquinius Priscus, and Servius Tullius were severally "disposed of." The crime of the son of the last Tarquin was the excuse for banishing the proud and able but detested King, rather than the real ground for deposing and driving the latter and his family into exile. His tyranny raised against him an aristocratic rebellion, into which the people plunged, because of the popular hatred for his oppressive character and his numerous crimes. Royalty in Rome had lasted about two centuries and a half; "after that," says Livy, "in an assembly of the Centuries, held by the Prefect of the city, were elected, in conformity with a plan found in the commentaries of Servius Tullius (a slave who had become a King), two magistrates, called Consuls."

Tarquin the Proud, when he turned away from the gates of Rome, then closed against him, and the multitude had decreed his banishment, had reigned a quarter of a century. The next fourteen years were spent in banishment, and in vain attempts to recover his throne. He had left, in the days of his power, the rich to oppress the poor; he had changed the laws, of his own free will, disregarded both Senate and people, and carried his cruelty to that extent that "in the days of Tarquin, the tyrant, it was happier to die than live."

But "*the people*, at a critical moment," says an ancient writer, "*remembered that they were legislators*, and the reign of Tarquinius came to an end."

When Livy reaches the record for the year of the city 249 (B.C. 493), he remarks,—"This year was rendered remarkable by the news of the death of Tarquin: he died at Cumæ, whither, on the reduction of the power of the Latins, he had retired for refuge to the tyrant Aristodemus. By this news both the Patricians and the Commons were highly elated; but the former suffered their exultation on the occasion to carry them to unwarrantable lengths; and the latter, who until that time had been treated with the greatest deference, began to feel themselves exposed to insults from the nobility." The two parties united had restored liberty: the stronger of the two denied the enjoyment of freedom to their confederates of yesterday. We must not conclude that the nobility alone act thus selfishly; the most democratic patriot of the French Convention declared from his seat, and in the hearing of the people, that when a party had achieved liberty, it was often found necessary to suppress freedom, in order that it might be preserved.

From the strange logic of the Conventionist let us return to the era of the Kings of Athens. We shall there find that from Ægeus to Codrus there were seventeen Kings. The second of the line was that wonderful Theseus, who is the hero of an historical romance by Plutarch. Had Theseus been content to tarry at home, instead of wandering abroad in disreputable company, coveting what Christians are expressly forbidden from having a longing for, he would not have been a sceptreless monarch. In his absence, the proto-demagogue, Menestheus, contrived to seize the throne, and the son of Ægeus saw himself a rejected sovereign. He found refuge at the Court of Lycomedes, King of Scyros. The host and his guest were for some time fast friends. At banquet, review, or sacrifice,

Theseus was ever at the elbow of Lycomedes, till Menestheus grew jealous of such hospitality, and remonstrated against the kindness extended to the deposed monarch. In old days such remonstrance was attended to after a different fashion from that which would follow such remonstrance now. The insular King invited Theseus to ride out with him to view some beautiful prospect from a neighbouring height. They trotted up the eminence in friendly conversation, and the Athenian was unconscious the while of his impending fate. When they had reached the summit, Lycomedes directed his friend's attention to a fair spot in the far distance, and, taking advantage of his averted face, suddenly thrust him over the precipice. He was slain; but Lycomedes, as clever as a Russian Chancellor in making crime look blameless, addressed a diplomatic letter to various courts and cabinets, in which he proved that the death was accidental, and the author of it the purest of monarchs and of men.

Virgil tells us that Theseus lost his throne through descending to hell and attempting to carry off the bride of Pluto. The poet adds, that in the Lower Assembly he took a permanent seat, as representative of fallen royalty. The naked monarch adhered to the stone, literally "like wax." Hercules, like a too zealous friend, rescued him, it is said, from his wearying position, but it was at the expense of the ex-sovereign's skin. The unhappy Theseus left the whole of the covering of the *ossa innominata* behind him.

The seventh King of Athens, Thymœtes, lost his kingdom because he was cowardly enough to refuse a challenge from his royal cousin of Bœotia. The latter potentate, all Bœotian as he was, had the good sense, when he and Thymœtes had a difference upon the subjects of annexation and boundaries, to propose that they should "fight it out" themselves, and not sacrifice the lives of thousands of men in a quarrel in which they had no personal interest. The Athe-

nian refused the proposal, was ejected from his throne in consequence, and died, a despised private gentleman, in another land. He was succeeded by Melanthus, who was himself a runaway King, or the son of one, from Pylos. The latter stepped into the sandals of Thymœtes as cleverly as Louis Napoleon seated himself on that three-legged stool of the Republic, "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity;"—stool which he has so neatly covered with imperial green velvet, "powdered" with the busy bees of Charlemagne.

The Athenians abolished monarchy after the voluntary death of Codrus, who had heard that the Oracle had promised victory to the side which should lose a King in the battle. Codrus thereupon rushed disguised into the fray, and found a glorious death. So satisfied were the wise men of Athens they should never find another such a King, that they decreed the abolition of royalty. This is the only instance of monarchy falling by power, and in consequence of its own virtue. The result may be read in the record which tells of the three centuries of Archons for life, of the period when those high magistrates ruled but for ten years, and of that when they were chosen yearly, like a common Lord Mayor, and, unlike him, were bound never to be the worse for wine, either before dinner or after. The result closes logically with the vesting of the legislative power in three assemblies, the Areopagus, the Council, and that wonderfully consistent body—the Assembly of the People.

The era of Codrus, 1070 years before Christ, is divided from that of Dionysius the Younger, 357 years before the Christian era, by a wide space. During the seven intervening centuries, many a sovereign, and several of those noticed in preceding pages, underwent deposition, followed by banishment or death. The name of the Tyrant of Syracuse has ever stood prominent on the list of fallen Kings of the olden times, and for this reason he may claim some notice in this Chapter.

Among the sovereigns of ancient times who were driven from power, Dionysius the Younger is perhaps the most remarkable for the great reverse of fortune by which he was visited. Both father and son of this name, who reigned in Sicily, were eminent men; they were remarkable for their ability and their tyranny, and in both there was a strange mixture of good sense and insanity. The elder Dionysius raised himself to the supreme power in Syracuse about B.C. 436, at which period he was not more than twenty-five years of age. He was distinguished both as a general and as a poet, and he experienced the ordinary destiny of soldiers and authors. He lost as well as won battles; and if at Olympia his poems were received with groans and hisses, at Athens he was awarded a poetical prize. Like the individual who declared that he would rather have written the ballad of 'Hosier's Ghost' than have accomplished what is ordinarily accounted a more distinguished achievement, Dionysius declared that he was more gratified by having gained a public prize for his verses, than by having won laurel crowns for stricken fields. And yet the man who confessed to this refinement of feeling was the same, if history be true, who ordered the famous "ear," or cave, to be constructed for his prisoners, all the sounds in which were conveyed to one common tympanum, close to which Dionysius sat, for the pleasant purpose of hearing what was said against him by the captives.

In his character of father he is again presented to us under a double aspect. He once reproved his son, the second Dionysius, for some acts of terrible licentiousness. He angrily asked the offender if the latter had ever heard of his father being guilty of such brutality, in his younger days.

"Certainly not," was the reply of the hopeful youth, "and for a very good reason—you were not the son of a King."

"Boy!" exclaimed the monarch, "remember this, that never wilt thou be the father of a King."

The prophecy proved true, but the prophet was an impostor. He was the most licentious prince, and the most sacrilegious scoffer, of his days; he could not enter a divine temple without robbing the altars of the Gods, and making very bad jokes on his worse deeds. It may seem, in our eyes, a venial fault, or even a justifiable act, to tear the golden mantle from the statue of Jupiter, pluck the gold beard from Æsculapius, or carry off the costly adornments of Proserpine; but in the old time there were worshippers who looked on those images with awe. These were as disgusted by the crime as we should be, were the Prince Consort to purloin the communion plate from the Sacramental Table, or as our neighbours in France would have been, had the Emperor walked away with the rich vessels of the Mass to confer them on the successful Taureadors, on that Sunday when divine service was followed up by a bull-fight.

The elder Dionysius was rendered so suspicious, by his own tyranny and cruelty, that he even dreaded the children to whom he gave such fatherly counsel as that noticed above. This dread and suspicious humour was carried so far, that he never allowed wife, son, or daughter to enter his apartment, until their garments had been examined, for the purpose of discovering whether they carried concealed weapons.

There was only one person in the Court of the younger Dionysius who was exempt from this matter of search before entering the Royal presence, namely, Plato. When that great philosopher left the conduct of the Academy, to visit the renowned sovereign at Syracuse, Dionysius sent a vessel for his especial conveyance. When the ship came in sight, the monarch drove down to the beach in a car drawn by six high-blooded steeds; and when the philosopher stepped ashore, Dionysius not only seated him in the royal car, but leaped into the place of the charioteer, and drove the broad-shouldered son of Ariston to the palace.

In that palace were assembled all the celebrated sages,

scholars, artists, and wits of the period. His power seemed so unassailable that he was wont to describe it, proverbially, as "founded on a diamond." Syracuse was defended by an immense army, and protected by so large a fleet and such formidable fortifications, as to be the wonder and terror of other governments; the arsenal alone excited the speculation and fears of contemporaries. The place, in fact, was the Sebastopol of the period; but, mighty as it was, it fell before Dion, a handfull of troops, and the few vessels which brought them over.

Dion, the kinsman, and Plato, the friend, of Dionysius, were the only two persons at the Court of the tyrant who had the courage to give him good counsel. They united even in advising him to surrender supreme power, and retire with wealth which he could yet call his own. The King banished his "cousin," and made of the philosopher a slave. The outrage to the former led to the overthrow of the monarch. Dion went to Greece an exiled man; but he returned from it with a force which drove Dionysius from Syracuse, from which place however he contrived to carry off a vast amount of valuable property.

The deposed tyrant found refuge at Locris, the native place of his mother, Doris. His wealth enabled him to attain here the supreme power, which he did not wield with any of the wisdom acquired by experience. He had no respect for either persons or property, and his cruelty was only equalled in intensity by his unspeakable licentiousness. It is almost incredible that this unclean monster was able to hold the sovereignty of Locris during ten years, and that he then quitted it, not only unmolested, but with so little suspicion of his unpopularity as to leave his wife (or one of his wives,—for he had two, one lady accompanying him in his travels, the other enjoying the chief honours only at home) and children without any more than the ordinary protection.

The cause of the departure of Dionysius from Locris was the anarchy which prevailed in Syracuse. Amid the factions there contending for power, the once fugitive now appeared, not more welcome than Louis Napoleon was in Paris to the strugglers for government, in 1848. He had not yet arrived in his old capital when the Locrians seized on the princes and princesses of his family, whom he had left among them. The citizens wreaked a diabolical vengeance upon the women especially of this wretched household, in revenge for old outrages on Locrian girls and matrons. Finally, they tied up the prisoners, thrust long needles under their nails, slew them cruelly, brayed their bones and flesh in a mortar, and, offering this as pleasant food for patriots, devoted all who were too disgusted to taste thereof, to the Furies.

Dionysius, easily consoled for this catastrophe, maintained himself on his recovered throne during three years, at the end of which period the gallant Timoleon arrived to free the Greek cities from his tyranny, and consummated the work by ejecting the monarch from his island throne for ever. It is said that the unsceptred King was permitted to retire to and establish himself at Corinth; and it is from this period that commences the course of his really uncrowned life. There is some difficulty in determining whether he resided at Corinth under a feigned name, or openly, yet miserably, as seems most probable from the terms granted by Timoleon. Under either aspect, the career of Dionysius as a private individual was in the most striking contrast with his career as a sovereign.

Cicero sneers at him for the most creditable of his occupations in the time of his adversity. The monarch turned schoolmaster. He took a class and taught grammar, on the public square. Cicero will have it that the ex-tyrant did this in order that he might indulge in an oppression over boys which he could no longer exercise over men. But the adoption of such a pursuit was perhaps the result of a spirit

of humility. Such a course was sometimes taken by those who had fallen from a high estate, in proof that they accepted their lowliness of condition with corresponding submission. We shall find a similar sample of humility in the chapter devoted to the Kings of Wales; and we may remember that what was done by Dionysius under necessity, was performed by Pittheus, King of Trœzene, out of love. This wise monarch gave lessons in a school of his own capital, and wrote a book which pleased Pausanias.

Justin says of Dionysius, that he probably thought he could purchase safety by humility. Not however that he was exactly what any dispensation would call humble. He descended to the habits, dress, and speech of the very lowest class. He was not ashamed to look like, and be known as, a vagabond; he was often seen drunk, and his bloated face and bloodshot eyes denoted the habitual drunkard. Dirty, ragged, squalid, a true "Corinthian blackguard," he either for the most part lounged away his time in the idleness that comes of debauchery, or in the practice of the latter in its most crapulous forms. At taverns, in barbers' shops,—where small matters of surgery and a vast amount of gossip were done every day,—there Dionysius was to be seen, making the customers laugh by his coarse wit, and earning a few pence by the practice, wherewith to purchase the indulgences in which he most delighted. When these failed, he might be seen moodily hanging about the doors of the drinking-houses, or staring at the dishes in the cooks'-shops with eager and hungry eye. He was often mixed up in squabbles before the magistrates, and chiefly with the owners or frequenters of those places of evil resort which Seneca aptly styles *loca Ædilem metuentia*,—"places which dread the magistrate." But we are told that all this was done out of a certain cunning. He knew how hateful was the name even of a penniless ex-tyrant; and he was desirous to appear contemptible, in order that he might not be con-

sidered dangerous. It was not exactly the course to take by an ex-prince who wished to establish a public academy. There may, too, be some exaggeration in the story. Ælian, whose gossip is quite as good as the solemn nonsense of more pretentious but not more enlightened writers, describes the ex-king as being an admirable barber-surgeon. The old Italian has told the story in good Greek; but old Abraham Fleming, some three hundred years ago, rendered the graphic Greek into quaint English; and in this quaint English he tells us that the sceptreless Dionysius "was curious in curling and cutting, in lancing, in boring, in burning, in searing, and in everything besides appertaining to those sciences."

"How came you," said Philip, the son of Amyntas, to the illustrious exile,—"how came you to irretrievably lose the great prize left to you by your father?" "Because," said Dionysius, "when my father left me the inheritance, he did not also leave me what enabled him to get and helped him to keep it—his good luck."

Perhaps the most melancholy guise in which the fallen King appeared to the eyes of the multitude was when hard necessity drove him to become an assistant to the priests of Cybele. Then might he be seen, like the monks who pester travellers for contributions at foreign inns, addressing himself to newly-arrived strangers and to the pious generally. He solicited alms for the altar, the goddess, and the servants of both. This he did, not after the fashion of a grave friar in Italy or Germany, but rather like a street mountebank. He bared his arms, tucked up his robe, played vigorously on the tambourine, danced till he was breathless, and then, with supplicating smile, held his rattling instrument for the "collection." His welcome at the temple depended upon the amount brought in by him. It was in this way that charity sermons were preached by the priests of Cybele. Tender consciences may think this profane; but is it less re-

volting to see the "Reverend" Mr. Spurgeon at the Sunday Gymnastics in Exeter Hall, and to hear him holding funny conversations with Gabriel, and beating the Archangels in argument?

Finally, let us part even from Dionysius on good terms. How long he lived has not been clearly ascertained, and Aulus Gellius is incorrect in his statement of the period of his living. Of the manner, though not of the time of his dying, we have something told worth repeating. It is affirmed that the ex-monarch died of excess of joy, at hearing that a tragedy of his own had been rewarded at a public competition by a poetical prize. If he had the spirit to compose tragedies, we may suspect exaggeration in the details which exhibit him in the most degraded positions. Nevertheless, strange things were done in the old times, and a little of truth may be mixed up in the various stories told of him. However this may be, we may not regret to see an old man, not one of whose children survived him, or had funeral rites after death, die of joy at gaining a prize for poetical excellence. His own history might have furnished him with good subject-matter. He had learnt at Locris that the people considered insurrection against a lawless tyrant, a duty. He had seen in Sicily that a people too weak to resist oppression may find avengers in foreign governments. The King of the Two Sicilies would not do ill were he to think deeply upon the causes of the fall of Dionysius.

A concluding word will perhaps be allowed, whereby to notice the most remarkable of unsceptred Queens,—namely Zenobia. Her fall dates from the two hundred and seventy-third year of the Christian era. Septimia Zenobia was probably not quite the heroine which imagination and legend make of her. She was addicted to drink, is suspected to have hastened the death of her husband, and was mean and treacherous in adversity. Egypt and Asia Minor acknow-

ledged the authority of the renowned Queen of Palmyra. Her learning, her beauty, and her virtue have been themes of universal admiration. She commanded seven hundred thousand troops, spoke several languages, and wrote historical works which had the good fortune to be commended. The "Queen of the East" was only the regent for her children, when her ambition and arrogance drew down upon her the terrible hostility of Aurelian. He found in her a skilful enemy, whom it was hard to conquer; and when the chances of war threw the descendant of the Ptolemys into his hands, his anger was aroused by her fierce opposition, and he was only appeased by her tearful and abject submission. To calm the imperial wrath, she betrayed her dearest friends; and her treachery did not spare that sublime Longinus, who had sat by her side and taught her lessons of philosophy. "She did not sustain in adversity," says Madame de Staël, in *Corinne*, "the grandeur of her destiny. She neither knew how, like a man, to die for glory, nor, like a woman, to perish rather than betray her friends."

Gibbon observes that Aurelian behaved towards the unfortunate adversaries in his power, with a clemency unusual to ancient conquerors. "The Emperor presented Zenobia with an elegant villa at Tibur, or Tivoli, about twenty miles from the capital. The Syrian queen insensibly sank into a Roman matron, her daughters married into noble families, and her race was not yet extinct in the fifth century." Her greatest merit, perhaps, was that she protected the Christians of the East; and in this light, Zenobius, Bishop of Florence, in the time of St. Ambrose, had no reason to be ashamed of the great sovereign, of whose family Baronius supposes him to have been a member.

THE CANONIZED EX-KINGS.

"Earth's but an atom: greedy swords
Carve it among a thousand lords,
And yet they can't agree!
Let greedy swords still fight and slay;
I can be poor, but, Lord, I pray
To sit and smile with thee."—WATTS.

THE number of Kings who have been canonized is very limited; particularly when reference is had to the many who have offered abundant homage to the higher power recognized by them in the Tiara. They amount, in all, only to twenty; and five of these belong to England,—namely, the rather apocryphal Lucius, the pious Anglo-Saxon Sebbi, the bold Ethelbert, the ill-fated Edmund, and the royal Confessor Edward. Of the nineteen sovereigns whom Papal authority has registered on the roll of Saints, only four were monarchs who resigned their crowns. These were Lucius, King of Britain, Elesbaan, King of Ethiopia, Sigismund, King of Burgundy, and Sebbi, King of the East Saxons. These are the only male sovereigns who so distinguished themselves by their piety, after exchanging their crown for the cowl, as to merit the honours of canonization. Of two of them, at least, very little is told, and that little is doubtful. Lucius is confidently spoken of as being alive under Marcus Antoninus, Verus, and Aurelius Commodus; and we are informed that, in the year 182, he wrote to Pope Eleutherius, expressing a wish to be made a Christian, by the Papal command. Two bishops were despatched to baptize the royal neophyte, and Lucius has

the reputation of being the first Christian King in Europe. Although no one can tell in what part of England the kingdom of this potentate with a Roman name was situated, there is abundance of assertion as to his having abdicated, in order to preach Christianity among the Heathens on the European continent. He fell a martyr to his zeal. Two Roman lieutenants, who could not tolerate the form of dissent upheld by the Royal Missionary, ordered him to be beheaded; and a pond and a cave, in the county of the Grisons, called after his name, are said to be the places in which he bathed and lived during the years following his abdication. As no one can positively affirm that King Lucius ever lived, it is hardly worth while to consider if he can be identified with the so-called missionary. A manuscript in the Vatican pronounces affirmatively on both questions; and upon such venerable authority Lucius claims notice as being the first King in Europe who became a Christian, and who straightway discovered that a crown but ill agreed with Christianity.

More than three centuries and a half passed by before another sovereign made the same sacrifice and reaped the same reward. The potentate in question was that May-day King, Sigismund, of Burgundy, the orthodox successor of his Arian sire Gondebald. Sigismund was an eminently pious, but also insanely passionate, monarch. He built many churches, and murdered his only son. To do him justice, it should be mentioned that he repented him of a deed, into which he had been driven by suspicion that his son was engaged in a conspiracy against him. The murderer became uneasy at the thought that mere suspicion could not justify him in being the assassin of his child, and he retired to a monastery, at a place called Agaune. His religion does not appear to have been founded on very sound principles; for Sigismund, we are told, made a bargain with Heaven, whereby it was arranged that by incurring condign punishment in this world, he should win Paradise in the next. Accordingly,

when the course of war brought the ferocious Clodomir near Agaune, Sigismund became the captive of the savage warrior, by whom he was flung into the Loire, and drowned. They who have visited the Cathedral at Prague will, perhaps, remember the evidences there that the body of this eminently pious assassin was recovered; and, if they touched upon the subject with the Sacristan, they will probably not have forgotten the good man's perplexity when endeavouring to show that this slayer of his son very properly wore the crown, brightness, and *prestige* of a saint.

While Sigismund was in retirement in Agaune, there was a swarthy Christian monarch, reigning over the Ethiopians, in his splendid capital, Axuma, and the name of this monarch was Elesbaan. He was so powerful as to be respected by the Emperor Justin the Elder, at whose request he headed a large force, with which he invaded Arabia, overthrew a Jewish autocrat there, who was cruelly oppressing the Christians, and established a Christian ruler in his place. Elesbaan returned in triumph, and reigned some years in glory, at Axuma. But suddenly he was smitten with a conviction that, to use an Eastern phrase, "it was all wool!" and he acted on the conviction. He privately sent his diadem to Jerusalem; and on a dark night he issued from his palace, so meanly disguised that no one who met him, that night, proceeding towards a monastery a few miles from the capital, with a coarse mat hanging over his arm, and a little wooden bowl in his hand, could have guessed that the humble wayfarer was the once proud monarch of the Axumite Ethiopians. Elesbaan, after he crossed the threshold of the monastery, never issued from it again. He fed very scantily on the meanest fare; read much, thought more, and spoke never. No duty he was called upon to perform was offensive to any sense of refinement which he may be supposed to have possessed; and he consequently died in an odour which was decided, by competent authority, to be an odour of sanctity. Canonization ensued, as a matter

of course ; and Elesbaan sits among the thousand mediators honoured by his church.

About the year, on one night of which he was furtively gliding through the gates of his capital with all the worldly property he retained—his mat and bowl,—the warlike kingdom of the East Saxons was founded by Erkenwin. Tenth in descent from the founder was Sebbi, or Sebba, who, after an active reign of thirty years, placed himself in the hands of the Bishop of London, and received the permission he sought, to resign his crown and assume the cowl. He died after two years of monastic privacy ; and his tomb, in St. Paul's Cathedral, was, down to the year of the Great Fire, 1666, one of those metropolitan sights, to which youthful visitors and strangers generally were conducted, as to a spectacle of no insignificant quality. It would seem, from the fact that of about a score of Kings who have been canonized, only three or four had changed their palaces for monasteries, that he who remained faithful to the duties of his calling to the end, was more accounted of than he who abandoned his perilous vocation to find security in the cell of a monk. Edward the Confessor, King and God-fearing man to the last, dying with his hand on his sceptre, and his heart full of love for his people, affords a more pleasant and profitable example than Elesbaan, who, descending from his high estate, did scavenger's work for his brother monks.

Although Ethelbert, the first converted King of the Saxons, did not win canonization by making sacrifice of his crown, he was as warmly regarded by the Church as if he had really accomplished the sacrifice. This may be seen in his very satisfactory epitaph, which says,—

"Rex Ethelbertus hîc clauditur in Poliandro ;
Fana pians, certè Christo meat absque Mæandro."

"Famous King Ethelbert lies here,
Closed in this Poliander ;
For hallowing churches he goes clear
To Christ without meander."

Turning now to the Queens, we find that a dozen female sovereigns adorn the register of canonized ladies; and of these not less than seven resigned all royal privileges before they died, and worked out their object in communities of religious sisters. The first may be said to have been the most celebrated; namely, the witty, beautiful, meek, modest, pious Burgundian Lady Clotilda, cousin to that King Sigismund spoken of above, and wife to the redoubtable Clovis, King of France. She managed his household with particular vigilance, we are told, "over the maids;" and she managed her ferocious husband by that exquisite art eulogized by the poet—ruling by seeming not to rule. She converted her husband to Christianity; that is to the profession, but not the practice, for Clovis could not keep his hand from the murder of his kinsmen. After the death of the King, Clotilda saw her son Clodomir drown her cousin Sigismund; and the mere horror of the iniquity which reigned around her, drew her to that monastery at Tours, where she spent the last twenty years of her life, not as a mere sentimental pietist, but a busy, bountiful, true-hearted woman. She died in the year 545; and, thirteen hundred years after the death of the royal nun, her name not only adorns but sanctifies that glorious church in Paris which has recently been erected in honour of her memory.

Her example was followed by her daughter-in-law, the Thuringian Radegundes, who had been the captive, before she became the wife, of Clotaire I. The early Christian Kings of France were brutal savages; and it is in no wise astonishing that Radegundes solicited permission from her lord to retire into a nunnery. Clotaire complained that she had made a nunnery of his palace, but he yielded consent; and the joy of his lady was only once dashed, when her husband attempted, but without success, to force her from her retreat.

This unqueened Queen was a woman of intellect and feel-

ing, and was so highly accomplished as to be able to read the Fathers in Greek and Latin. Her condition as a nun was in stronger contrast with her queenly condition than was the case with many royal ladies who gave up troubled thrones for undisturbed cells. She is described as "living wholly on bread made of rye and barley, and on roots and pulse, and never drinking any wine; and her bed was a piece of sackcloth spread upon ashes. She wore next her skin a chain which had been given her by St. Junian, a holy priest in that country, whom she furnished with clothes worked with her own hands." She died at Poitiers in the year 587.

France again furnishes us with the next example, but this time in the person of an Englishwoman, Bathildes, the purchased slave of a nobleman, who re-sold her to the second Clovis, whom she first served as housekeeper, and subsequently as his wife. Sixteen years after the nuptials, during which she had especially distinguished herself by her liberality in building churches and monasteries, she withdrew in 665 to the "truly royal nunnery" at Celles, of which she was herself the founder; and there she passed the same number of years which she had spent upon the throne.

A short time after the death of this English Queen of France, we meet with another instance of a female sovereign who renounced royalty and received the honours of canonization. This is Cuthburga, who went through the form of marriage with Alfved, King of the Northumbers, but who, with the sanction of her consort, "devoted herself entirely to her heavenly spouse, in the Monastery of Barking, in Essex." The old records do not furnish us with a more perfect example of an entirely voluntary withdrawal from greatness—but also from duty—than this, in the person of "Saint Cuthburga, Queen, Virgin, and Abbess," who died in the beginning of the eighth century. Her supposed remains were objects of veneration in the olden

time. Such veneration has often been thrown away, as in the case of the princely San Fernando, at Madrid. The nether part of this royal relic is apocryphal, but we are told that valuable indulgences are granted to those who look on that part with implicit faith.

The eight years passed in a monastery by that Empress Theodora, whom the Greek Church acknowledges as a saint, were years of a forced retirement, after a reign, not without glory, of twelve years. The filial ingratitude of her son, Michael III., compelled this hard necessity upon her, from which she was exultingly relieved by death, in the year 867.

Kunegunda, the wife of the last Emperor of Germany of the Saxon dynasty, Henry II., of whom the head of the Church has made a St. Henry, in return for his endowment of the Bishopric of Bamberg out of his private resources, was so moved by the example of Cuthburga of England, that she consented to be married only on the stipulation that she should lead the life of a nun. It was she who, on being subsequently accused of having, herself, disregarded the stipulation, proved the falsity of the report by walking uninjured over a row of red-hot ploughshares. This alleged fact, and the additional circumstance that she impoverished herself for the honour of the Church, caused the latter to glory extremely when Kunegunda, in 1025, then a widow, resolved to take the veil. "On the anniversary day of her husband's death, 1025, she assembled a great number of prelates to the dedication of her church at Kaffingen; and, after the Gospel was sung at Mass, offered on the altar a piece of the true cross, and then put off her imperial robes, and clothed herself with a poor habit; her hair was cut off; and the bishop put on her a veil and a ring, as the pledge of her fidelity to her heavenly spouse." Fifteen years Kunegunda lived in strict observance of the duties of an austere nun; and sixty years after her death, Innocent III. added to the

list of saints this uncrowned empress, virgin,—and simple sister, in a monastery founded by herself.

The last example is presented to us in the person of a lady who is well known to the general reader, in the Princess Joan, of the novel of 'Quentin Durward.' This daughter of Louis XI. was married in 1476, when she was only in her thirteenth year, to her cousin the Duke of Orléans, who detested her. Twenty-two years after, her husband ascended the throne as Louis XII.; and as the new King had an old affection for Anne of Brittany, the widow of his predecessor, Charles VIII., he easily procured a sentence of divorce from Rome, espoused Anne, and drove Joan into a rather richly endowed retirement at Bourges. The ex-Queen both dressed and lived as a nun, and instituted the Order of Nuns of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin, of which the Superioress bore no more dignified title than that of *Ancilla*, or servant. Joan did not take the habit till 1504, and she died the year following. Canonization rewarded her virtues,—but rather tardily, as it was not till 1738, above two centuries after her death, that Clement XII. raised her to the rank of a Saint, and made of poor Joan a new intercessor for man, with the Mediator who alone stands between man and God.

Walsingham, when treating of saints and relics, sharply remarks on the custom of dividing the bodies of royal and noble defunct personages, in connection with the death of Queen Eleanor, whose body was buried in the monastery at Amesbury, and whose heart was given to the Minorite Friars in London. These friars, he says, "like the friars of all other orders, challenged part of the bodies of all great persons dying, like greedy dogs, every one snatching for a piece of a dead corpse." If there be some truth in this, it must be recollected that all the time spent by ex-royal ladies in nunneries, was not idly spent. The Corcyrian Nymph, Aganella, when she had invented the ball, took it to Nau-

sicaa, the daughter of King Alcinous, and taught her to use it, princesses having nothing to do, as she said, but to amuse themselves. The mother-superiors, in convents inhabited by *ci-devant* queens, were also lenient with inmates who brought dowries with them, but they gave better instruction nevertheless than Aganella imparted to the youthful Nausicaa.

Of Kings in Purgatory there must have been vast numbers, if we may rely upon painters and poets. There is only a single instance, however, of a king having been seen in limbo, and that was by a visionary process. Tundal thus beheld a deposed Irish king, who suffered an intermittent purgatory. His majesty had three hours of it out of the twenty-four; during one-and-twenty hours he was unmolested; during the other three he was plunged in purgatorial flames nearly up to his waist, his offence being a disregard of his conjugal vows. He wore also a red-hot tunic down to the waist, in expiation of having killed a friend near a church, and told a lie about it when questioned. All his other sins had been forgiven him. Is it more charitable than logical to conclude that as this was the only king who was ever seen in Purgatory, he is also the only sovereign untrue to his wife, faithless to his friend, and false of tongue?

The idea of a quiet, crownless lady, has induced an English poet to make a "retired queen" of CONTEMPLATION, to whom he also gives the more humble name of "virtue's nurse," seen only by saints and hermits. To Contemplation the elder Tom Wharton addresses himself, saying—

> "Teach me St. James's to despise."

In another poem this writer, who sees nothing

> "——— in crowded courts, but schools
> For fops, or hospitals for fools,"

says, in somewhat better taste,—

"From beauteous Windsor's high and storied halls,
Where Edward's chiefs start from the glowing walls,
To my low cot, from ivory beds of state,
Pleas'd I return, unenvious of the great."

A sentiment similar in spirit has been cordially confessed by some British sovereigns, and has been acknowledged, under compulsion, by others. Of these some notice will be found in the following section.

Britain.

DETHRONED BRITISH AND SAXON KINGS.

"Mortality! behold and fear!
What a charge of flesh is here!
Think how many royal bones
Sleep within these heaps of stones;
Here *they* lie, had realms and lands,
Who now want strength to stir their hands;
Where, from their pulpits seal'd with dust,
They preach, 'In greatness is no trust.'
Here's an acre, sown indeed
With the richest, royal'st seed,
That the earth did e'er suck in
Since the first man died for sin;
Here the bones of birth have cried,
Though gods they were, as men they died;
Here are wands, ignoble things,
Dropt from the ruin'd sides of Kings;
Here's a world of pomp and state
Buried in dust, once dead by fate."

BEAUMONT, *On the Tombs in Westminster.*

IN the legendary period of our history, this pleasant island bore a poetical name: it was called "the water-guarded green spot;" some of its early inhabitants gratefully named it the Honey Island. Its present name is a memorial of its deposition from independence, and the Isle of *Brittain* preserves in its appellation the name of the great conqueror, Prydain, the son of the renowned Aedd Mawr.

The unicorn in the Royal Arms is of heavenly descent, like the first crown ever worn by mortal man, Nimrod, of which notice has been previously taken. When Ambros, a British King, was dying, a star with a single bright beam appeared in the sky; in the beam there was the figure of a dragon, which Uther, the brother and successor of Ambros, took for his crest, and was called Uther Pen Dragon. The dragon remained a dragon as late as the reign of Edward I.; and some writers declare that this animal, attached to the star *with one beam*, is to be recognized in the monoceros who, with the lion, now upholds the shield of England.

The mutual jealousies of the half-hundred tribes into which Britain was divided, at the period of the Roman invasion, were as fatal to the natives as the arms, valour, and discipline of the invaders. The conquest of the island took half a century to complete. During that time there are two British names which shine with more than ordinary lustre, namely the Chief, or King, Caradoc or Caractacus, and the Queen Victoria or Boadicea. When Caradoc was dragged through Rome to the tribunal of Claudius he expressed his reasonable wonder that the imperial possessor of the magnificence he beheld around him should envy him the possession of a rude hut in Britain. When Boadicea found herself dethroned by the victorious Romans, she swallowed poison, rather than live dishonoured. The two boldest of the enemies of Rome in Britain present to us these respective traits of their quality, in their fallen condition: the King was patient, and profited by his patience; the Queen of the Iceni, foiled in her vengeance, took impatient revenge upon herself. Mason, in his grand dramatic poem of 'Caractacus,' has not forgotten the tradition that Caradoc had voluntarily resigned his sceptre, but had resumed it to head his last assault against the Romans, which was followed by his betrayal to his foes by Cartesmunda, of whom he had asked an asylum. "Caractacus"—so sings the stately semichorus of Druids,—

"This night demands admission to our train:
He once our king, while aught his power avail'd
To save his country from the rod of tyrants,
That duty past does wisely now retire,
To end his days in secrecy and peace;
Druid with Druids, in this chief of groves,
Even in the heart of Mona."

The ex-King rushed to arms, and tempted Fortune, under adverse omens and against the will of the Druids. There is reason to believe that Claudius restored him to his home, if not to his former power; and probably the brave old man died, not indeed "in the heart of Mona," but amongst the Ordovices, after all. One of the finest pictures ever painted by Tacitus in words is that which shows us the captive Caradoc standing erect before Cæsar, the Prætorian bands, and the trophies which spoke of Roman triumph. Of all the British captives, he alone was not abject; and when he turned from listening to the compliments of Claudius on his valour, to salute Agrippina, who sat in state at a tribunal near to that of her husband, the crowding spectators could scarcely have told in which spectacle there was the most cause for wonder,—a woman seated amid the ensigns and the armies of Rome, or a barbarian King shaking off his fetters, and rendering her an unembarrassed homage.

Three centuries and a half had elapsed when, in the reign of Honorius, the Roman force at this extremity of the Empire was withdrawn to defend the provinces menaced by invasion, nearer to the capital. In the year 420 the enervated Britons found themselves helpless against Picts and Scots, and, by the advice of their old Roman masters, they invited to their assistance those *Sakai-sunæ*, or Saxons, who were originally sprung from Asia, and who had fought their way to the shores of the German Ocean.

About the year 449 those equivocal protectors entered Britain, under banners bearing the figure of a mare and a horse, from which symbols the chiefs of the Saxon force de-

rived their names—Hengist and Horsa. The Saxon Heptarchy was the result, although not the immediate result, of this invasion; and seven Kings reigned in Kent, Sussex, Essex, Wessex, Mercia, East Anglia, and Northumberland, professedly united, but for ever seeking the bloody arbitrement of war. Sharon Turner repeats the assertion that it was no uncommon circumstance for a Saxon King to surrender his greatness, and seek in a monastery for the peace which he had failed to find on his rude throne. There are however only a few of these potentates in whose retirement from sovereignty there any features of sufficient singularity to warrant their being produced before the reader.

Among these is Sebbi, King of the East Saxons, already mentioned. From his early days it had been remarked that he was much more fitted for the Episcopal than the Royal throne. After occupying the latter for more than a quarter of a century, with credit to himself and little advantage to his people, he expressed to his Queen a desire to lay down his sceptre, and retire to a monastery. In order that he might become a monk, he requested his consort to agree to be divorced from him; but to this request the lady remained for a long time obstinately deaf. Ultimately, the conclusion was accomplished, with her reluctant consent; and Sebbi received the religious habit at the hands of Waldhere, Bishop of London, to whom he resigned all his worldly wealth, for the benefit of the poor. The ex-king became an exemplary monk; and after his death, in 694, a circumstance occurred which is held to be good proof of his monastic virtue. When his conventual brethren were depositing his body in a stone coffin, they found the latter a span too short: they hewed off the end, and lengthened it to the requisite extent. On again putting in the body, they found it had either lengthened, or the coffin had shortened. They thought to adapt one to the other by bending the knees of the deceased Sebbi; but the defunct King, having a respect

for seemliness, at once adjusted his remains to the limits of the coffin, and the brethren carried him respectfully to the church of St. Paul, London, with exultation moderated by reverence.

We find a contrast to the case of Sebbi in that of a sovereign of a subsequent period.

That monarch was Ina the Pious, King of Wessex, who obtained regal authority by means which were not strengthened by legal sanction. He was great in arms,—was still more renowned for his piety. He founded Glastonbury Abbey, and willingly surrendered his own sisters to be shut up in convents, wherein dwelt companies of virgins, dead to earthly inclinations, and living with their aspirations unceasingly ascending to Heaven. Ina had reigned in glory for more than thirty-six years, when, in the early part of the eighth century, his Queen, Ethelburga, pressed upon him the reasonableness of giving up his sceptre into younger hands. Ina, in his old days, without relaxing in religious observances, had fallen into sensual indulgence, and was undignifiedly addicted to gross feeding and deep drinking. Ethelburga was scandalized at this unseemly conduct in an old man, and resolved to work in him a desired reform. Ina had a rural palace, in which he once entertained a riotous company at a banquet of more than ordinary length, splendour, and excess. The King of Wessex was in a condition which brought tears to the eyes of the more refined Ethelburga; and as soon as he had sunk into a drunken slumber on his bed, she gave some instructions to a faithful attendant, which were to be carried out on the following day. She then lay down by the side of her unconscious consort, with whom she departed at early dawn.

The power of the Queen and the authority of her confidant must have been very great. But a brief time had elapsed after the departure of Ethelburga and Ina, the latter equally sick and sad at heart, when, by order of the official

above alluded to, a scene took place which probably astonished the actors themselves. The latter drove cattle into the rooms, defiled them still further with every possible pollution, and finally deposited a sow and a litter of pigs in the very bed where Ina and Ethelburga had rested the previous night, and from which, but for different reasons, both had risen unrefreshed.

As these were on their way to their capital, Ethelburga induced Ina to return to the country residence they had left that morning. She probably had the less difficulty in accomplishing this, inasmuch as that the King of Wessex was too rudely shaken by his late excesses, to care to do otherwise than as he was bidden. When he reached the rural palace, he was aghast at the spectacle which he beheld, and indeed there was before him offence against more than any single sense. The details need not be narrated. "The King," we are told by William of Malmesbury, "was astonished at seeing a place which yesterday might have vied with Assyrian luxury, now filthily disgusting and desolate; and, silently pondering on the sight, his eyes at length turned upon the Queen." The latter is reported by the same historian to have made the following application of this very extraordinary text:—"My noble spouse, where are the revellings of yesterday? where are the tapestries dipped in Sidonian dyes? where the ceaseless impertinence of parasites? where the sculptured vessels overwhelming the very tables with their weight of gold? where are the delicacies so anxiously sought, throughout sea and land, to pamper the appetite? Are not all these things smoke and vapour? Have they not all passed away? Woe be to those who attach themselves to such, for they in like manner shall consume away! Are not all these like a rapid river hastening to the sea? and woe to those who are attached to them, for they shall be carried away by the current. Reflect, I beseech you, how wretchedly will these bodies decay, which

we pamper on such unbounded luxury! Must not we, who gorge so constantly, become more disgustingly putrid? The mighty must undergo mightier torments, and a severer trial awaits the strong." Had the brain of Ina not been too seriously disturbed by the last night's wine, he might have at once detected that Ethelburga drew illogical inferences from ill-founded premises. As it was, the old and nervous monarch allowed himself to be persuaded. He threw away his sceptre, gave his mantle to a successor, and, proceeding to Rome, "he was shorn in secret, and, clad in homely garb, grew old in privacy." Although he is praised for his constancy, some suspicion is excited upon this particular point by the fact that the Queen (who accompanied him in his voluntary exile) is spoken of as making it her constant care to soothe his sorrows by her conversation, and stimulating him, "when wavering," by her example. Some historians say that Ina even kept a school at Rome, and all agree that Ethelburga took the veil. The King died at no great period after his arrival in the Eternal City, in 728. His predecessor, Ceadwalla, had died in the same locality; and, indeed, so numerous were the abdications of the Saxon monarchs, that, as we are assured by the learned and exact author of the preface to the 'Monasticon,' not less than thirty Anglo-Saxon Kings and Queens, within the limits of two centuries, resigned their crowns in order to embrace the monastic state.

"Quis non miratur," are the words of Masham, "xxx Reges et Reginas Anglo-Saxones intra 200 annos, contemptis mundi illecebris, religiosam obiisse solitudinem? Quis magnificam in condendis monasteriis profusionem non suspicit?" In these splendid monasteries the way of life of one was the way of life of all. The act of abdication from the throne to a monastery was deemed an "ennobling." Thus Bede, after saying that Coinred "for some time nobly governed the kingdom of the Mercians," adds, "he did a much

more noble act by quitting the throne of his kingdom, and going to Rome, where, being shorn, when Constantine was Pope, and made a monk, at the relics of the Apostles, he continued to his last hour in prayers, fasting, and almsdeeds." Speaking of Offa (of Mercia), Bede says, "He, with like devotion, quitted his wife, lands, kindred, and country, for Christ and for the Gospel, that he might receive an hundred-fold in this life, and in the world to come life everlasting. He also, when they came to the holy places at Rome, receiving the tonsure and adopting a monastic life, attained the long wished-for sight of the blessed Apostles in heaven." Alban Butler, commenting on these abdications, very fairly remarks, that the world never saw anything similar till the Christian era had begun. These examples, however, are confined to two centuries, when the priesthood had a supernatural power, and did not always employ it for unprofitable purposes. Dr. Newman, in the 'Life of St. Richard,' which he wrote, or edited, ascribes such results to the fact that the hearts of these Kings were the strong soil in which religion naturally produces great fruits. This is partly true; but it must be remembered that in many instances these sovereigns only gave up a position that was constantly menaced by savage enemies, for one of secure calm on earth, and which had the promise attached to it of a brighter calm hereafter.

Bede states that at the tombs of Ina and Ethelburga miracles were performed during a considerable period. When this supposed proof of the sanctity of this famous couple ceased to be "performed," we are not told. That one miracle was accomplished there, was accounted sufficient warranty of the righteousness of those who were honoured in the performance.

Ina's Queen was a more reasonable woman than Etheldrida, the royal consort of King Egfrid. There was a story current touching the extraordinary purity of this wife of two husbands, which Bede was not inclined to take upon hear-

say. That celebrated writer questioned Bishop Wilfrid on the subject; and the prelate vouched for the truth of the report, partly on the authority of Egfrid himself, who very unwillingly resigned her, at her own request, to the Bishop, by whom she was covered with the mystic veil, at Coldingham, in Berwickshire. Subsequently she became abbess of the monastery at Ely, where she was, in the words of Bede, "the virgin mother of very many virgins dedicated to God." Among the good deeds of this renowned unqueened Queen, are reckoned—her wearing woollen instead of linen garments, and her reluctance to indulge in the pardonable luxury of washing in hot water. She would never do this, we are told, except on the eve of some of the great church festivals; and even then she would not use the water till she had first washed therein all "the other servants of God there present." St. Thomas of Ely, her biographer, seems to have an idea that fastidious Christians might sneer at these ablutions of the consort of Egfrid. To such persons, he very curtly observes, that they who are washed in heart, are always sufficiently washed in body. The royal abbess died of the plague, after suffering an operation which laid open her jaw. She was buried in a wooden coffin; but some years afterwards, when this was opened, not only was her body perfectly free from corruption, but the gaping wound in the jaw was healed; and such purity was inherent in her, that the very touch of her garments expelled the most obstinate of devils from the bowels of the possessed.

It should be noticed that these "ladies," or queens, occasionally enjoyed as much splendour in a monastery as on a throne. Eadburga, the criminal wife of King Beorhtrine, sought refuge at the court of Charlemagne; and that potentate placed her in a monastery, expressly, it is said, that she might live in a splendid style! This royal lady ended her days a beggar in the streets of Pavia. In testimony that monasteries were not necessarily mean places, we have the

story of the Abbess Edith, daughter of King Edgar. Ethelwold, Bishop of Winchester, saw her when he was engaged in reforming the lax discipline of the Benedictines. Her splendid dress shocked the austere notions of the prelate. "Daughter," he said, "the Spouse whom you have chosen delights not in external pomp: it is the heart which He demands." To this the royal abbess replied, "Very true, Father; and my heart I have yielded to Him. As long as it is His, he will not be offended with a little external pomp." Dr. Lingard, who cites this story from ancient records, emphatically asserts that the virtues of Edith justified the reply.

That a monastic life glorified the monarch who adopted it, was typified by an act of St. Berach. He received a little, mean-looking King, anxious to abdicate, and this monarch was at once rendered tall and majestic, by the cowl which the infant Saint put upon his head, after setting him to sleep on his lap.

It may be here appropriately mentioned, that amongst the early Saxon monarchs set down in the roll of dethroned sovereigns, is "St. Richard the King." His life may be read in the Hagiographies edited by Dr. Newman. It must be observed, however, that, in commencing the life of "St. Richard the King," the author is compelled to make a rather humiliating confession,—namely, that he knows little or nothing of his hero,—whose biography is very meagre and unsatisfactory. St. Richard is *supposed* to have lived during the latter half of the seventh century, but the period is disputed. He is imagined to have been a sovereign, yet nobody knows precisely of what or of whom. His principal claim to reputation is in his having been the father of three Saxon Saints, and in having received the honours of canonization, out of compliment to his connections. The eldest of the three Saints, of whom "King Richard" was the father, was Willibald, who not only persuaded his brother Winnibald and his sister Walburga, but also his royal sire,

to accompany him on a pilgrimage to Rome. They set out in the year 721. It was not, however, given to Richard the King to behold the Eternal City. He died at Lucca; and at his tomb were performed miracles—which seem to have been lumbering, motiveless, and profane. The very dust of the tomb of this so-called King, who gave up his princely condition to turn pilgrim, was long an object of veneration with all who visited the shrine—where the dust was sold and eagerly purchased. Why not? asks Dr. Newman: the dust of St. Richard the King was surely more valuable than "a bronze from Herculaneum or a coin of Caligula."

We have a less apocryphal "unprinced Prince" in the person of Athelstan, the brother of Alfred, who is known in Hagiography by the title of St. Neot. It was after gaining a great battle that he walked on the shore at Sandwich Bay, and, in utter disgust at the bloody affair, although it had ended in triumph for him, he hurried away, entered a monastery, and was never after heard of, save by the name of St. Neot. In proof that the little Saint was identical with the lofty Athelstan, the hagiographers certify that a calf-skin, which was suspended in his hut to keep the wind from his head, was for many years afterwards a specific against swellings in the face. It is added, that if St. Neot happened to wish to leave the monastery after the gates were locked (the Saint, it must be remembered, was too short to reach to the key), key and lock would descend to a level with the Saint, and perform the operation of unlocking, without troubling himself to use his hand! Had not very serious, earnest, and excellent men given their warranty for the identity of Athelstan and St. Neot, the subject would hardly have been worthy of notice; and as even at this day, at Lucca, the traveller hears of "St. Richard the King," who changed a crown for a cowl, the introduction of both personages will, perhaps, not be thought misplaced.

In the year 827, the Heptarchy is popularly said to have given way to a monarchy, and Egbert is set down as the first "King of England." To Athelstan however, the sixth successor of Egbert, some authors assign the proud title of first undisputed King, as it was not till his reign, which commenced in 905 and concluded in 938, that the King of England ceased to have an adversary in his territory—in the persons of the Danes.

Fourteen Saxon Kings had governed since Egbert, when Edmund Ironside made a partition of his kingdom with the Danish sovereign, Canute. Canute himself became, like many other Kings of this and a subsequent century, an unsceptred monarch, by occasional retirement to a monastery for prayer, penitence, or simple relaxation. Monarchs frequently left public business undone, by taking up their residence in monasteries during the periods of great festivals of the Church. The Abbey of Ely was a favourite place of resort with Canute, for the monks sang merrily, and the King loved a cheerful song. The holy community received him with much pomp, as he stepped out of his boat, or leaped lightly, in winter-time, from his sledge, near the gates of the sacred edifice. Three of the Danish line reigned successively, and then, in 1041, the Saxon line was restored in Edward the Confessor, between whom and the Norman Conqueror, William, there stands only Harold—a usurper by guile, who made way for a usurper by power of the sword. Harold himself is placed by early legends among the unsceptred monarchs; and there was long extant a tradition that he had escaped from Hastings, entered a monastery, and died penitent, in an honoured old-age. William received the submission of the inhabitants in the year 1066, about six hundred and seventeen years after Hengist and Horsa had pitched their banners in the Isle of Thanet,—the symbol on which is still perpetuated in the figure of the steed that remains to this day the crest or representative

of the county of Kent—where Roman eagle and Saxon horse first found footing.

Hitherto, it will have been seen that the influence which ruled the resignation of the Anglo-Saxon Kings came from the priests, by whom the much-troubled though not always reluctant monarch was either pushed or persuaded into the cloister. The Druids, before them, exercised a power scarcely inferior. To this, allusion is aptly made by Mason, in the words addressed by a Druid to Caractacus, when the latter sought to re-assume his kingly authority, yet promised obedience to the sacred will.

> "Thou art a King, a sovereign o'er frail man;
> I am a Druid, servant of the Gods;
> Such service is above such sov'reignty,
> As well thou know'st. If they should prompt these lips
> To interdict the thing thou dar'st to do,
> What would avail thy daring?"

Neither Briton nor Saxon monarch might be bold enough to give a defiant reply to so confident a query. This irresistible influence however gradually ceased to exist, but not without long and obstinate attempt at resistance.

Indeed there were symptoms, before the Conquest, that the 'people' were beginning to share in a potentiality which for a long period was enjoyed only by the priests. The learned King Ceolwulf, who read and corrected Bede's manuscript History of the Angles, was sufficiently troubled by subjects as well as saints to induce him to resign the crown of Northumbria with a declaration that earthly troubles were beneath the consideration of a Christian King. The royal and luxurious scholar found the ease and leisure he most loved, in a monastery. A more marked symptom of increasing popular power is to be found in the history of Hardiknute. He ordered the levy of "ship money;" but as this order was not made in a "general assembly," the recalcitrant people expressed their opinions in such a for-

midable guise, at Worcester, that the Dane, fearing deposition, yielded to the popular will.

It may be added, that if there were both leisure and secure ease for uncrowned Kings in monasteries, there was no lack of interesting occupation and amusement for retired Princesses. It was the favourite sport of the Princess Edburga, in the nunnery to which she retired, to rise in the middle of the night, steal away all the "socks" of the sleeping sisters, wash them, perfume them, and replace them on the beds of the nuns, ready for use again. The nightly wonder afforded a pleasant staple of gossip when the ladies met at breakfast, in the refectory, on the following morning. Nor was their only amusement made to consist in such trifles; they evidently understood and practised the enjoyment of private theatricals. We hear of a very accomplished royal nun, named Hroswitha, who, from the year 970 to 980, wrote half-a-dozen plays, "in the style of Terence," all tending to show the uses and advantages of living in a condition of perpetual and cloistered virginity. If they were as dull as the letters of Sulpicius Severus on the same subject, the audience deserved some commiseration; but at the readings or recitings of these plays, the audience, including the spiritual men who had once been sceptred monarchs, were deeply interested in the subject; and we may be permitted to fancy the applause which followed sentiments wherein the hearers were told that, if it were good for Kings to lay down their crowns, there was a crown which their daughters, the *sponsæ Christi*, should preserve for ever.

It is thus we see that a "religious" life was not in all cases either a dull or a quiet one. In the eighth century we find Alcuin begging the uproarious Yorkshire priests not to go scouring over the country, shouting at fox-chases:—"Non per campos discurrentes, vulpes agitando, declament."

The luxurious Kings of early times in England, who passed, of their own accord, into comfortable cloisters, would have

done well to remember the example of Abraham, who was as great a King as they, in his way, and who

> "Chaldea left, to till
> The moss-grown Haran's flinty soil;
> Hydras of thorns absorb'd his gain,
> The commonwealth of weeds rebell'd,
> But labour tamed th' ungrateful plain."

Certainly, when William left Normandy for England, he quitted no rich Chaldea for unrequitive Haran, but he was first of a line of monarchs remakable for their untiring energy, in good or evil. Since his accession, no English King has voluntarily withdrawn from the exercise of power. In few cases can the expulsion of a King from the throne, however unmerited the catastrophe may seem, be said to be the result of any cause but one residing in the King's weakness, folly, or wickedness. Sympathy for the least erring among them, and aversion from those whose tyranny was often more oppressive than that of the monarchs whom they overthrew, should not cause this fact to be forgotten. It is stated here, rather than asserted in the following section, wherein there will be found, not so much a detail of causes, as a narrative, however imperfect, of consequences. The difficulties of Kingship, however, are well defined in the next quotation, from Cowper.

DEPOSED KINGS, FROM THE CONQUEST TO JAMES THE SECOND.

"To be suspected, thwarted, and withstood,
E'en when he labours for his country's good,—
To see a band call'd patriot, for no cause
But that they catch at popular applause,
Careless of all th' anxiety he feels,
Hook disappointment on the public wheels;
With all their fluent flippancy of tongue,
Most confident when palpably most wrong;—
If this be kingly, then farewell, for me,
All kingship! And may I be poor and free!"—COWPER.

SEVEN royal lines have held sovereignty in England since the accession of the Normans in 1066. These Normans not only intruded themselves without right, save that of the sword, but they succeeded each other irregularly. Allowing William to have established his right by the sword, he should have been succeeded by his son Robert; but the rightful monarch, wronged by two brothers, lingered during more than a quarter of a century, a melancholy and neglected captive, in Cardiff Castle. It was for attempting to escape, after he had renounced his claim to the throne, that excuse was found for depriving Robert of his sight. He had fled on horseback; but his steed carried his rider into a quagmire, and had not strength to carry him out of it. The unhappy Prince was easily captured by his pursuers; and his jealous and usurping brother satisfied an unmanly but not unusual vengeance, by putting out his eyes. The first

Christian Emperor, Constantine, had forbidden the practice of such revenge: the face of man, he said, should not be deformed, for it was the seat of celestial beauty. But Constantine, who wrote very excellent sermons, if we may judge by the sample afforded by the single discourse which has survived to our times, murdered his son Crispus, and did not always practise what he preached. Henry's act, which incapacitated his brother for the throne, was one of mercy, compared with that of the great Constantine towards his son. After four Norman Kings had irregularly held sway, commenced the brilliant yet ill-fated Plantagenet line, whose eight Kings occupied the throne during a period of nearly two centuries and a half. Young Arthur, of this race, like Robert of the Norman, was the "true prince" who never came to his own. John held the kingdom as a tributary of the Holy See. Edward II. and Richard II. form the two great examples of monarchs violently deprived of both greatness and life. In Edward's case there was but short space between his prison and his grave. The terrible death at Berkeley Castle closed in horror a reign of twenty years.

The catastrophe which crushed Edward II. has gained for him a sympathy which he little deserved. He was the great oppressor of his people. He had shed more blood than any King since the Conquest. For the first time in England, it was in his reign that a prince of the royal house and a peer of the realm perished on the scaffold. The victim was Thomas, Earl of Lancaster. William the Conqueror, however, was the first who beheaded a peer, Waltheof, Earl of Northumberland. Peers and people united to deprive Edward of his authority; and he was the first King of England who was formally deposed. It is worthy of observation that the old Saxon spirit had never been trodden out by the heel of the Norman; and Saxon and Norman together united at last in sharp scrutiny of the actions of their sovereigns. It was the people, as well as

the Barons, who compelled John to sign the charter of their freedom at Runnymede; and the people had the greatest share in the deposition of Edward II. Their representatives were strong in the Parliament which dethroned an unworthy King; and so little idea was there of contesting the right of the Parliament to do so, that when the resolution had been confirmed, the Archbishop of Canterbury rose and preached a brief but smart sermon, from the rather illogical maxim, *Vox populi vox Dei;*—and yet no one knew better than that prelate that such was *not* the case when, as Professor Rose has remarked, that popular voice called out, "Crucify Him!"

The forms used on this occasion of the first solemn deposition of a King of England (1327) were exceedingly simple, and a brief notice of them may be interesting to the general reader. Edward was in safe keeping at Kenilworth, whither commissioners were sent by the Parliament, to announce to him the irrevocable decree. These commissioners were delegates representing every class, from the Prince to the multitudinous Commons. The delegation was universal England in little, proclaiming the downfall of their King,—a consequence of an act of their own will, legally exercised. When they had assembled in the hall at Kenilworth, Edward entered the apartment, attired in complete mourning, and looking as pale as a spectre. The episcopal delegates, after a few words of ordinary courtesy, took upon themselves to communicate to him the resolution of the people, which deprived him of his kingdom. Edward's conduct may have authorized Victor Hugo to assert that

"Les rois ne lâchent que quand le peuple arrâche."

When Edward heard the popular sentence, he demurred, murmured that he had been ill-advised, hinted that if further opportunity were allowed him, he would rule more discreetly, and finally, seeing that all remonstrance was useless, he submitted to the people's sentence. This effort however

cost him so much, that he fell down in a swoon, from which, had he never recovered, he would have been a happy man. Such officious zeal was employed to restore him to consciousness, that he was soon enabled to be a spectator of the remainder of the ceremony of his ruin. The delegates requested him to surrender the royal insignia; and these he made over, most reluctantly, to their keeping. Judge Trussel then stepped in advance of his fellows, and thus pronounced the words which definitively took from the monarch the sceptre which he had borne so unwisely:—

"Unto thee, O King, I, William Trussel, in the name of all men of this land of England, and prolocutor of this Parliament, resign to you, Edward, the homage that was made to you some time; and from this time forth, I defy thee, and deprive thee of all royal power, and I shall never be attendant on thee as King, from this time."

Edward groaned in spirit, but his attention was further aroused by the action of Sir Thomas Blount, Steward of the King's Household. That official, as Judge Trussel retired, took his place; and Sir Thomas, breaking his staff of office before the King's face, resigned his employment, and proclaimed the dissolution of the royal household.

Thus far the people generally were confederates one with another in this solemn and salutary act; but they were not responsible for what followed. It was private vengeance that offered the imprisoned King ditch-water for drink, which kept him scant of food, treated him with ignominy, and consigned him to the horrible death by which his enemies finally got rid of their victim. There was a tradition long preserved, that his murder was the consequence of a direction, craftily worded and cunningly unpunctuated, addressed by the right-reverend Bishop of Hereford to Gurney and Maltravers, who were specially employed about the royal victim. The direction was said to have been conceived in these terms:—"Edvardum Regem occidere nolite timere bo-

num est." Such a commission might be read by assassins, as an authority to do their dread office; and by him who gave it, as a prohibition against committing murder.

It may be considered that if murder itself was ever lightly thought of in England, the fault lay with our Danish Kings. Under them the Carnifex, or executioner, was a person of great dignity. He ranked with the Archbishop of York, Earl Gordon, and the Lord Steward.

When Richard the Second, in 1377, succeeded his grandfather, Edward III., the people entertained hopes that the administration of the son of the Black Prince would be of advantage to the nation generally. But the unhappy monarch was soon governed by unprincipled favourites, and was too indolent and too much addicted to pleasure, to withstand their pernicious influence. His rapacity and prodigality provoked the rebellion, at the head of which stood Henry, Duke of Lancaster. When a great part of his army passed over to Bolingbroke, Richard put on the suit of a monk, made his way to Conway, and sat down among his few friends, "all sorrowful, all sad and distressed." They wandered from castle to castle. These were unfurnished, and the wanderers had nothing to rest upon but straw. The forlorn King, in his utter extremity, surrendered himself to the Earl of Northumberland. The Earl had called Christ to witness that not a hair of the royal head should suffer; and he led Richard, still in the unwarlike guise of a monk, to the feet of Duke Henry. When Duke Henry took possession of the King at Flint, and the deposition of the latter, although not declared, was made manifest, the Earl of Salisbury recalled to mind that the catastrophe had been foretold by Merlin and by Bede; and therewith they especially who had betrayed King Richard were reconciled to their treason, as having been useful in accomplishing what had been thus solemnly predicted.

The old poet Daniel, who succeeded Spenser as Poet Lau-

reate, has described the ride of Bolingbroke, and the deposed Richard, into London: the latter,

> "Most meanly mounted on a simple steed,
> Degraded of all grace and ease beside,
> Thereby neglect of all respect to breed."

The poet makes the young bride of the fallen monarch a spectatress of the triumph of Henry and the degradation of Richard. As the two approach, she exclaims—

> "Oh, what delight mine heart takes by mine eye!
> I doubt me, when he comes but something near,
> I shall set wide the window: what care I
> Who doth see me, so him I may see clear?
> Thus doth false joy delude her wrongfully
> (Sweet lady!) in the thing she held so dear;
> For nearer come, she finds she had mistook,
> And him she mark'd was Henry Bolingbroke."

As the eye of the youthful wife turns from the proudly mounted usurper to the meek and deposed sovereign, on the sorry jade, a little apart;—

> "'What might he be,' she said, 'that thus alone
> Rides pensive in the universal joy?
> Oh yes, 'tis he! That princely face doth bring
> The evidence of majesty to prove.'"

One circumstance connected with the deposition of Richard deserves to be mentioned. Although he "voluntarily resigned," and read his act of resignation with a "complacent countenance," it was deemed expedient that he should be solemnly deposed by an act of the Estates of the Realm. Richard read the act to aspiring Lancaster and a group of his friends, in the Tower, at nine o'clock in the morning, on St. Michael's day, 1399. The affair is described, in an old Life of Richard, "by a Person of Quality," as being of an exceedingly merry cast, as if it were a very excellent joke. Bolingbroke even suggested that Richard should not trouble himself to read the act, but spare his voice, and have it

read by deputy. The King not only would not hear of this, but he read the act through, as if he approved highly of what he was reading; and having expressed a wish that his cousin, to whom he gave his signet-ring, might reign in his stead, the company separated on the most amicable terms!

However this may be, it is certain that in Parliament, on the following day, the august assembly of legislators and representatives of the people were solemnly asked if they would accept this act of renunciation on the part of Richard. The Estates of the Realm, thus appealed to, and having heard the thirty-three "articles of objections" cited against Richard, pronounced that the King was justified in resigning; but that the Estates of the Realm, "for greater security," would pass against him a degree of deposition, which was done accordingly. Bolingbroke thereupon claimed the crown by right of his descent from Henry III. The power of the Parliament, however, is again made manifest by the fact that "the said Estates with the whole people" rather elected him King than recognized his claim; and indeed he boasted the double title of election by the Estates, as well as that held by him by his own inherent right. Henry VI. had scarcely taken possession of the throne, by the side of which he had been hitherto standing, when the Archbishop of Canterbury, as loyally eager to greet him as the Bishop of Hereford had been to hail the downfall of Edward II., arose and preached an extremely brief, but a remarkably pointed sermon, from 1 Sam. ix. 17, "VIR *dominabitur populo*"—"A MAN shall rule over my people." The text was corrupted, but the application of this discourse—quite as shallow as it was short—was of course to the effect that Richard had been a sorry child, and that Henry was, to use a modern illustration, the right man in the right place.

Whether Richard perished by famine or the sword, in "bloody Pontefract," there was a report subsequently raised by Sir John Oldcastle that he had not so died, but that he had

been transferred to some Scottish monastery, where he long survived, in the character of a monk. Walsingham however describes not merely the death, but the burial at Langley, with so much distinctness, and with such an amusing piece of sarcasm on the gastronomic ecclesiastics of the day, that the romantic story may be dismissed. Speaking of the funeral, he says, "Confestim corpus reportare jubetur ad Langley, tumularium in ecclesiâ Fratrum Prædicatorum, perfeceruntque ibidem supremum officium Episcopus Castrensis, Abbas Sancti Albani, et Abbas de Waltham, sine magnatum præsentiâ, sine populari turbâ, nec erat qui eos invitaret ad prandium post laborem:"—Forthwith his body was conveyed by order to Langley, to be buried in the church of the Preaching Brothers. The Bishop of Chester, the Abbot of St. Albans, and the Abbot of Waltham performed the last duties: there was no attendance of nobles, nor any crowd of people. There was not even any one there to invite them to dinner after their labour had been concluded."

Popular affection or caprice loves to keep alive the sovereigns who have mysteriously disappeared. It was so with the fabulous Arthur; with Harold, when it was known that there was difficulty in discovering the body. Such too was the case (as shown above) with Richard II. "Which way soever he came by his end," says "A Person of Quality," in 1681, "King Henry, it seems, was willing to let all the world know he was dead; for his body, embalmed and covered with lead, all save the face, was brought to London, where for three days together it was exposed at Paul's to public view, and then buried in the church of Predicant Friars at Langley in Buckinghamshire, but afterwards by King Henry removed to Westminster, and there honourably entombed. Yet some Scottish historians affirm that he escaped out of prison, and led a solitary and virtuous life in that kingdom for divers years, and lies buried (as they say) in the Black Friars at Stirling. So different is the

report of fame touching this unhappy Prince's exit out of the world, who lived therein about thirty-three years, and reigned twenty-two years and three months."

Weaver, when speaking of the removal of the remains of the deposed King, says, that all was done "with great honour, in a chaire royale, himself (Henry) and his nobility attending the sacred relics of the anointed King, which he solemnly here interred [at Westminster] among his ancestors, and founded perpetually, one day every week, a dirge, with nine lessons and a morning Mass, to be celebrated for the soul of the late King Richard; and on each of these days, six shillings and eight pence to be given to the poor people; and once every year, on the same day of his anniversary, twenty pounds in pence to be distributed to the most needful." He made for him a glorious tomb, and this glozing epitaph, deciphering the lineaments of his body and qualities of his mind, which, to any who knew upon what points he was put out of majesty and state, may seem strange, if not ridiculous:—

"Prudens et mundus, Richardus jure secundus,
Per fatum victus, jacet hîc sub marmore pictus.
Verax sermone, prudens fuit et ratione,
Corpore procerus, prudens fuit ut Homerus,
Ecclesiæ faxit, elatus suppeditavit.
Quemvis prostravit regalia qui violavit;
Obruit hæreticos, et eorum stravit amicos.
O clemens Christe, tibi devotus fuit iste,
Votis Baptiste, salves quem protulit iste.
Hîc jacet immiti consumptus morte Richardus,
Fuisse felicem, miserrimum."

Never had murdered man such testimonial rendered to his virtues by those who profited by his murder, as Richard had in the epitaph set over him by Henry. Every line praising the dead, condemns the living monarch. Unfortunately, too, the testimony thus rendered is not altogether true. Weaver remarks that "Fabian, who translated this

epitaph into English, desirous, as it seems, to extenuate the force of such palpable, gross flattery, annexeth this stanza :—

> "But yet, alas! although this metre or rhyme
> Thus doth embellish this noble Prince's fame,
> And that sound clerk which favoured him sometime
> List by his cunning thus to enhance his fame,
> Yet by his story appeareth in him some blame:
> Wherefore to Princes is surest memory,
> Their lives to exercise in virtuous constancy."

Hardingtoo has shown, in rough rhymes, that the clergy and laity in Richard's household were men of ill-regulated lives; and where such is the case in a household, it is very certain that the cause may be partly found in the evil example set by the master. A better memorial of the deposed Richard was set up in the Abbey Church of Westminster. "That beautiful picture of a King, sighing, crowned in a chair of estate, at the upper end of the quire in this church, is said to be of him, which witnesseth how goodly a creature he was in outward lineaments." And this was the end of the eighth and last monarch of the House of Plantagenet; a House which furnished England with a greater number of Kings than any House that has reigned since the Conquest; and among whom may be found the most glorious, the most worthless, and the most unhappy of English monarchs.

During threescore years and two, from 1399 to 1461, the three Henrys who formed "the House of Lancaster" ruled in England. The House rose and fell by rebellion. The mental incapacity of Henry VI.; his illnesses, recoveries, and relapses; his struggles against York and the Yorkists; his triumphs and reverses; his imprisonments and releases; and the fatal day at Barnet, which sent Henry to the Tower, and ultimately led to his assassination,—are subjects familiar to every reader.

Even in the dispute which transferred the crown from Lan-

caster to York, great respect was expressed for the law, and great regard had for the will of the people. When the Duke of York, after the affair at Coventry, in 1460, held Henry a prisoner, he went up to Westminster, passed through the Hall into the House of Parliament, and stood there in presence of the assembly, with his hand upon the throne. He expected that the Estates of the Realm would have invited him to be seated; and he was angry when, amid the profound silence, the Archbishop of Canterbury asked him if he would not visit the King, who was in another apartment. "I know no one in this realm," said the Duke, "who ought not rather to visit me." And therewith he strode out of the Chamber of Parliament, and took up his quarters in the part of the palace reserved for the reigning monarch.

York was obliged to petition Parliament to examine his claim. The Lords heard his suit, and then appealed to the judges of the land. Grave debates ensued, and learned counsellors were heard. After all, a compromise was effected, by which it was agreed that Henry should retain the crown for life, but that at his death it should revert to the Duke. On the first opportunity, however, Henry, in a moment of temporary freedom, announced that this award had been extorted from him by violence. But Edward, son of the late Duke of York who had been recently slain at Wakefield, obtained possession of the capital, in 1461. There was no obstacle to his taking possession of the throne; but he preferred owing his crown to the award of popular authority. He ordered a review of four thousand men to be held in the fields near Westminster. At this spectacle, Neville, Bishop of Exeter, entered among the throng of citizens, and harangued them on the just title and ability of Edward, son of Richard of York. The prelate vehemently denounced the incapacity, the unfounded claim, and the treachery of Henry. The exulting crowds hailed Edward, King. Strengthened by this exhibition of popular feeling, Edward assumed the title,

but he took care to go down to the Parliament, where, from the throne, he explained how he had hereditary right to that crown which had been awarded him by the voice of the people. The Parliament offered no opposition. Still, Edward was not yet content. He now entered the Abbey Church, and to those assembled therein he repeated the enumeration of his claims; and was recompensed for his apparent deference to law and the popular will, by the recognition made of him, in the cry, "Long live King Edward!" A ten years' struggle, however, ensued, with infinite variety of fortune, before the hapless murder of Henry left the Yorkists without an adversary.

The House of York held dominion over England only two years more than that of Lancaster, from 1461 to 1485, and, like the rival race, consisted of only three Kings. The only English monarch who suffered forfeiture of sovereignty and life, without any guilt or even blame attaching to himself, was of this family—the young and hapless Edward V. His murderer, when he fell at Bosworth, made way for the line of Tudors, which lasted during one hundred and eighteen years, gave five Sovereigns to England, and, having died out without its course having been marked by the calamity of abdication or deposition, was followed by the Sovereigns of the ancient House of Stuart. This was in England, as it had been elsewhere, the least dignified and the most unlucky of sovereign races. From the accession of James, in 1603, to the death of Anne, in 1714, we have a period of a hundred and eleven years; but this, of course, does not properly describe the length of Stuart rule; we must deduct the years of the Parliament, the Cromwells, the brief Military Government which preceded the Restoration, and the period during which William III. reigned alone.

"Milton's organ pealed applause sublime" on the work which, in the person of Charles I., showed "discrowned misfortune trampled in the dust;" and then—

"Tongue-saintly Cromwell in his stalwart clutch
Seizes the sceptre, knocks the gilding off,
And makes it homely as a grandam's crutch;
But woe to the malignants, if they scoff.
At him who wields it!"

His heir could not wield it in like fashion; but neither was he in like circumstances; on this subject however nothing need be said. Nevertheless, considering that Richard Cromwell was Lord Protector during eight months, and that he survived his deposition above half a century, some account of him in his private condition may be allowed, perhaps, to pass without challenge. Between the Parliament and the army, he illustrated a very popular proverb, and lost the support of both. He was pushed almost as unresistingly into privacy as any Saxon King in the olden time. He had no faith in his cause, nor confidence in himself, nor reliance on those around him; and his unceremonious ejection from power was a natural consequence where such premises existed. If they who ejected him had paid his father's debts as well as his own, they would have made him a richer, but not a much happier man. They would have added some dignity to his retirement, but, as it was, he had enough for enjoyment,—such enjoyment as he could find in the pursuits he most cared for—those of a country gentleman and boon companion. These pursuits however were not always practicable. From May 1559 to the middle of 1660 he lived at Hursley, in some fear of creditors, whom even now he could not satisfy, and in some doubt as to what his fortune might be if Charles II. were recalled; he then retired to Paris, where he lived in obscurity, and under the fictitious name of Wallis. Twice he visited Geneva, and on one of these occasions he was spoken of, to his face, by the Prince de Conti, who received him under his assumed name, as "coxcomb," "rascal," "coward," "base fellow," "fool," and "sot."

About twenty years after "Mr. Wallis" first buried him-

self in obscure lodgings in Paris, a Mr. Richard Clarke settled at Cheshunt. It was by this name that Richard Cromwell, no longer in fear of creditors, chose to be known. He was a hearty church- and conventicle-going, hunting, joyous gentleman; loving good wine a little, and fair ladies more. He was choice in the selection of his company, seldom referred to his past greatness, and was never sarcastic, save when he alluded to the addresses of the people of England, who, on his being proclaimed Protector, laid their lives and fortunes at his feet.

There was a touch of King Lear in the old man's destiny, after all. His daughters opposed his having life-possession of an estate left him by his son, on account of mental debility. Queen Anne was then reigning, and old Mr. Clarke came up to town, appeared personally in Court, where his suit was carried on, and was not only courteously treated by the Judge, but was requested by him to remain covered during the proceedings. It was at this period that he strolled into the House of Lords. A stranger present asked the country gentleman if he had ever been in the place before; a small remnant of venial pride prompted the answer, as he pointed to the throne, "Never since I sat in that chair." He won his suit, was reconciled to his daughters, and in 1712, being then in his eighty-sixth year, he died at Cheshunt, in the house of Sergeant Pengelly, who was said to be his son, and who became a Chief Baron of the Exchequer. His enemies ridiculed him under the names of "Tumble-down-Dick" and "Queen Richard;" but even *they* could not deny that he was an honester man than he for whom Richard was compelled to make room. It was the return of the Stuart Prince, and the raising of the brazen figure of Charles I. at Charing Cross, that inspired versatile Waller with the lines,—

> "Rebellion, though successful, is but vain,
> And Kings so kill'd rise conquerors again."

James II. is the only King of England, since the Conquest, who died in exile. The principles of the government of the Stuarts naturally led to that result. The pacific government of James I. gave the people breathing-time for the preparation of their struggle against a monarchy which would have held the people as tightly as their rude ancestors had been held in the grasp of the Normans. Of the ten great battles fought between the people and the army of Charles I., three only were triumphs for the Royalists, namely Chalgrave, Stratton, and Roundway Down. The drawn, or indecisive, battles were those at Edge Hill, at Lansdowne, and the first battle at Newbury. In the second battle, at the last place, night alone saved the Royalists from total defeat. The great and undoubted triumphs of the popular and Parliament army were also three in number,—Marston Moor, Naseby, and the battle fought in 1646, at Stow-on-the-Wold, where final ruin fell on the resisting power of the Royalists. Charles I. did not suffer till 1649, but his death followed promptly on his "legal" deposition, and even before this was it the popular cry that the Parliament, in its turn, had committed all the crimes with which it had charged the King.

Charles II. lived some years deprived of a crown, but he does not enter into the category of "retired monarchs." He died in unworthy possession of the throne, and was quietly succeeded by his brother James II.

* James was not even cunning in *his* tyranny. He braved the law from the beginning, went openly to Mass, provoked the rebellions of Argyle and Monmouth, took bloody revenge by the hands of Kirk and Jeffreys, and crowned his infamy by claiming a right to dispense with the Acts of Parliament, and to rule in direct opposition to the statutes and constitution of the realm. Under a hypocritical affectation of regard for religious liberty, he attempted to place Popery in a position to crush Protestantism. The union of

Whigs, Tories, and Dissenters frustrated this attempt; and the successful invasion of William of Orange drove him into an inglorious exile in France.

The maxim which James thought good for the regulation of the people, with regard to their connection with royalty, was the one laid down in "Euphues his England," but it was one which the people did not sanction; nor was it likely they would, since it was to this effect: "This should be the order, to understand there is a King, but what he doth is for the Gods to examine (whose ordinance he is), not for men, whose overseer he is." People and King could not agree with respect to this maxim, and accordingly James was driven to seek an asylum within the dominions of a monarch who fancied he had bound his subjects, and their posterity for ever, to be governed by a maxim similar in principle. We shall see how James bore his diminished state in the majestic yet melancholy château of St. Germains. In spite of all that has been said by, for, and of James, he is the last man of whom it could have been sung, as Phineas Fletcher sang of his "Shepherd,"

"Less he could like, if less his God had sent him."

JAMES THE SECOND AT ST. GERMAINS.

"Better to be born a peasant,
Than to live an exiled king;
. . . . . .
Suppliant-like, for alms depending
On a false and foreign court;
Jostled by the flouting nobles,
Half their pity, half their sport.
Forced to hold a place in pageant,
Like a royal prize of war,
Walking, with dejected features,
Close behind his victor's car:
Styled an equal, deemed a servant,
Fed with hopes of future gain,—
Worse by far is fancied freedom
Than the captive's clanking chain."

PROFESSOR AYTOUN.

ASSUMING that the story of the reign of James is fully known to every reader, and that all are more thoroughly acquainted with the details of his flight than with those of his daily life which followed his flight,—the struggle to recover, and the ultimate downfall of his fortunes,—the following pages will be devoted to the story of his residence abroad. It will be remembered that James did not arrive in France until after his consort and the heir-apparent.

The first meeting of James with Louis XIV. was in part touching, partly humiliating (in the conduct of the ex-King), and in some degree farcical. The French monarch had already received the fugitive Queen and Prince of Wales, with lavish hospitality and delicate gallantry. It was six o'clock

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on a dark and cold evening in January, 1689, when Louis was sitting at the bedside of the Queen of England, conversing with her Majesty as she lay in bed. Announcement was made that King James had just arrived. Louis immediately rose and went to the *Salle des Gardes*, followed by a brilliant court, to offer a welcome to the crownless King. As soon as James had reached the summit of the staircase, and saw Louis before him in the apartment above-named, he began to stoop, approached his host in a crouching position, and by the time he reached Louis, James was bent so low that the French King found himself in considerable difficulty. He was bound by etiquette, and led by inclination, to embrace the fugitive monarch. To do this he was obliged to descend to his level. Bowing himself therefore, he stooped as low as the new-comer, and in that posture the two repeatedly kissed each other and murmured words of welcome or acknowledgment. This scene is described as lasting "the space of a *pater noster*."

Louis, then taking the left of James, conducted him to the chamber of the ex-Queen, saying, as he entered, "Madam, I bring to you a gentleman with whom you are acquainted." James warmly embraced his wife in presence of the whole court. Subsequently Louis led his guest to the apartment of the Prince of Wales, and then back to the side of the Queen's bed. Here he took leave, and James was about to accompany his host to the door, when Louis said, "Sir, I fancy that neither you nor I know much of the prescribed ceremonial for these occasions,—the occasions themselves occurring but rarely; and therefore I think we shall both do well to set aside all ceremony and its embarrassments. At the present moment I am here 'at home' in my own house. You will come and see me tomorrow also in my own house at Versailles; of which I will do the honours. After tomorrow, I will come and visit you here; you will then be in *your* house, and you shall then act as you please."

James was already so well pleased as to wear a gay and laughing air; and the presence with him of two of his natural children did not moderate the excessive joy of the Queen. The asylum they had found was a splendid one, as regards position, furniture, guards, and attendants. A news-letter, quoted by Dr. Lingard, speaks eulogistically of these matters, and especially of the completeness of what was intended for the "toilet" of the Queen. Fifty thousand crowns a month was the *largesse* awarded by the munificent Louis, to console and support the fallen majesty of England.

James survived the loss of his three crowns thirteen years, from 1688 to 1701. During nine years of that period he was not without occasional prospect of recovering his power; how he feebly fought and warmly prayed for such a consummation, is familiar to every reader. It was not till the Peace of Ryswick was concluded between France and England, in 1697, that, if he did not surrender all hope, he certainly lost all chance of a restoration. He bore the announcement of a Peace, which condemned him to perpetual exile, with the greater dignity that it did not take him by surprise. "The King arrived at Fontainebleau the very day that the news of the Peace of Ryswick came. The King, having long foreseen the blow, was the less surprised, and, so far from bursting out into expostulations and complaints, that, forgetting himself, he seemed only to compassionate his Most Christian Majesty, as if he had been the great and only sufferer on the point."

It is especially from this period that James may be considered as entirely sceptreless, for his great ally, Louis XIV., had made terms with the Prince of Orange. William III. indeed had been ungenerous enough to insist that James should be expelled from his asylum at St. Germains. Bentinck had urged the point on Boufflers, and the latter, who had promised secretly to remove the ex-King, denied his promise when pressed to fulfil it. Louis, more generous

than William, would not violate the law of hospitality. He declared, while the terms of the treaty of Ryswick were being discussed, that "if the Prince of Orange stood upon that article, he would banish all thoughts of treating with him." William promised that, if the King was removed, the Queen's jointure should be made over to her; but "the Most Christian King chose rather to leave that money in his hands, than exasperate him by demanding it, according to agreement."

The private life of James, in the old palace of St. Germains, was one of melancholy dignity. It could not be exactly said of him, as of Parnell's 'Hermit,'—

"Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise."

He looked like a man bereaved, but not like a man who was without consolation. He had acted like an unreasoning tyrant when power, or the hope of power, was before him; but his acts and arguments were marked by reason, and were worthy of respect, as soon as power had definitively left him, and he was not much more than the "Mr. Harrison,"—one of the many names which served to designate James II. to the followers with whom he or his Ministers privately corresponded.

Some time before Louis had made peace with William, James had prepared for the destiny which was inevitable, although he did his best to avoid it. He corresponded with De Rancé, the prior of the abbey of La Trappe; and sometimes withdrew into religious retirement within those walls, where he reasoned more correctly upon what he saw there than one would have expected from a man who was certainly not free from bigotry. He reasonably remarked, that all Christians were as much bound to aim at perfection as the monks of La Trappe themselves. To take shelter with them awhile he thought a good thing in itself, but a man might work out salvation without ever seeing them, provided he possessed the grace of God, and knew how to profit by the

possession. If they are famous for the government of the tongue and the eye, for their abstinence and industry, these were matters by the observation of which every one might profit, without being a Trappist. The latter was but a brother Christian, and there were Christian maxims which concerned all alike. He had always been ready with his pen. The religious papers which he drew up with his own hand, even before he came to the throne, and his letters to his son, the Duke of Berwick, are so abounding in expressions of good sense, that we can only wonder how he who gave utterance to them could profit so little by his intimate convictions, and by the counsels which he could impart with such eloquence to others.

The English public were kept singularly unenlightened by the newspapers, as to incidents in the daily life of him whom they styled "the late King James;" and yet the journalists were not nice as to the source from whence they derived some of their intelligence. Thus we find it stated in the 'Flying Post-Boy,' for Friday, June 7, 1695, that—"A few days since the late Queen Mary's Coachman landed at Dover, from Callise, who gives an account that the Jacobite interest decreases every day very much in the French Court; and that this unhappy Prince is often upbraided by the common people as the principal cause of the present war, and the miserable consequences thereof."

The testimony of Sir David Nairne, with respect to the private life of James II. after his dethronement, is that of a servant who was attached to his master. It may be a little partial, but it is trustworthy as far as it goes. It is that of a partisan, when Sir David speaks of James as his sovereign, for the old servant attests that he had always observed in that monarch "a paternal affection for all his loyal subjects and servants." With James, however, loyalty consisted not in that fidelity which would stand between a master and dishonour, but in abject subjection. A righteous opposition was treason.

Nairne was of the small household of the fallen King during nearly the whole period between his fall and his death. He had served him for many years previously, but never more willingly than when he was least rewarded for his service. He cites a pleasing instance of the charitable feelings of the ex-monarch. "James," he says, "was very charitable; and as there were a great many of his poor, faithful subjects at St. Germains, who had lost their fortunes to follow him, he was touched with their condition, and retrenched as much as he could to assist them. He used to call, from time to time, into his cabinet, some of those bashful, indigent persons, of all ranks, to whom he distributed, folded up in small pieces of paper, five, ten, fifteen, or twenty pistoles, more or less, according to the merit, the quality, and the exigency of each." Nairne might have added, that the King, in addition to his pension, received a supply from Louis, for this especial purpose.

James had been, all his life, a methodical man, and he was never more so than at St. Germains. He rose, walked, worked, prayed, plotted, feasted, and slept, by clock-regulation. He had a "time" for every occupation, and gave the most of that time to religious exercises. At morning and at noon he heard a Mass; and if the day was a festival, he celebrated it by hearing a third, and by attending Vespers and the elevation of the Host at the parish church, the church of the Récollets, or the chapel in the palace. In addition to this, in solemn seasons, like Lent and Advent, he and his consort repaired thrice a week to hear a sermon in their own private chapel. On the festival of the Holy Trinity, this exiled pair might be seen following, on foot, the procession of the Holy Sacrament, devoutly kneeling in the street at every altar, or *reposoir*, at which the train of priests and princes rested for awhile, to perform a brief service, and repairing to the chief church in the town to hear Mass, at the conclusion of the processional ceremonies

in the town. In short, the exiled pair were seldom absent from any religious service, let the hour be what it might; and, says Nairne, proud of their excess of zeal in this respect, "when there was no established fund for saying Mass, they ordered one to be said, which kept up a great deal of devotion in the place, and edified every one." In leisure hours, the ex-King's chief concern was for the conversion of such of his servants, exiles like himself, who were members of the Protestant church, and seemed inclined to remain so. *For* these, it is said, he prayed; with them he conversed and argued, and he made them presents of little tracts, as aids to conversion. He constantly urged them to study these controversial works; and when he found that the result of such study was to bring a lost sheep to what he considered the true fold, he would walk along the terrace of St. Germains with as beaming an air as if he had recovered his three kingdoms.

His outward bearing was exceedingly dignified, and he bore reverses with a patient humility. On one occasion, after the defeat of his hopes at La Hogue, he visited a convent, the sisters of which had previously put up fervent and frequent prayers for his success. As he passed among them, the Lady Superior took blame to herself and the community that they had lacked zeal in their orisons, and that thence came the great misfortune. James walked on without reply. The officious lady, fancying herself unheard, repeated her self-accusations, and lamented that Heaven had not granted all that had been asked. The ex-King turned to her and gravely observed, "Mother, I perfectly heard you when you first spoke. If I did not answer, it was because I did not wish to contradict you; but you compel me to remark that I am not of your opinion. You seem to me to fancy that what you ask of God is better than what is done by Him. But all that God does is well done; and there is nothing done well but what He does."

Even among the religious professors by whom he was surrounded, the uncrowned monarch found occasional flatterers. Some of these compared him with St. Louis. He was shocked at what seemed to him a profanation. "I may resemble him," he said, "in my misfortunes; but I am nothing like him in my actions"—which was incontestably true. At his toilet he contrived to edify his hearers by his religious maxims; and he is even said to have declared to his confessor, that if he had thought that the Prince of Orange was better qualified than himself to advance the glory of God, he would have voluntarily resigned the throne of the three kingdoms, and would have been satisfied to live and die in oblivion. His confessor, on the other hand, declared that he could not have easily found a man, in the most religious country in Christendom, more pure in intention, more virtuous in soul, more exactly vigilant, or more delicately conscientious in dealing with his own errors. His impatience and disappointment betrayed themselves however in his occasionally-expressed weariness of life. He was, after all, tired of the burden he had been condemned to carry; and he often brought tears into the eyes of the Queen, who reproached him for his eagerness to lay down his life, and bade him think of his children. It was then that testy human nature would break out in spite of self-discipline. "My children!" he would say, "God will provide for them and for you. But what am I but a poor, weak man, who can do nothing without God, and with whom God will have nought to do! He can carry out His designs without me."

These venial outbreaks of impatience—sometimes indulged in purposely, he said, that the Queen might accustom herself to the idea of his death,—were followed by closer study than usual of the ninth book of the treatise 'On the Love of God,' by Francis de Sales. The works of this author he read even oftener than he did the Scriptures. He founded his rule of life on the works of the "Gentleman Saint,"

who shared with Thomas-à-Kempis, Granata, and Rodriguez the highest esteem of the royal recluse. He submitted to another sort of discipline also, which was not without severity. It is alluded to in the "Circular Letter from the Religious Convent of Chaillot." In this the pious author states: "We have seen, since his death, the iron chain and the 'discipline' he made use of; but he so carefully hid his mortifications, that the Queen did not find them out for a long time after, having found them (chain and whip) by chance in a closet which he had forgot to shut."

The chief amusements of the uncrowned pair consisted in visits paid to convents and similiar religious communities, at a moderate distance from St. Germains. These visits were paid when some festival was celebrated; and, the religious ceremony concluded, nothing pleased the King more thoroughly than to assemble an audience about him in some spacious hall of the establishment, and there recount to his hearers the history of his life and conversion. The tale was told frequently enough to vex the ears of those who were repeatedly called to listen to it; and perhaps some of those who heard the old story smiled at the King's conclusion, wherein he asserted, "I have lost nothing: I have been a great sinner. Prosperity would have corrupted me: I should have lived in disorder; or, if I had not left off sinning till old-age had seized me, I should never have had time nor opportunity for entering into myself, nor of making the necessary reflections on my wretched state and condition. God in his mercy has afflicted me, and has given me time and grace to think on my salvation. I have never desired, on my own account, to be settled on my throne again." And between thus talking, visiting convents, hearing famous preachers, and indulging in the pleasures of the chase with a grave delight which might have drawn a smile from St. Hubert, he dragged through the days of his deposition with the assertion, so often made as to excite suspicion of its

sincerity, that those days were the happiest of his life. He used to allege, as a proof that he had "little stomach for greatness," that offer had been made to him to elect him King of Poland, but that he had declined the crown proffered to him, as willingly as he bore the loss of that of which he had been deprived.

It is singular to find the most bigoted of the advocates of James breaking out into praises of his toleration; and this, too, in the face of well-known facts. He left Colonel Canon, who had rendered him invaluable service in Scotland, to starve, because the colonel was too honest to turn Romanist against his conviction. The Earl of Dunfermline died in poverty at St. Germains, where Christian burial was refused to the remains of that Protestant servant of the Catholic and unprotesting James. On one occasion the Protestant followers of the latter were bold enough to petition that they might be permitted to assemble in a room to celebrate their own form of worship, and to have for their minister that approved supporter of James, Grenville, who had lost the deanery of Durham through his Jacobite ardour. Turner, the deprived Bishop of Ely, sent letters from England, in advocacy of this request. The urgency of the appeal moved James so far that he ventured to discuss the question with his Queen; but Mary of Modena, with the logic of her party, submitted to him that as his toleration of heresy in England had cost him his English crown, the allowing it in France might be perilous to the French one, under which he could alone find a safe refuge. This reasoning, and the will of Louis, prevailed; and not only was the petition of the Protestant adherents of James indignantly refused, but poor Grenville was driven out of France by the persecuting jealousy of the dominant priesthood. But that priesthood must have entertained more respect for Grenville than for the Scottish Bishop Gordon, who changed his church out of unmanly fear of lacking bread. The fear itself was not unnatural, for Dr. Cockburn,

whose zealous Jacobitism had driven him to seek an asylum at St. Germains, was driven from it because of his faithfulness to the Church in which he was born; and being driven forth from his asylum, he died a beggar, in Holland.

The unforgiving nature of James was manifested by his conduct to "drunken Dick Talbot," the natural son of a rather intemperate father, the Duke of Tyrconnel. Dick commanded a French regiment. In his cups, he spoke of James as a simpleton whom all England hated. The words were reported to the ex-King and Queen, at whose urgent demand Talbot was ruined, by being deprived of his regiment and pension. Furthermore, he was cast into the Bastille. Great influence was employed to procure the restoration of the luckless fellow to his old office and income; but Louis invariably replied, that he could not order this, save at the application of James and his consort. These steadily refused to make the request, although the King of France had intimated that such a petition would be most agreeable to him. It was only with reluctance that they, after many months, asked that Talbot might be set at liberty. When this was done, Dick was compelled to repair to St. Germains, to thank their ex-Majesties for their condescending benevolence! They listened to the grateful expressions of the man whom they had ruined, with the complacent air of people who deserved the homage.

The Council of James consisted of five Roman Catholics, Brown, Innes, Sir Richard Nangle, Caryl, and Stafford. The Protestant Jacobites expressed a desire that *one* of their Church might sit with the other five. This was resented as a disloyalty; and some intrigues having followed, the object of which was to secure the amalgamation in the Council, above noticed, they were summarily checked by the committal of Sir Edward Herbert, a lady, and a refugee Quaker named Bromfield, to the Bastille!

But the principal incidents during the exile of James, sub-

sequent to that Peace of Ryswick, which made shipwreck of the Stuarts, deserve to be noticed in more regular order. The account of them was eagerly listened to by the English public of those days, as the details were communicated to them by such of the journals as received from their Paris correspondents, paragraphs and anecdotes touching "the late King James." The 'Postman' for the first week in January, 1698, has a paragraph which shows that while James was being treated as King *de jure*, there was an acknowledgment, on the part of the government of France, that William was King *de facto*. "The Paris Gazette" (says the 'Postman,' with much confusion of pronouns) "speaks with a greater respect than he had done before of his Majesty of Great Britain, for they had hitherto given him the bare title of King, whereas in the account the Gazetter gives now of the affairs of England, he styles him Majesty, and speaks of him with all the respect imaginable." James was no better pleased to read this acknowledgment in French, than he was to read in the English papers, in the beginning of 1698, the announcement that "Count Tallard, Ambassador of France, has taken the house of the Duke of Ormond, in St. James's Square, for three years, at the rate of £600 a year. His Excellency is suddenly expected, after the arrival of the Earl of Portland in France." James, with all his resignation, sighed at these proofs of his dethronement, and turned aside to worship, with more fervour than ever, the "Holy Sacrament." It was a worship, indeed, on which the veriest French rabble insisted; and the Protestant Chaplain to the English Ambassador, the Earl of Portland, had a lesson imparted to him in a matter touching the Chaplain of the Danish Embassy. The reverend Dane saw the holy symbol descending the street, and, to avoid kneeling to it, he ran into a shop. The orthodox mob noticed the act, and the orthodox shopkeeper thrust the poor chaplain out, to the mercy of the pious populace. They treated him with dreadful barbarity, which was

poorly compensated for, on the complaint of the Ambassador, by the imprisonment of the principal offenders. Comments upon incidents like these, denoting Protestant irreverence, and discussions upon the spread of Quietism, which seemed to denote a heresy even in France itself, served to enliven the stately but solemn circle at St. Germains. These were pleasanter topics at the dull fireside of the saloon in the palace, than that of the splendid reception given to William's Ambassador, in every town between Calais and Paris. Hitherto, also, James, who had sometimes coolly listened to projects of conspiracy against the rival whom he pretended not to envy, had simply dismissed the plotters, who lived in a sort of protection at large. But now, Goodman, a celebrated Jacobite, ready for any evil deed, was imprisoned in the Bastille, and other conspirators were expelled the kingdom, "it being against the common interest and safety of princes," says a news-writer, "to protect any such villains." These however were of the men to whom James sometimes gave pistoles; and we may fancy him inattentive at Vespers, on hearing that his most eager partisans were treated with so little ceremony. He was not better pleased when the English Jacobites came hurrying in from Paris and Versailles, speaking in disgust of Maréchal Boufflers, who had invented unheard-of honours for the reception of Portland by the Grand Monarque. Two Irish Jacobites, officers to James, adopted a singular means of vengeance: they took to the road, between St. Germains and Versailles, and robbed the French aristocracy who had shown such courtesy to the envoy of William of Orange. They were however taken in the fact; James could not but acknowledge that they deserved to be punished, but he chafed none the less at the honours paid to Bentinck, as he called Lord Portland; and he could not understand why the very portrait of William was exposed for sale in every picture-shop in Paris and Versailles. He smiled probably as he read the epigrams

of the wits, who compared the enthusiasm for William now with the ecstasy exhibited not very long before, when the report of his death was current in the French capital. He had some consolation for the pain which he experienced at the welcome of William's Ambassador,—who was even cordially received in the convents, to which he paid complimentary visits,—by the treatment inflicted on Dr. Wickart, the chaplain of Lord Portland. Information was laid by a Jacobite that the Doctor had administered the Sacrament in a private house. A zealous Commissary of Police immediately arrested the Protestant chaplain, and subjected him to a strict examination. Portland complained that such a proceeding was a violation of the privileges of an ambassador. The Doctor was released, the informer was placed in durance; and Father Saunders indulged in useless ejaculations of wonder, in the presence of James, at the change which had come upon the spirit of the protector of the fugitive and rightful King of England. Neither fugitive King nor his zealous confessor ever expected to hear that the Lieutenant-General of Police actually waited on Lord Portland, and offered ample apology for the wrong done to King William, in the person of the falsely-accused Chaplain of his Ambassador.

These were small but acute trials to the exiled King James. Mary of Modena tried to forget them in visits to the nuns at Chaillot; but James had not energy enough even to arouse himself to pay his accustomed visit to the Monastery of La Trappe. He plied his "discipline" instead, at St. Germains. He had more than enough to vex him, for the best soldiers of his body-guard were now drafted into the French King's own regiment, and the rest were set adrift, to go withersoever they would. The call of the distressed on the pistoles of James was probably now heavier than ever. That he seized readily on opportunities to show, and perhaps to persuade himself, that he enjoyed as much

as ever the protection and alliance of Louis, is proved in the fact that as soon as Portland left Paris for Châlons, on temporary business, James hurried over to Louis, and spent a whole day with him in the gardens of Marli. James had hardly found time to boast of this well-spent day, when he had to listen to the encomia passed on the splendid banquet given by Portland, and honoured by the presence of royalty. He and his Queen however were speedily made happy again for a time. The gazettes for the month of April announced their daily presence at the very gayest of courts. But this happiness was a little dashed by the private audiences given by Louis to Portland; and James was deprived even of his solitary pleasure of the chase, while William's ambassador went wolf-hunting with the Dauphin, in whose house he even occasionally slept, an honoured guest, at Meudon. It is possible that the Stuart King's remonstrances may have led to some coolness between him and his royal host, for in the spring of 1698 we find—"'Tis said that the late King James is shortly to undertake a journey to another country, but we cannot exactly learn where he is to go;" and later, it is added, "there is some appearance that he will go and end his days in Italy; yet this is but a conjecture." It is evident that he was ill at ease in such close vicinity with the ambassador of his rival; and it is expressly stated that the ministers of other States were jealous of the distinguished honours rendered to the envoy from England. Meanwhile there were dissensions in King James's household, and Mr. Grosby, one of his most zealous followers, was killed in a duel by Mr. Bolger, late Aide-Major in James's own regiment of Guards. Portland too was treated at Versailles more like a royal principal than a diplomatic representative. James, if angry at this, felt that for every bruise there was a balm. Count Tallard, the ambassador of Louis in London, had dared to affix a notice to the French Protestant chapel in the Savoy

announcing that facilities would be given to all of that religion who desired to be converted to Catholicism, for the purpose of being permitted to reside in France. This proceeding, styled "impudent" in England, was only righteous daring at St. Germains. But while Tallard was daring in London, the honours paid to Portland at Versailles made the orthodox tremble. The latter was not only a favoured guest, he even accompanied his Majesty to his bed-chamber, and witnessed the royal preparations for going to rest. Nay, on one occasion he was even permitted to hold the candle while the King read one or two papers after he lay down. Ordinarily it was only a prince that could be trusted with such an office; but now it was conferred upon Portland, "and this is lookt upon at night," says Our Own Correspondent of the 'Postman,' "as an honour as great as to give the King his shirt at the Levy;" which indeed may be readily believed.

This honour was no sooner paid to Portland, when a report was circulated that King James was about to retire to Avignon. He had indeed more than sufficient to try him at St. Germains; his disbanded Irish regiment, men and officers, were hanging about his palace in a state of pitiable destitution. They had no means of living, were not afforded any facilities for removing, were refused employment in France, and were hopeless of procuring military engagements elsewhere; many of them had wives and children, and the general misery of the faithful and unhappy band found sympathy with all, but substantial relief from none. They assuredly found no relief in the statement that the consort of James was about to accompany her husband to the shrine of Our Lady of Loretto, in fulfilment of a vow previously registered. The royal pair were "let blood" in May; the ex-King "because of some small indisposition, and the other, because of a nephritick collick." The occasion was deemed solemn enough to induce Louis to repair to St.

Germains, to inquire after their health. He was probably the more welcome, as Portland was about to return to London, leaving Prior as his Chargé d'Affaires. The court of the sick couple is spoken of in May as "lessening daily." They recovered only to meet with new troubles; they dined in public, as befitted sovereigns, according to the ideas of those times, but their very digestion was disturbed by their wretched followers, who "are reduced very low, and become burdensome and ungrateful to the people here." It is not surprising that James looked longingly towards Italy, and that the Duke of Berwick himself had some thoughts of retiring into a convent. The natural son of James had incurred the anger of Louis XIV. "by some unhandsome words relating to the Earl of Portland," and he was sent in banishment to Alsace, as the penalty of his pertness. He was not permitted to be present at a grand review held by the King, in honour of the English Ambassador. This was a wound to the vanity of James; but Louis found salve for it,—he held a second review, on the Plain of Archers, to which the ex-King and Queen of England were especially invited, with the "Prince of Wales." For this small gratification James was exceedingly grateful; and he paid a visit of ceremony to the French King at Marli, a few days afterwards, choosing a day when he was not likely to encounter the detested Portland, and assuming as much importance as if he were really King of England in possession. This visit was followed by a permission to the Duke of Berwick to appear again at Court. James was once more thankful for very small mercies; and he supped with the King at Marli, not at all in the spirit of a man who had given up the world, and deemed earthly distinction entirely valueless. In justice to him, it should be added that misfortune had not rendered him morose. At the review last mentioned, he and the Queen suddenly met the son of Lord Portland; James did not visit on the latter the sins of his father. The

journalists remark that "the late King and Queen of England, on their arrival, saluted him almost at the same time as he did them." This was a graceful condescension on the part of those who looked on the Bentincks and their master as their worst enemies. They kept the birthday of the "Prince of Wales" in June, at St. Germains, with all the more hilarity however when they knew that Portland was fairly on his way to England.

James hated and dreaded the Ambassador. Portland offended him by ordering his son not to speak to the "pretended Prince of Wales;" and James never heard of the closetings of Louis and the English envoy without anticipating a removal, and inquiring about the cost of living at Avignon. It was after one of these long interviews that the Duke de la Ferté spread affright at St. Germains, by reporting that the royal tenants of the palace were about to receive "a six months' notice from the landlord."

Other vexations, too, continued to annoy the ex-sovereign. The disbanded troops, lately in his service, were fast falling into evil ways, and achieving a very undesirable reputation. That some of them took to the road has been already mentioned. The route between St. Germains and Paris was not safe, because of them; and they added murder to robbery when they met with resistance. One Irish Jacobite trooper, named Francis O'Neil, was broken alive upon the wheel, for the double crime of plunder and assassination. Two other ex-soldiers in James's service, Englishmen, lacked nerve to take their chance against stout travellers on the road; but they practised the double profession above named, in a quieter and more cowardly way. On pretence of being ill, they sent for a physician, and when the latter entered their apartment, they fell upon, stabbed, and robbed him. The law was stringently applied to these Jacobite ruffians, whose desperate crimes testify at once to their own utter destitution, and the fallen condition of their Sovereign.

James and his consort sought for such comfort as they could find, under the disgrace brought upon them by their followers, by frequent visit to convents, adoration of relics, and constant attendance at sermons and the elevation of the Host. These visits were of no avail: the town of St. Germains became almost uninhabitable through the sanguinary violence of the Jacobite brigands. No sober citizen dared venture abroad at night, even in the summer-time; and to what extent pillage and murder were carried by the fierce and hungry partisans who had followed the standard of James, may be seen in the fact that, on one and the same day, five Irish soldiers were "broken alive," in St. Germains, for the crime of robbery and assassination, by night, in the town or its vicinity. James and his consort went now more frequently to Court than ever; and although nothing is said of the nature of their business there, we may not unreasonably conjecture that it had something to do with the condition and the consequent crimes of their followers, made ferocious by starvation. This affair however did not prevent the royal recluses from being exceedingly gay, a few weeks subsequently, at St. Cloud, where the christening of Mademoiselle de Chartres was celebrated with much grandeur and festivity. There were drives in the park, where the exiled Queen rode with the great Louis, and James with brilliant and fair-spoken princesses; there was a grand banquet, a "splendid collation of flesh and fruits for thirty-one persons," at which "the Dauphin and the Duchess of Burgundy served at table;" this was followed by a concert, and the concert by a ball, from which, at daybreak, the weary exiles returned to St. Germains, safe from molestation on the road,—so many of their predatory partisans had, of late, been broken,—and fatigued enough to feel doubly convinced, at the end of a long series of entertainments which had occupied half a day and a whole night, that all was vanity and vexation of spirit.

During the few quiet days that intervened between this brilliant and wearisome festival and the grand field-days at the camp at Compiègne, the circle at St. Germains was startled to hear that the Duke of Monmouth was alive and active in England. None knew better than James that Monmouth had perished; but the report was so circumstantial as to excite, at least, interest. A pseudo-Duke travelled through our southern and midland counties, with a little Court, by whom he was styled "Your Grace," and treated with an infinite measure of respect. He was a handsome fellow, and his good looks at once convinced the women that he was the true Prince. His success was extraordinary, and his exchequer increased hourly by the willing contributions of the simple country-folk. The "Prince for an Hour" was however soon entrapped, to the exceeding grief of the ladies: he turned out to be the son of an innkeeper named Savage, and was tried at Horsham, like a common vagrant or swindler! James, perhaps, would have desired success to the pretended Duke, although he himself had so sternly punished the genuine nobleman. He might very reasonably too have smiled at the difficulty at which the sapient Judges stumbled, after the impostor was convicted. They deferred giving sentence immediately, on the ground that the crime was "of an odd nature." After all, he was punished, as he deserved, like any other ordinary vagabond.

During the fortnight in the first half of September, 1698, which James spent amid the mud, rain, fires, sham siege, the dinners, and the drinkings at Compiègne, his Queen shut herself up with the nuns at Chaillot. This female community was the most gossiping one in France, and Mary of Modena loved to pass a portion of her time with the talkative sisters. When James arrived at the convent, on his way from Compiègne, he brought with him an acceptable budget of the article most prized at Chaillot,—fresh

gossip. The scene at Compiègne had been most splendid, save when it was marred by the mud and dirt; but the satisfaction of the French Monarch had been considerably alloyed by the conduct of the ambassadors from foreign powers in Paris. They refused to attend at Compiègne, unless they had the honour of the "*pour*." This serious unintelligibility is thus explained. When the harbingers fixed the quarters for the King, Prince, and the ex-King of England, they attached an inscription on the door, denoting that such quarters were "*pour*," or *for*, such and such great personages. The quarters for all inferior individuals bore the names only of the intended occupants, without the preliminary "for." The Ambassador of Savoy, for himself and diplomatic brethren, demanded equal honours with royalty; they insisted on the "*for*," on the ground that representatives should be treated with the distinction due to those whom they represented. It could not be conceded, and the Ambassadors refrained from being present. Lord Jersey, the new English Ambassador, had probably a double reason for being absent, at least during the time that James occupied quarters ostensibly assigned to him as "King James:" the English Envoy recognized no such King, and James enjoyed a triumph in knowing one cause for the absence of the Ambassador of William. He, of course, added, in telling the story to the nuns, "But, my sisters, every such triumph is but vanity:" and he drove away, full of the pride which he affected to renounce.

Such pride was strong in him, notwithstanding all his assertions. It was sorely wounded too, in the month of October, when he was invited with his consort to the honour of attending in the King's closet at Versailles, to sign the marriage-contract between Mademoiselle d'Orléans and the Duke de Lorraine. James and his Queen showed how they appreciated the honour, by not failing to be present. Difficulties were raised however in the way of their signing the

contract. These were founded on the particular position of James, who would have signed as King of England, Ireland, and Scotland, or not at all. The contract, accordingly, was not submitted to him for his signature; and there can be little doubt that he felt, as he left the royal closet, not only that all was vanity, but that there was no lack of bitterness mingled with it. This disappointment did not affect his conduct, nor that of his consort, towards the bride, who was a general favourite, and for whom James and Mary exhibited much tender affection on the day of her marriage. Their feelings were soon after more deeply affected by the death of Lord Herbert, James's Chancellor. In France, however, consolation was soon found for every calamity. When Louis lost his brother, he retired to his room and played on the harpsichord. Soon after James had lost his old friend, he went hunting the stag with the Prince of Wales, in the forest of St. Germains; but then it was on St. Hubert's Day, and the amusement was almost a religious observance. It served too to distract his mind from anxieties which were besetting him. William had been followed to Holland by the French Ambassador in London and his own Envoy to Paris. James knew that his own sojourn in France was one of the subjects discussed by them. The subject is described in the journals as "a certain point which makes some people at St. Germains very uneasy, for they are afraid to be obliged to leave this kingdom, or else of being reduced to great straits and difficulties." The difficulties of the poor Jacobites were even more so; but the Pope had more compassion for them than the King of France. Early in January, 1699, his Holiness sent 25,000 livres for the benefit of the destitute English, Scotch, and Irish Catholics in France; and to the credit of the Holy Father it may be added, that this was not his first contribution forwarded from Italy.

Intrigue was active this year. James was very frequently at Versailles, where he was closeted with Louis; and por-

traits of the Prince of Wales, set in gold and diamonds, and intended as presents to partisans, were seized at our Custom-house, on their transit from St. Germains to squires in English mansions, and presidents of Jacobite clubs. James too seemed to resume one of the duties of monarchy, by receiving a visit of ceremony paid by the Ambassador from Morocco, to the Court of France. There was as much gratitude as ceremony in the visit, for in early days this envoy had been captured by the English, and had been treated with great humanity by the express order of James. The swarthy legate came now to acknowledge this service, and the acknowledgment was none the less warm because James himself had fallen to such low estate. The representative of Muley Ishmael presented his gifts of dates and furs, with profound assurance of thankfulness; and James received them with as gracious a condescension as if he had been an enthroned King.

That which ever lacked most at St. Germains was money. A supply sent from Paris, however welcome, did not prevent James from despatching his son, Berwick, to Rome, to ask for more. Alexander declined the request; and to a petition from James, that he might be permitted to end his days in Rome, where a residence would be less injurious to the interests of the Prince of Wales than at St. Germains, the Pontiff rather curtly replied by an order to remain where he was, as at St. Germains he would have greater facilities for recovering his throne, should opportunity be afforded him by an expected rising, which the Holy Father affected to foresee in England.

The pontifical advice, as well as the foresight, was well grounded. The constant arrival of "persons of quality" from Ireland gave a little life to the Court of St. Germains, which was ordinarily dull, but which of late, by the daily diminution of the courtiers, had been growing more than ordinarily sombre. The road between St. Germains and

Versailles was now very frequently traversed by James; but nothing came of the movement, although the show of activity was so considerable as to excite some attention. Perhaps it was to console James for some disappointment, that Louis invited him to a festival at Marli. The great works constructed there had been achieved by hundreds of soldiers, and by beggars seized in the streets of the capital, and compelled to what they most hated—hard labour. Many a poor Jacobite earned his few sous and a modicum of bread by toiling at the demolitions and constructions by which the great King sought to give beauty and usefulness to a country seat. A great portion of the festival to which James and his Queen were invited consisted in their inspecting these works, and offering abundant flattery to him at whose command they had been accomplished. There was stately dancing, and solemn feasting afterwards, and the newspapers of the time remark (as if late hours were not common with the exiled Stuarts) that it was past midnight before they arrived at the gates of St. Germains.

Did James lay this little excess to his conscience as a sin? It would be difficult to answer this query; yet we may find some help towards an affirmative reply, in the fact that a short time after he had thus "made a night of it" at Marli, he withdrew into temporary retirement among the monks in the convent of "Les Bons Hommes." The good men however did not treat him with excess of hospitality. They put him into a cell which had become damp from disuse, and which a fire could not at once effectually warm. The consequence was that the royal recluse became exceedingly ill, and was for a long time so infirm that he drank more of asses' milk than of any other beverage, and draughts very cautiously administered even of that.

De Rancé, in spite of his so-called seclusion at La Trappe, was a man who mixed very much in the world, and maintained a vast correspondence with great worldly people, and

had a very excellent cellar of wine at the monastery, for the use of his visitors. In a letter to Mademoiselle de Harlay, a nun of the monastery at Melun, he says, that in resignation under affliction, James equalled the most heroic characters of the ancient times of Christianity. He intimates that the ex-King had no desire to recover his "three kingdoms:" and he adds, that James, "unless he be obliged to spend some time about necessary affairs, or in conversations which he cannot dispense with, it may be said that all his employments carry him to God, and entertain him with the desire and will of pleasing Him." Notwithstanding this excellent testimonial to the private character of James, there is abundant proof that he was not adverse to worldly pleasure, nor unconcerned with regard to worldly prospects. His most pleasant festivals were those caused by the arrival of Louis and all his gay court at St. Germains; when the two Kings and their courtiers, Queen and ladies, promenaded together in the superb garden attached to the palace, or rode together in monotonous magnificence up and down those forest-drives which centre in the "circle of the nine stars." This condition of James was in strong contrast with that of his officers. The distress of these was too acute to be borne with such resignation as that evinced by their master. The law had put a stop to their brigandage on the highway, and Jacobites no longer stopped travellers on the road, and made them pray for King James. But those who were afraid to rob were not ashamed to beg. The French were shocked to see these gallant and faithful men standing at the corners of streets and on the public roads, soliciting alms, with their swords at their sides!

James soon recovered from the illness last mentioned, to attend, as before, to business and superstition. He heard strange noises in the air around the palace at St. Germains, and wondered, perhaps, rather than ventured to foretell, what they foreboded. He was constantly closeted with "Catholic

Lords," who passed to and fro between England and France, and was himself almost as constantly traversing the road which lay between his own court and that of Versailles. The little Prince of Wales meanwhile complimented the wealthier officers of his father's guards by standing sponsor to their children. The poorer gentlemen quarrelled or intrigued among themselves, and were unceremoniously confined in the Bastille, to keep them from overt treason, or till they undertook to respect the King's peace. Occasionally there was some embarrassment arising from James being in danger of encountering the ambassadors of William. Once the Earl of Manchester was about entering the residence of the Duke of Orléans, to make an ordinary visit. Some gentleman of the household hurriedly informed him that King James was already within. At this information, Manchester suddenly turned away, and walked about the court until he saw the ex-King drive out of it, and then entered to pay his respects to the Duke.

Towards Michaelmas there were some of those extravagantly splendid festivities held at Fontainebleau which were sure to be followed by an increase of taxes on the people. For weeks there was a continual revel, and an endless variety of amusements. The great monarch was stage-manager of all: and especial mention is made of certain comedies played by noble amateurs, in which the ladies wore lower top-knots than ordinary, in especial obedience to an order from his Majesty, who began to have a destation for "Fontanges." In all this dissipation James played a part, without omitting due observances of his religious duties. The ex-Queen too was there, but her health did not allow her to share very largely in the splendid profligacy. James himself seems to have thought it was a matter to be repented of—after enjoyment; and as soon as the joyous revel was over, he and his Queen withdrew to the convent at Melun, whence, after an expiatory seclusion, they returned, in October, to St. Germains.

Here the secluded pair passed the last months of the year, with failing health and fading hopes. They occasionally repaired to the convent at Chaillot, in order to pray for improvement in both respects; but neither orisons nor court-physicians could improve the sanitary condition of either of the exiled sovereigns. James, with scarcely strength to sit upright, and Mary Beatrice, with cancer developing itself in her bosom, received, in solemn state, the stately solemn visits made to them by princes of the blood and very serene highnesses. Amid much suffering, the ex-King never forgot his own personal interests, or those of his family. The eminently religious monarch had a very young illegitimate daughter, who was at this time a nun in the convent at Maubuisson. The lady-abbess of the royal abbey of Montmartre had recently died. James asked Louis to nominate his cloistered daughter to the vacant post. Louis himself thought the petition ill-timed, and the petitioner impertinent. He coolly answered that the lady was too young, but that he would not forget her. "Let her stay at Maubuisson," he said, "and when she is old enough, and opportunity offers, we will make her lady-superior; there she will be better off for the delay."

The friends of the exiled King occasionally mingled with noblemen belonging to the Court of William; and, in the day when gentlemen drank deep and wore sharp swords, mischief often came of it. At one of these social meetings, the Marquis of Tavistock proposed a toast, which was resolutely declined by Colonel Froude. A challenge to mortal combat ensued, but Lord Manchester devised a method to prevent any further ill-consequences. He invited the antagonists to a banquet, and over the wine-cup the hot-headed adversaries swore to everlasting friendship and a divided allegiance.

The year 1700 opened painfully for James, in one respect: he was covered with boils; but if he suffered like Job, he

also had the patient resignation of the man of Uz. Besides he found "distraction" in transacting business, the object of which was his own restoration. He was frequently in his cabinet with Boufflers; and his whole Court, which now was but a very small circle indeed, is described as "talking very big," and indulging in very extravagant hopes, founded on the issue of the famous Expedition to Darien. Moreover the ex-Queen was said to be likely to increase the number of royal heirs to the inheritance which James hoped to recover; and altogether there was sunshine as well as shadow on the terrace of St. Germains.

There was, indeed, little light to much shade; and the little light only illuminated small joys. The excited Court found some food for mirth in a trifle which had made the bosom of the Grand Monarch heave with indignation. The son of the court-apothecary, Bondin, was at a masked ball, at which the Duchess of Burgundy was present. The apothecary's son, concealed under his mask, passed for a marquis, and was audacious enough to dance with a princess who was not very remote from the throne. Louis was as enraged as if there had been petit treason in the matter; but, considering the unrestrained character of the Duchess, it may be concluded that she knew very well the quality of her partner. At these Carnival balls, not only James and his Queen, but the young Prince of Wales, were often present. At one of these riotous assemblies, the crowd was so great that the little Duke de Berri, son of the Dauphin, nearly lost his life, in the pressure, by suffocation; he was rescued, with difficulty. The "pretended Prince of Wales," as the son of James is invariably called by the English papers of the period, is described as being present at these foolish festivals, "masked," to save him from being "tied to ceremonials." He could not have had worse training for a throne, had he lived in these times, and been conducted nightly to listen to the light morals taught in highly-flavoured French plays.

While this dancing was in progress, the ears of James were deafened by solicitations from his starving, disbanded soldiers. Their distress was appalling, and their master petitioned in vain to Louis to enrol one hundred of these destitute and faithful men-at-arms in the French army. When this petition was refused, an honest Captain of Gendarmes gave such unrestrained expression to the opinion which he entertained of the conduct of Louis, whom he spoke of as faithless to his promise, that his liberty of speech was punished with the loss of his personal freedom, and the cashiered Captain was flung into the Bastille.

James would have had sympathy with the bold speaker, thus punished for his boldness, but that his sympathy and attention were attracted in different directions. Pope Innocent XII. had been so indisposed that James had despatched a special messenger, with the Cardinals who had proceeded from the French Court, to condole with the suffering Pontiff. The saintly legates asked the Holy Father as to his condition, and Innocent, who knew that there were two or three among them who were looking forward to possess the tiara, wittily answered, "I am much more rejoiced to see *you*, gentlemen, than you are to see me!" The pontifical wit was highly relished at St. Germains.

The exiled Court was laughing loudest at it when they were most busy in furthering the future interests of James's son. It was in this year, 1700, that James issued a medal in honour of his disinherited heir. It bore the device on the exergue, "Cognoscunt mei me," *My own shall know me.* On one side was seen the "sun behind a cloud," with the inscription "Et lucet et latet," *It both shines and lies hid.* On the reverse, the Prince was doubly represented; first, as a student, with the subscription, "Litteris insignis," *Celebrated for his learning.* The words "Et Armis," *And for his skill in weapons*, were inscribed beneath a smaller figure of the Prince in the distance, where he was shooting at a wild

boar. His skill however would not be thought very much of now. His happiest day was highly boasted of, when he made twenty-two good shots out of thirty-six;—but to miss more than one shot out of three would not be considered a proof of extraordinary skill, in the present day; the Prince however was only twelve years old. Louis, it may be added, gave some umbrage to James, by forbidding the publication of this medal for sale. It was, however, extensively circulated in private.

There was more comfort from Rome than from Versailles. The Pope, with the liberality of dying men who dispose of property which really belongs to their heirs, sent 30,000 crowns for the use of James and of his most needy followers. The money enabled the more-than-ever-diminished Court to assume an air of gaiety. It gave some lustre to the marriage of the poorly-endowed, illegitimate son of James—the Duke of Berwick—with "Madame Bulkley," maid of honour to Mary Beatrice, who is spoken of as possessing "no fortune at all." In May and June there was ample evidence as to how the Papal gift had been employed. In the former month, the "Prince of Wales" went into Paris in some state. From the archiepiscopal windows he witnessed the annual procession of the body of St. Marcel. After this spectacle, the royal youth repaired to the cathedral, at the gates of which he was received with great ceremony by the Archbishop, by whom he was conducted to the high altar, near the foot of which he "made his first communion." The solemnity was followed by a banquet, at which the prelate sumptuously entertained the royal guest. The father of the guest was, strangely enough, absent from the interesting ceremony. While his son was receiving the Sacrament for the first time, and graciously accepting the hospitality of the Archbishop, James was shut up in the cell reserved for his use at La Trappe, praying earnestly for himself and the young neophyte.

There was a burst of unusual gaiety when father and son met again at St. Germains. In June the little Court exhibited extraordinary brilliancy, in honour of the birthday of the "heir-apparent." The whole household, all the members of which had long been in a shabby condition, appeared in new liveries, and festivals of one sort or another followed in moderate succession for several weeks. A festival, after the ex-Queen's own heart, was celebrated early in July. A daughter of the Earl of Melfort had resolved to become a nun; she had selected the convent of the English Benedictines, in the Faubourg St. Marcel, as the "house" of which she was desirous to become a member; and there, Mary Beatrice herself gave the young girl the veil. Melfort had formerly been secretary to James; he was now a Knight of the Garter, and first, if not *only* Gentleman of the Chamber to the exiled King. He was now also a Romanist; but he had five Protestant children by a first marriage, and this part of his family resided, unmolested, in England. He had married a second time, and he was, at this period, the father of twelve Romanist children, of this second marriage, all of whom had their dwelling-place in France. The religious festival, alluded to above, was succeeded by a more joyous one still, at St. Germains. In July, "Mr. Fitzjames, the titular Duke of Albemarle," as the English papers describe him, was married to the gay Mademoiselle de Lussan; and the last eleemosynary contribution from Rome served to give splendour to the fête, and comfort to the chief actors concerned therein.

Serious business was not neglected during this festive time. Scottish visitants frequently arrived at St. Germains, and suddenly returned. Between the visits, James might be seen driving to Versailles, not in a court-carriage, but in a "post-calash," the derogation, in the vehicle, being compensated for by the attendance of two gentlemen in waiting and an escort of eight men-at-arms.

While the son of James was hunting with his father in

the forest of St. Germains, the son of the Princess Anne, in London, was hunting the stag in the parks,—now chasing one right through St. James's Street, now running into another in the very middle of Rosamond's Pond, in the Green Park. Both these royal "lads" looked to a throne as their natural inheritance, but neither reached the seat to which he was told he might aspire. The young Duke of Gloucester died this year of smallpox; and it is creditable to James that he and his court immediately put on mourning for the death of his grandson, and would not wait, as Louis did, till the demise of the boyish prince was officially communicated by the ambassador from the English Court.

In November, James and his Queen repaired to Fontainebleau. Among the most interesting incidents,—it might be almost said, the only interesting incident, of the sojourn there, apart from the ostentatious reception awarded them by Louis,—was the procession of redeemed French slaves from Algiers. The theatrical property, which made part of the sentiment and the sight on this occasion, must not be passed over without notice. Every ex-slave—there were sixty-six of these enfranchised persons—walked bound in silver fetters, made for the occasion, and between two ballet-girls, or boys, decked out with slight measure of gauze and extensive spread of wings, who thus represented angels. At this very moment, French Protestants were undergoing harsher treatment than had ever been endured by these men in Algiers. Some were judicially murdered; some were daily flogged in the prisons or dockyards, where they were confined; children were imprisoned till they learned to profess "the religion of the King;" and Protestant maids and matrons were put at the mercy of orthodox dragoons, in comparison with whose brutality, death would have been of all boons the richest. The two monarchs, who shed tears at the spectacle of the freed slaves from Algiers, walking before them under the light pressure of silver chains and

the pleasant escort of theatrical angels, had no sympathy with the thousands of French Protestants who were outraged, scourged, despoiled, transported, shot, or hanged, for no other crime than desiring to worship God according to their consciences. Whilst these silver-fettered slaves were parading before the two Kings, luckless footmen were being pilloried in Paris for carrying canes; and the poor people had almost forgotten the taste of bread. But mercy was not considered a political or social virtue. In England, at the period here treated of, the Judges never went upon circuit without a supply of new burning-irons, for branding petty larcenists in the cheek, and put among the judges' luggage, by a considerate Government.

It was the destiny of James to see others rise to thrones while he was kept from his own. He was in France when Louis XIV. exclaimed, on the elevation of his grandson the Duke d'Anjou to the throne of Spain, "Il n'y a plus de Pyrénées!" When James and Mary went to congratulate that fortunate, rather than worthy, young prince, it was some consolation to them that they were treated as actual sovereigns. When they entered the apartment of the new sovereign, they saw three chairs placed in an exact line. Mary Beatrice was conducted to the centre chair, while on either hand sat a King; he of Spain taking the left, "because he was in his own house." Previous to the grand supper which followed this visit, the "Prince of Wales" distinguished himself by his forwardness. He stepped before the Spanish Ambassador, who was about to address his royal master, and, uncovering, commenced a compliment of his own. The young King of Spain acknowledged the royalty of the youthful speaker, by first removing, and then immediately replacing, his own feathered and jewelled hat. The congratulations of the Prince of Wales were made in such enthusiastic terms that the object of them could not help breaking through etiquette, by honestly declaring that

he ardently hoped the time was at hand when he might congratulate the Stuarts on the recovery of their own, to which end he would contribute all the means in his power.

The inhabitants of St. Germains could not well account for the doubling of the personal guard of the Prince, soon after the event above noticed. It was accounted for by James himself, who gave out that an intention existed on the part of certain English Protestants to seize on the Prince, carry him over to England, and there educate him according to the principles of the Reformed Church. To save him from such a catastrophe, the body-guard of the precious heir was doubled. He had not very many to see after his safety, even then.

On the other hand, there was comforting intelligence from Rome. The Duke of Berwick had been sent to compliment the new Pope, Clement XI., on his accession, and to request a further supply of money. The request was considered the more likely to be complied with, as Clement, when Cardinal, had induced the two preceding Pontiffs to furnish James liberally with money. James was not deceived in him. Clement sent a contribution, which is variously stated at 9000 and 12,000 crowns. He did what was almost as grateful to the English ex-monarch, namely, he promised substantial help towards the recovery of the lost throne. On the first instalment of such help, James gazed with pleasure. It consisted of a gold cross and six silver candlesticks for the King himself; numerous holy relics for the Queen; a cross, and figures of St. Peter and St. Paul, beaten in flat gold, for the Prince of Wales; and a "Cecilia rosary" for the Prince's sister.

He had little doubt, now, but that all would go well. A mischance on the part of Lord Melfort placed the desired end further off than ever. Melfort had despatched a letter to England, which was addressed, it is said, to the Earl of Perth. It was intercepted, and it fell into the hands of

Government, who learnt therefrom that James II. had now more influence over Louis XIV. than any other person; and that such influence would be speedily employed to work upon the French monarch to invade England and thereby increase his own glory. The discovery of this letter was for some time not known at the Court of St. Germains. Meanwhile James, on Good Friday, in the month of March, 1701, was attending the ordinary service for that solemn day, in the chapel of the palace. The dethroned King heard the words from the Lamentations of Jeremiah,—"Remember, O Lord, what is come upon us; consider and behold our reproach: our inheritance is turned to strangers, our houses to aliens;"—and as these words were uttered, he fell to the ground in a fainting fit of an apoplectic nature. He had been for a long period in declining health, and the words of the prophet, falling upon his ear, were too heavy for him to bear in his enfeebled state, and for a moment or two it was thought that they had killed him. He partially recovered, but the court physicians ordered him to repair to the baths of Bourbon. He consented; answering to those of his friends who urged that the weather was too cold at that early period of the year for him to undertake the journey without peril, that his distemper compelled him to incur the risk for the sake of promised benefit, and that necessity had no law. He went there, attended by the Marquis d'Urfé, and under an escort of sixty men. On the route, the ex-royal family of England sojourned at various convents, and the sick King had scarcely reached Bourbon, enfeebled more than when he had started by an attack of the gout in his legs, when Melfort arrived in hot haste to ask forgiveness for the fault he had committed in writing a letter upon the prospects and intentions of James, which had fallen into the possession of the "English usurper." James was never of a forgiving temper; and now, exasperated by disease, anger, and disappointment, he coldly bade Melfort

address himself for pardon to the French monarch. The unlucky secretary obeyed, and was very graciously received, comforted, and still more graciously dismissed. He was told to go home and think no more of it. With a relieved heart he sought his own dwelling, where he found a guard of soldiers, who, with little ceremony, surrounded him and carried him off to the Bastille. In a cell of that gloomy fortress he was left to mourn his own awkwardness and ill-luck, and to groan over the vindictiveness of kings. He was subsequently banished to Angers. This was a hard measure against Melfort. James's Queen had been far more indiscreet; for she not only communicated to Lady Tyrconnel events which that lady conveyed to "the Marlboroughs," but she wrote confidential letters to the chattering nuns of Chaillot, who communicated the contents to the intriguing ecclesiastics who were constantly calling at the convent, and who were in the pay of William, or his ambassador Manchester.

After this period, although James so far recovered as to be able to return to, and even hunt at, St. Germains, his health rapidly declined. Prior, in the rough and rude manner of a person who was content with a butcher's wife for his Chloe, writes to Halifax, "I faced old James and all his court the other day at St. Cloud. *Vive Guillaume!* You never saw such a strange figure as the old bully is, lean, worn, and revelled. . . . The Queen looks very melancholy, but otherwise well enough. Their equipages are all very ragged and contemptible." Indeed between this period and his death, James had little to do but with the affairs of death. The last visit of ceremony paid by him and Mary Beatrice was to Versailles, to "compliment," in the loose phrase of the papers, the King on the death of the Duke of Orléans. The Queen paid a similar visit to the widowed Duchess. The latter sat upright on a bed, "dressed in a gown of crimson, spotted with black, with a border of lawn seven ells long, and a headdress of lawn, that covered her

gown, of the same length." Thus there was a fashion even for the reception of compliments of condolence. Indeed, in following fashion too closely, Mary Beatrice herself once nearly lost her life. She wore those towering cornets of lace on her nightcap which gave height to the forehead, but made sober people look like their own caricatures. To this headdress she accidentally set fire; and the escape of her hair and eyes from all harm—only the lace being consumed—was set down as a miracle by those who were already prepared to acknowledge in Mary Beatrice, half a saint.

The death of Sir William Walgrave, the ex-King's physician, gave the nervous refugee a considerable shock. His own pecuniary necessities, too, pressed heavily upon him, despite the allowance made him by Louis, and the contributions from home. The salaries of his household, and the pensions of his followers, were diminished by one-half. This excited loud and disloyal murmurings; and James was harassed by these, as he was by the conviction that no person left him for England with letters, whatever his rank,—and the Jacobite agents were of all ranks, from dukes to hairdressers, from duchesses to shopwomen,—without the English ambassador knowing their names, whence they came, and where they were likely to land. Some at least of these agents must have been in the pay of both parties.

At length came the last melancholy scene. It had been long preparing; and the ex-King's death had been so often reported, that when the event *did* take place there was neither surprise expressed in London, nor curiosity as to the particulars. The frequent fits by which he had been stricken during the summer, had shattered alike his person and understanding. A pale phantom, he moved about the garden of the palace, leaning on the arm of the Queen; and even, a short time before his death, he visited Louis at Versailles, and received a visit in return from the French King and the Duke of Orléans. The two monarchs counselled the Duke,

whose excesses were killing him, to observe a more temperate diet, if he would live long. Orléans laughed at both advisers, returned home, ate a heavy supper after an immoderate dinner, drank deeply as was his wont, was struck down by an apoplectic fit, and soon after died. Louis found consolation for the loss in playing the harpsichord and arranging the order of the funeral. Meanwhile, James died more slowly. Even while thus dying, his consort was busy in his name, with plans for the restoration of her husband. With the usual restlessness of a dying man, James wished to visit Fontainebleau, but, as Lord Manchester wrote home, "I know this Court will prevent it, because he might very likely die there, which would be inconvenient."

The London papers of the period state that James was at table when the last fit attacked him. He was not at table, but at Mass; the day was Friday, September 2nd, and he fell to the ground as the words from Jeremiah were being sung, which once before had so seriously affected him. He was conveyed to his room, where he partially recovered, but had another fit—of sanguineous apoplexy—on the Sunday. Fagon pronounced the case hopeless; but Constable and the other English doctors were less decided in their opinions. On rallying from this attack, he took leave of his two children, the Prince of Wales and the Princess Louisa. To each he gave excellent advice. Had he himself acted up to the precept which he impressed on his son, he would never have been deprived of his sceptre. "Remember," he said, after some commonplace remarks on the valuelessness of the world, the bondage of sin, and the possibility of a restoration, "remember, kings are not made for themselves, but for the good of the people. Set before their eyes, in your own actions, a pattern of all manner of virtues; consider them as your children." His own children were in tears, especially when he faltered out a noble and well-deserved eulogy on their mother. He declared that he felt himself

in charity with all the world, and expressly named William of Orange and the Princess Anne as being entirely forgiven by him. He forbade all pomp at his funeral, chose his own epitaph, "Here lies James, King of Great Britain," and expressed his utter contempt for all worldly greatness. Among those who surrounded him were some who were less courtiers than they seemed to be. One of these whispered to another, "What a pother here about that religion! All the world knows that his Majesty's religion did not hinder his mounting the throne of England; and he might have sat there to this day, had not his following ill counsels pulled him down from it." This sharp, censuring speech will be found in the newspapers of the period, and may have been uttered as reported, for similar thoughts were common then, and they have since possessed many a man to whom the story of this monarch was familiar.

He lingered on, and Louis paid him more than one visit. The profligate King was the politest of Frenchmen, and manifested much delicacy and good feeling on this occasion. He descended from his cumbrous coach at the outer gate of the palace, not driving into the courtyard, lest the noise of the wheels should disturb the royal patient. In these interviews Louis cheered his dying guest, and, alluding to a subject which he could not bear to hear alluded to by others —death, he formally engaged, whenever God summoned James to a place in Heaven, to recognize the Prince of Wales as "King of the three realms." The dying King was moved at this promise; and all the courtiers present, Manchester's spies included, flung themselves at the feet of the generous Louis, and did homage to his greatness of soul. The promise caused much joy in the little Court; and the days which intervened between the hour in which Louis so bound himself, and that of the death of James, were passed with a resignation of spirit for the now inevitable and approaching event. The decay of the exiled monarch

was gradual; his intellect continued unimpaired to the last, but his sight occasionally failed him; and on two occasions he was unable to see Louis and the Bishop of Autun, who stood near him. His Queen remained in attendance upon him; but the sorrow which she could not hide, was a source of suffering to the sinking patient as well as to herself; and four-and-twenty hours before the death of James she was removed to her own room, after taking leave of him, in one long look, which James returned, perhaps not altogether unconscious of its meaning. "Why is this?" were nearly the last words to her. "Are you not flesh of my flesh, and bone of my bone? Are you not a part of myself? How is it then that one part of me should feel so differently from the other,—I in joy, and you in despair? My joy is in the hope that I feel that God, in his mercy, will forgive me my sins, and receive me into his beatitude; and you are afflicted at it. I have long sighed for this happy moment, and you know it well. Cease then to lament for me. I will pray for you. Farewell!" If there be something of querulousness in these words, it was because of the nature of James, which he could never control. The Queen was led away, and the Bishop of Autun then put up the prayers for a departing soul; that soul still clung for awhile to its tenement, and the Queen even ventured once again to approach the couch of her dying husband, who had barely strength to declare that his only pain was to know that *she* was suffering. She was again conducted to her chamber, and there awaited the imminent event. It occurred on the 14th of September; and James thus died, as he had expressed a wish to do, on a Friday. His death, preceded by some suffering, was a mere ceasing to breathe; and therewith the last of the Stuart Kings ceased to struggle for a crown, the attainment of which he affected, and only affected, to consider with contempt. Certainly, in one thing James in his exile was not unlike Coriolanus in *his* banishment, for "with

a proud heart he wore his humble weeds." The wits of Paris however rather attacked his confessor than himself, and did not spare either the spiritual father of Louis, or the Pope, who, unfortunately for the cause of James, was the enemy of France. These three were thus gibbeted together in a disrespectful epigram:—

"Trois fripons, tout à l'aise,
Ont désolé l'univers;
L'un est le Père La Chaise,
L'autre est le Père Peters;
Le troisième est Innocent,
Grand ami de Guillaume.
Jacques en est pour son royaume,
Et Louis pour son argent."

They in England who looked to something else besides the natural course of events, for the complete downfall of the Stuarts, after the death of James, found what they sought in the so-called "Baby Prophecy," which was brought by Dean Jones from Newry, and which was conceived in these words—"Fugit Talpa, morietur in via, et Semen Regis erit mendicum in terrâ alienâ, in æternam."

Mary of Modena, though hoping to establish the right of her son, could not but dread that the death of James might render his family the wanderers and beggars which the prophecy declared they would be. The prospect of that death had afflicted her sorely; and while she was under such affliction her one fault of bigotry may be forgiven her, and respect for her virtues may authorize the reader of her story to say of her, as young Wilfred Wycliffe sang in his song near Barnard Tower,—

"Fair Queen! I will not blame thee now."

She had been compelled to withdraw from the chamber, where the King lay in his agony, and was on her knees at prayer, when she was interrupted by the entry of Father

Ruga. She looked at him steadily, but he only said, calmly, "Let us pray," and commenced with the ejaculation "*Subvenite, Sancti Dei.*" Mary of Modena exclaimed, "O my God, then all is done!" and she cast herself on the ground, weeping abundantly, and only replying to the Father's counsel, to show submission, the word "*Fiat,*" without adding "*voluntas Tua,*" till it was at last wrung from her by the entreaties of the anxious priest. With some difficulty she was removed to Chaillot. Previous to leaving, she saluted her son: "Sir," she said, "I acknowledge you as King, but I hope you will never forget that you are my son." She was met at the gates of the convent at Chaillot by all the nuns: she drew her hood over her face, as she first saw the sisters in tears, and was passing through them without profferring a word, when one among them ventured to whisper, as the Queen passed near her, the words of the Psalmist, "My soul, will you not be subject to God?" "Fiat voluntas Tua!" *Thy will be done!*—was all the Queen could utter, as she stopped before the reverend mother of the community. The mother consoled her, by informing her that she was the widow of a saint in heaven; and Mary expressed her belief, "by reason of the virtues I have seen him practise." She clasped to her breast a piece of the True Cross, lay long prostrate before more than one altar, and was "modest, wise, and submissive to the decrees of God." The author of the 'Circular Letter from the religious convent of Chaillot' says, "That all the three days that her Majesty stayed here, she did nothing but pray and hear the reading of holy books, and sometimes hear discourses of the virtues of the holy King. The nights themselves did not interrupt those pious exercises: there were always near her Majesty some of our sisters, who picked out proper subjects to comfort her out of the Holy Scripture, the Fathers, and our holy Founder, which she relished very much."

Among the ladies whom James and his consort had often

honoured with long visits, was a Madame de Perrier, who had preferred retiring to a convent, rather than accept the crown of Poland. In her religious life she was known as "Anne Mary of Jesus," and she had recently died "in the odour of sanctity." A sketch of the virtues of this deceased lady was read to the Queen during her sojourn at Chaillot, "and when they came to the passage where it is said that this great servant of God preferred the quality of being a humble, religious woman, before that of being Queen of Poland, her Majesty said, 'Ah! she had a great deal of reason on her side; there is no demur to be made in the choice, when we are liberty to make it.'" Poor Mary's experience of royalty had been but a bitter one.

When the heart of the deceased King arrived at the convent, the Queen was not informed of the circumstance; but she perhaps divined it, for she was in a continual agitation of uneasiness and pain, for which, she said, she could not account to herself. There was no lack of spiritual comforters at hand; and one of them, who visited her on the following day, the Cardinal de Noailles, declared that he "had never seen a more piercing sorrow, nor a greater virtue."

She was on the point of leaving the convent, at the end of the third day, when she suddenly stopped, declared that she felt a conviction that the heart of her husband was under the roof, and then passionately entreated that she might be brought to the spot where it was deposited. The nuns acknowledged the presence of the sacred deposit; but they pleaded royal and ecclesiastical commands to keep the fact secret from her, and they implored, in their turn, that she would make "the sacrifice to our Saviour, to deny herself in this, that it would be very acceptable to him." But Mary replied, that she did not believe that God required such sacrifice at her hands; "I will only pay it my respects," she said, "offer up my prayers, and retire."

The sisters could not withstand such natural entreaty.

They conducted her to the chapel of St. Francis de Sales. The heart of her husband was in an urn, which stood near the altar. She was strongly moved, but she was still more strongly disciplined; her impulse was to rush forward, but she restrained it, and first performed all necessary religious duties: she knelt, crossed her hands on her bosom, and bowed herself to the ground, while the ordinary prayers for the dead were repeated and the *De Profundis* was sung. When all was done, she arose, slowly approached the Credence table, where the heart was placed, gazed at it long, cast holy water upon it, and then, kneeling and bending across it, she ardently kissed the urn through the crape which was decently spread over it. She was unable to utter a word when she arose; nor was she able to walk to her carriage; the good sisters bore her thither in a chair, and, as she drove away, they looked after her through their tears. The very fiercest Whig might have shared in their sympathy.

The recognition of the pretended Prince of Wales as King of England, and his proclamation by that title at the gates of St. Germains, excited a burst of wrath, even in the phlegmatic William. He was not consoled by the adhesion of crowds of Nonjurors, who now deemed themselves freed from their oaths to James, at liberty to swear allegiance to William, and who were very desirous to be exempt from double taxation and other inconveniences. France protested that nothing serious was meant by the recognition of two sovereigns of one kingdom, and that it had occurred before without inconvenience to any one. William immediately recalled Manchester; and the Lords Justices, who administered the government while the King was in Holland, very unceremoniously ordered the French Ambassador, Poussin, to quit the English dominions. Poussin betook himself in all haste to Dover, where an incident occurred that is worth recording. The Envoy was on his way to the packet, when

he was stopped by a boy, of whom the Ambassador angrily demanded his business. "My business," said the Kentish lad, "is, that when you landed here, you were without boots, and I lent you an old pair to ride up to London in; you never returned me my boots, nor sent me any money for the loan of them." "Boy," replied Poussin, who did not deny this strange transaction, "here is half-a-crown for your old boots; take it, and stand aside." "I will neither take it nor stand aside," cried the pertinacious owner of the missing property; "I will have five shillings." The Ambassador of the Grand Monarch haughtily refused to accede to such exorbitant terms, and turned towards the boat. By this time however a mob had assembled, and nothing in the world was so brutal, in those days, as an English mob: they so terrified the Envoy, that he was but too glad to allow himself to be arrested by a constable. The latter conducted him, in custody, before a neighbouring justice, and the representative of Louis Quatorze there paid the five shillings demanded for the hire of the pair of old boots in which he had ridden to London.

If William smiled at this circumstance, he was made grave by one of another quality. His own health was rapidly failing. He valued the opinion of the great French physician Fagon; but he did not like to consult him. A written description of the symptoms of William's malady was sent to Fagon, as being those of a Dutch parson. Fagon read it, and returned the blunt reply, that "the reverend gentleman who labours under these symptoms had better prepare himself for his end." Thus to the two rival Kings was one man the assured prophet of death. Of one of these two there still remains to be said a few words.

James II. became more powerful after his decease than he had ever been in his lifetime, if credit may be given to the wonderful stories related of the more wonderful miracles wrought by his intercession. He had, in the days of his

hopeless adversity, led a life of such religious strictness, that he was almost considered as a saint while yet living; and was very nearly registered on the list of canonized men after death. They who were present at the opening of his body—that is, the surgeons and guards—carried off portions of it as relics. It is said that they "could not be prevented," so great was their veneration for the saintly King! They anticipated the judgment of the Ecclesiastical Tribunal, which still possesses the proofs of the monarch's claims to be enrolled among the saints, but which has never yet pronounced a judgment on the matter. These proofs, after the acts of his life, have reference to the cures which he effected after death. In his healing capacity, at this time—I do not make use of that term lightly—he had no particular respect for persons. He successfully interceded for all, from octogenarian prelates to the spouse of a dancing-master. First, there was the Bishop of Autun, who for just half his life—forty years—had been afflicted with a stoppage in the tear-duct,—that painful disease known as the *fistula lachrymalis*. The good Bishop was sorely tried; but the Lady Superior of a Parisian Convent, and a nun in one of the suburban nunneries, bade him be of good cheer, for that they knew, from the late King himself, that his first miraculous cure would be performed on the person of the Bishop. All that was required of the latter was, that he should celebrate a Mass for the repose of the King's soul. He obeyed; and while the service was performing for the benefit of the King, James performed one for the Bishop. *De profundis*, he put up intercessory prayers for the prelate; and the latter joyfully discovered, when the Mass was concluded, that his lachrymal fistula was cured. The truth of this story is vouched for in the circumstance that the relieved Bishop of Autun wrote a detailed account of what occurred to him, and addressed the epistle to the Queen-dowager.

The nuns at Chaillot appear to have been actively con-

cerned in these posthumous acts of James. They also sent to the Queen, Mary of Modena, the copy of a letter forwarded to them by the Archbishop of Vienna, who had received it from a *curé* in Auvergne, whose brother had been cured of a palsy in the legs, solely by the intercessory prayers of the deposed and defunct monarch. The brother, Gilbert Marais, added his signature to the letter of his brother, in proof of the authenticity of the details. He was a surgeon, and it was reasonably considered that he had good reason to know how he was cured;—which may not be disputed. Then there was M. de la Rotte, a great lawyer at Metz. He was afflicted with a serious internal disorder, which caused him great anguish, and for the cure of which the faculty could hold out no hopes, save by time and patience. M. de la Rotte had neither leisure to be ill, nor patience to endure the torture which racked his loins. He accordingly addressed his prayers to the deceased King James. The cure does not seem to have been immediate. The lawyer seems to have discovered the reason. He added to his prayers a vow, that if the King would establish his cure, by royal intercession with Heaven, the patient would visit the chapel where the monarch's body lay, and perform his devotions in that sacred sanctuary, as soon as he could conveniently repair thither. It may be concluded that the monarch was satisfied with the bargain, for the lawyer's "prayer was heard, and the next day he performed his vow."

Again, there was Philip Pitel, a Benedictine Monk of the diocese of Tours. He was reduced to the very point of death by an aggravated quinsey; his throat was so swollen, that suffocation was imminent; and he suffered scarcely less from an inflammatory cough. His demise was hourly looked for. In this extremity however he bethought himself of the direction in which he might find safety. He accordingly "felt a sudden and unaccountable impulse to prefer the following prayer:—'O God, I beseech thee mer-

cifully to cure me, and to grant me health, through the merits and intercession of King James; and I promise to have a Mass said, as a thanksgiving, in the Benedictine Church, where his corpse lies, and to touch the mort-cloth which covers it, with my tongue.'" The terms were accepted by Heaven's Chancery, for "the patient soon felt a profuse sweat breaking out over all his body, and *in due time* his recovery was completed." In like manner the ex-sovereign cured a country girl of deafness, and the wife of the dancing-master to the Duke of Saxe-Gotha, M. l'Épervier, of a rheumatism. This latter case was attested by the husband, a Benedictine prior, and three monks. They expressly declare that the cure was effected by the intercession of the late King; and, by way of additional proof, the surgeon and his assistant, or *apprentice* as he is more properly called, emphatically proclaim, with a rare and laudable modesty, that they did not contribute to the patient's recovery. Such accumulative proof satisfied those who thought it logical. Nairne, who details these and many other instances, adds an account of a case in his own family; he narrates it as though he would fain believe, and yet is compelled to doubt. "There is found," he says, "to this day, in the registers of that Church" (the Benedictine in Paris, to which the royal body was removed), "a particular account of several miraculous cures, *or such as appeared at least to be so*, wrought upon sick persons, through the intercession, as was piously believed, of this holy King; and afterwards, of the Masses which were said in that church, agreeably to the intention of these persons. Among others, there is an attestation that my deceased wife had a *Neuvaine* celebrated in that church for my son, who was then about five years of age, and troubled with a rupture, of which he was cured a little after the *Neuvaine* was finished; and he has felt nothing of that inconveniency ever since. However, I attest nothing here but facts, as it does not become me to enter into a

discussion of what is, or is not, miraculous." Nairne, without expressing his own individual belief, adds, that the public recognized as true miracles the other sudden cures related above, and of which he knew nothing but by hearsay.

It was probably a consequence of the idea that sanctity attached itself to the person of James, that such singular partition was made of his remains. His heart was sent to one convent, his brains to another, his bowels were committed to the keeping of a third; and his body, after resting for awhile at St. Germains, was temporarily deposited in the chapel of the English Benedictines in Paris. For three-quarters of a century, the Paris Guide-books, beginning with that of Germain Le Brice, in 1725, did not fail to point out to the visitors to the French capital that the body of the King of England was here "*en dépôt.*" The tomb, within which it was deposited, did not form the only shrine to which Jacobites repaired. In the old Scotch College, in the Rue des Fossés Saint-Victor, the brains of the deceased monarch, in an urn of bronze gilt, surmounted a monument, erected from the designs of Garnier, by the Duke of Perth, to the memory of his master. On this monument was an inscription, more adulatory probably than any ever read by the Ephori, when, in disgust of "post-mortem laudation," they prohibited the employment of epitaphs. In the days of the great Revolution, the urn on this monument was broken by the populace, and the brains it contained were trampled out upon the ground. The royal body, at the Benedictines, was treated rudely, but with something more of reverence than the brains in the Scottish College. At the time alluded to, the convent was used as a prison, and among the prisoners was a Mr. Fitz-Simons, who was a witness of the treatment to which the corpse was subjected, and who thus describes what he saw:—"I was a prisoner in Paris, in the convent of the English Benedictines, in the Rue St. Jacques, during part of the Revolution. In the year 1793 or 1794 the body

of King James II. of England was in one of the chapels there, where it had been deposited some time, under the expectation that it would one day be sent to England, for interment in Westminster Abbey. It had never been buried. The body was in a wooden coffin, enclosed in a leaden one, and that again enclosed in a second wooden one, covered with black velvet. While I was so a prisoner, the *sans-culottes* broke open the coffins, to get at the lead, to cast into bullets. The body lay exposed nearly a whole day. It was swaddled like a mummy, bound tight with garters. The *sans-culottes* took out the body, which had been embalmed. There was a strong smell of vinegar and camphor. The corpse was beautiful and perfect; the hands and nails were very fine; I moved and bent every finger. I never saw so fine a set of teeth in my life. A young lady, a fellow-prisoner, wished much to have a tooth; I tried to get one out for her, but could not, they were so firmly fixed. The feet also were very beautiful. The face and cheeks were just as if he were alive. I rolled his eyes; the eyeballs were perfectly firm under my finger. The French and English prisoners gave money to the *sans-culottes* for showing the body. They said he was a good *sans-culotte*, and they were going to put him into a hole in the public churchyard, like other *sans-culottes;* and he was carried away, but where the body was thrown I never heard. King George IV. tried all in his power to get tidings of the body, but could not. Around the chapel were several wax moulds of the face hung up, made probably at the time of the King's death, and the corpse was very like them. The body had been originally kept at the palace of St. Germains, whence it was brought to the convent of the Benedictines. Mr. Porter, the prior, was a prisoner at the time in his own convent."

It is curious that Mr. Fitz-Simons, in 1840, when he gave the above description, was not aware that the body of James was safely removed to the parish church of St. Germains,

where the King had expressed a wish that it should finally rest. It would seem to have been privately buried; and the locality was, in course of time, forgotten. Great was the surprise, when, nearly a quarter of a century subsequently, some workmen, engaged in removing the foundations of the old church, on which a new edifice was to be constructed, came upon the "mortal deposit" of the often-disturbed King. The news was conveyed to England; and George IV. resolved to render fitting honour to the last of the Stuarts, who had thus unexpectedly been brought again upon earth, to challenge the notice of the living.

Accordingly, in the Paris papers of September 7, 1824, there appeared a paragraph, addressed particularly to the English. It announced that on the 9th instant, in conformity with orders forwarded to the British Ambassador, a funeral service would be solemnized at the parish church of St. Germains, by the Bishop of Cybistria, coadjutor of Edinburgh, on the occasion of the translation of the mortal remains of King James II. The subjects of his Britannic Majesty were invited to attend. The paragraph puzzled our journalists at home, who protested against this service, if thereby the legitimate right of the Stuarts was recognized, or confession was made that service for the dead could get a soul in or out of purgatory. Sly hits were directed against Lord Eldon, the keeper of the King's conscience, for ordering such a Mass, at a period when he was in the habit of toasting the Protestant ascendency. Nevertheless, on the day mentioned, a vast number of people quitted Paris, in order to witness the ceremony at St. Germains. Among the most celebrated personages present were Marshal Macdonald and the Duke de Fitz-James. The Gardes-du-corps rendered royal honours to the mortal remains as they passed along; and at the conclusion, an English lady made a collection for the poor. She was accompanied by the Count de Sternberg, a descendant of the family of the Stuarts.

The royal diadem of gold, beneath a black crape veil and on a velvet cushion, was placed above the body, by command of the English Ambassador, who, by a singular coincident, viewed in connection with the ceremony, was a Stuart, —Sir Charles, afterwards Lord Stuart de Rothsay. The inscription on the monument, beneath which the body was deposited, described James as having been renowned for his triumphs in a second degree of rank, but more unhappy in a supreme station: *in primo infelicior.*

It is singular that, in all the epitaphs which have been placed above the remains of the Stuart King, there has been a profuse employment of comparatives. They are to be found in the inscription placed upon the tomb erected in memory of James, by the Duke of Perth. Here it is said that James was "terrâ ac mari clarus, sed constanti in Deum fide clarior"—"famous by sea and land, but more famous for his fidelity towards God." And again, he is said to have been "rebus secundis major, adversis superior." This inscription was partly adopted, with certain changes, by those who put a legend above the newly-discovered remains, in 1824; and now, on the modest monument in the church of St. Germains, erected by royal affection to the royal remains, "Regio cineri regia pietas," we read that he whose dust lies within, was "magnus in prosperis, major in adversis"—great in prosperity, and still greater in adversity; a testimony which can be accepted but with great reserve.

Little more than a quarter of a century had elapsed since the discovery of these remains, when the Emperor Napoleon III. conducted our Queen Victoria to the royal tomb in the parish church of St. Germains. Within that space of time France had dethroned two dynasties and overthrown two republics. The illustrious visitors to the shrine, perhaps, found what was certainly there—deep instruction for those who knew how to apply it. When James died at St. Germains, the daughter of a poor Protestant lady, expelled,

with her father, from France by Louis XIV., was married to Prince George of Hanover. At the same period there was a respectable family in Florence, a member of which ultimately settled, and a descendant of whom practised as a lawyer, in Corsica. Of Protestants there had never been more cruel oppressors than Louis and James; and no country had so much reason to hate foreign rule, as Corsica had to detest that of the French. And now, in 1855, the descendant of the French Protestant lady occupied the throne of James, and the grandson of the Corsican lawyer sat in the seat of Louis. The fact is worth recording; though the deductions drawn from it may vary, according to the temper, faith, and political creed of those to whose attention it is thus recalled.

Some relics of the last of the reigning Stuarts long lingered on our stage. Players dignified their grave action in cast-off royal suits; and the robes of Mary of Modena were ultimately worn by Mrs. Oldfield. Some such incident may have been in Pope's mind when he alluded to the stage, and told his readers that

"Edward's armour beamed on Cibber's breast."

KINGS OF ENGLAND.

Of the twenty-two monarchs who ruled over all England, from the period of Egbert (827) to the death of Harold (1066), Ethelred II. stands marked as a king who was compelled to retire (1013). Two years afterwards, however, the exiled sovereign returned, in the absence of Canute, with whom his son, Edmund Ironside, divided the kingdom, in 1016. The list of the Kings of England is so familiar to every one, that its absence here will, no doubt, be readily

pardoned. The names only of those Princes who, since England was a monarchy, have "suffered loss of power during life," are here added.

A.D.

1013. ETHELRED II. retired from the kingdom, but died on the throne in 1015.

1307. EDWARD II. dethroned in January; murdered at Berkeley Castle, in September.

1399. RICHARD II. dethroned in September; murdered at Pomfret the following February.

1461. HENRY VI. deposed; murdered in the Tower ten years after, by Richard, Duke of Gloucester.

1483. EDWARD V. deposed; and murdered in the Tower.

1649. CHARLES I. beheaded.

1688. JAMES II. abdicated, by flight.

DEPOSED MONARCHS OF SCOTLAND.

"Est-ce là le respect que vous portez aux Rois?"— BRAULT.

THE History of Scotland, as far as it concerns the persons of Scottish Kings, is the gloomiest register that ever was penned. From the period of the death, in 859, of Kenneth Mac Alpine, who was the first who united Scots and Picts under one sceptre, to that of the accession, in 1567, of James VI., who united the crowns of England and Scotland, and was the first King of Great Britain, thirty-seven monarchs held disturbed dominion over the ever-restless people. Of these, only ten died natural deaths; and of these ten, the half died broken-hearted, at some domestic calamity, or at the failure of some expedition from which they had expected to reap great advantage. Twenty-three perished by violent ends, met either in the battle-field, at the hands of rebels or pretended friends, or, as in the solitary case of Mary, on the scaffold. Four of the thirty-seven, either voluntarily or under compulsion, resigned their sceptres; and it is a very singular circumstance, when the rudeness of the times, the turbulence of the people, and the example afforded by other States, are considered, that none of the deposed Scottish monarchs were put to death. However ready the Scots were to slay the sovereigns against whom they had a quarrel, reasonable or otherwise, they respected their persons, when these were divested of royalty. Thus Grig, or Gregory, that brave and unprincipled King who was almost worshipped by

the monks of St. Andrew's, in return for immunities for which they were indebted to his favour, was deposed by an indignant people, in the year 893, at the end of a reign of oppression which lasted, according to some, three, and to others, thirteen years. He survived his deposition four years; at the end of which time Grig calmly expired, in his castle, among the hills in the county of Aberdeen.

Early in the following century, the pious Constantine III., weary with the troubles of a reign of forty years, resigned his crown, and took up his residence among the Culdee monks, at St. Andrew's. He entered the monastery in the capacity of a common brother; but either his exemplary piety or his royal birth had some influence in raising him above that condition, and Constantine, for several years previous to his death, was abbot of the renowned order.

Donald Bane was the third King of Scotland who died crownless, but not scatheless. William Rufus sent an expedition into Scotland, to depose Donald, and place the direct heir of the unfortunate Malcolm Canmore on the throne. The expedition was successful; Donald was captured, and the unhappy prisoner lived, during several years, like William's own brother in Cardiff, deprived of his eyesight.

Of the fourth uncrowned monarch, John Baliol, it is only necessary to say that, although he earned the public execration, in 1296, by abdicating his throne, and submitting to Edward of England, yet to William the Lion attaches the disgrace of having, in the previous century, acknowledged himself "liege man" to the English sovereign. John Baliol suffered a two years' imprisonment in the Tower of London, and, having recovered his liberty, spent the remainder of his life in France.

The struggles between the Bruces and Baliols gave, as prisoners to England, who interfered in the quarrel, and changed sides as policy or profit dictated, now the king of one faction, anon the king of the other. Edward, who had

helped John Baliol to the throne, and opposed David Bruce, ultimately raised David to the throne vacated by John. At the death of David, Robert II., the first King of the Stuart line, and grandson of Robert Bruce, succeeded to the throne in 1370. Of the nine sovereigns of the Stuart race, from Robert II. to James VI., six were most miserable in their destiny. Robert III. died broken-hearted; his son, James I., was a prisoner in England during twenty years previous to his occupation of the throne. In the Tower however he read deeply, wrote gracefully, and loved truly. He was one of the best of Scottish kings, and lost his life by assassination. His son, James II., was killed by the bursting of a cannon. The third James, more miserable than either of his predecessors, and as wicked as he was weak, found a dreaded rebel in his own son, and an assassin in one of that son's followers. The fourth of the name fell at Flodden; and the fifth died broken-hearted and in despair, just before his daughter Mary came into the world to succeed to the fatal inheritance. Her crimes—for she was guilty of no less —brought about her forced abdication in the year 1567; but the story of her flight to England, her long imprisonment, and her death, is so familiarly known, that recapitulation of it would, perhaps, be deemed impertinent. Nevertheless there are some traits of her life, after her deposition, which may be briefly noticed here, representing, as they do, an uncrowned sovereign in no common light.

Guest as she was when she came into England, she was soon made to feel that she was a captive. Her condition in Carlisle Castle was a sorry one. Her own cell was the last of four rooms, and this she could not reach or leave without passing through the sleeping apartment of her gaoler, Lord Scrope. The three women, who constituted all her attendants, were not allowed to sleep in the castle; and at night oppressive desolation must have sat upon the spirit of the ex-queen. She could not leave her own chamber until ten o'clock; and

not only was she compelled to attend a service at a church in the town, which was an offence to her conscience, but a hundred men took her there, under pretence of an escort. She begged hard for a priest and the comfort of a Mass; but Scrope answered, that there was nothing of the sort in England.

The most extraordinary portion of her uncrowned life was, undoubtedly, its singular love-passages with the Duke of Norfolk. When Elizabeth heard of them, she attacked the Duke; but that mendacious noble began swearing violently, and asked, "Why should I seek to marry so wicked a woman,—such a notorious adulteress and murderer? I love to sleep upon a safe pillow. By your Majesty's favour," he added, "I count myself as good a prince at home in my bowling-alley at Norwich, as she is, though she were on the throne of Scotland. Besides," he concluded, with a logic which he thought would be acceptable to Elizabeth, "knowing as I do that she pretendeth a title to the present possession of your Majesty's crown, if I were about to marry her, your Majesty might justly charge me with seeking to take your own crown from your head."

Notwithstanding this bold assertion, the Duke was really anxious to exchange his bowling-alley for the crown-matrimonial of Scotland, and any advantages that might be connected therewith. The royal widow of the weak Francis, the gallant Darnley, and the fierce Bothwell, wrote warm letters to the Duke, which had as warm reply; and yet the lovers had never looked into each other's eyes, nor perhaps cared to do so,—policy, and not affection, governing each. Mary sent him her portrait, when he was, like herself, a captive; their correspondence "tended altogether to matters of love;" and a bishop (the prelate of Ross) was the Cupid's messenger who acted as Love's letter-carrier. "If you mind not to shrink not at the matter," wrote the ardent Mary to her worthless wooer, "I will die and live with you; your

fortune shall be mine. Let me know therefore, in all things, your mind." The Duke had given his written, signed, and sealed engagement to hold no communication with the Queen of Scotland; but he still continued to receive and to answer the ardent or sorrowful language by which Mary sought to raise his soul to ambition or to devotion, and in which she declared herself entirely his, "and besought him, with irresistible endearments, to give himself entirely to her." He yielded to these endearments, for they allured him along a path by which he was willing to go. Such a course however cost him his life. While he was before his judges, Mary "did not once look out of her chamber, hearing that the Duke stood upon his arraignment and trial." His Grace was not nearly so much concerned for the fate of the ex-Queen. "He sayeth very earnestly," writes Lord Skipwith to Lord Burghley, February, 1572, "with vows to God, that if he were offered to have that woman in marriage, to choose of that or death, he had rather take this death, that now he is going to a hundred parts, and he takes his Saviour to witness of this. He sayeth that nothing that anybody goeth about for her prospereth, nor that else she doth herself, and also that she is openly defamed." The disappointment of a noble man would have found other expression. His was simply the spite of a common varlet. He had hoped, by her means, to raise himself to a throne; but failing, he affected to scorn the person, and stooped to blast the reputation of her whom he had taken for his mistress. She found comfort however. She spent much time in needlework; wrote to France for turtle-doves and Barbary hens; found pastime in feeding little birds in a cage; and begged her uncle, the Cardinal of Guise, to send her "a couple of pretty little dogs" from Lyons. But she never lost sight of the great object she had in view,—her freedom. Conspiracy had not purchased her liberty, and now she sought to procure it by other means. She begged her

friends in France to buy bracelets, a mirror, "anything new," that she might present the same to Elizabeth. She asked his Eminence, her uncle, to "contrive some suitable device between *her* and me. These little attentions," she says, "would make her more graciously inclined to me than anything else." When Elizabeth accepted her gift of "tablets," Mary was in delight. To please the Queen of England, in small things as well as great, became, she said, her first desire. "I am desirous," she writes, "to make her a head-dress as soon as I can; but I have so few women to assist me in delicate needlework, that I have not been able to get it ready yet. If you think some articles of network would please her better than anything else, I will make them; meanwhile, I beg you to get for me some gold lace, ornamented with silver spangles, the best and most delicate that you can, and to send me six yards of it, and twenty yards of double lace, or else narrow good lace." Thus earnest in small intrigues was she, as she had been earnest and determined in extensively conspiring, in order that she might breathe the blessed air of freedom. Nay, she stooped even to meekly kiss the hands of her who was to slay her. "On the day"—so writes she to Lamothe Fénelon—"on the day that she will do me the favour of wearing this" (network for the head), "I beg of you to very humbly kiss her hands, in my name, and for which I shall be obliged to you. Would that I could look upon her myself, as you will be able to do!"

It was all in vain; and then she turned to more open but equally fruitless methods to soften Elizabeth. Mary had sent pretty trinkets and smart head-dresses; now she appeals straight to the heart. "I entreat you, for the honour of the grievous passion of our Saviour and Redeemer, Jesus Christ . . . to permit me to withdraw out of this kingdom, . . . to seek some solace for my poor body,"—a body which, as she adds, with the spirit of a woman who will employ a strong word,

even though she smart for it, Elizabeth has "already destroyed" by an "imprisonment without any right or just foundation." And then follows the insinuation that if she be released, her soul will no longer accuse Elizabeth before God, "whom I beseech to inspire you with kind thoughts regarding my very just and more than reasonable complaints and grievances." The womanly spirit even in supplication would *not* be silent touching the iniquity of her to whom the supplicant presented her petition. The petitioner was removed to close confinement in chilly Tutbury, where she was not allowed horse-exercise; and her legs were so enfeebled by rheumatism and inactivity that she was unable to walk much,—and never without a guard of eighteen men; while at her side walked the "bizarre et farouche," whimsical and ferocious Paulet, who would not allow her to give or send the least alms to the poor." Subsequently, she was "plotted into plots," and, step by step, was brought to that scaffold, where her conduct was marked by such courage, dignity, self-respect, and godlike charity, as to gain for her—what was her right—sympathy in that terrible hour, and to secure for her what was less her due—oblivion of the follies and crimes, of which that violent death was a remote but an inevitable consequence.

KINGS OF SCOTLAND.

A. D.

843. Kenneth Mac Alpine II. united the Scots and Picts. First sole monarch of all Scotland.
859. Donald V., sometimes called the Third.
863. Constantine II., killed in battle.
881. Eth or Hugh the Fair-haired, or Light-footed, murdered.
882. Gregory, Escha, } deposed.

A.D.

893. Donald VI., killed by the Danes.
904. CONSTANTINE III., abdicated, and turned monk.
944. Malcolm I., slain by rebels.
953. Indoulf, killed by the Danes.
961. Duff, assassinated.
965. Culen, killed in battle.
970. Kenneth III., killed by Fenella.
994. Constantine IV., fell in battle.
995. Kenneth the Grim, fell in battle.
1003. Malcolm II., killed at Glamis.
1033. Duncan I., murdered at Bothgownam, Elgin, by
1039. Macbeth, slain.
1039. Leelach, Lady Macbeth's son, slain at Strathbogie by
1057. Malcolm Canmóre III., killed at Alnwick.
1094. { DONALD BAIN, deposed. / Duncan II., murdered.
1098. Edgar.
1106. Alexander I.
1124. David, the Saint.
1153. Malcolm, the Maiden, IV.
1165. William the Lion.
1214. Alexander II.
1249. Alexander III., broke his neck, when hunting.
1286. Regency for Margaret, the Maiden of Norway, who died in Orkney, on her way to Scotland. Interregnum.
1292. JOHN BALIOL, abdicated.
1296. Interregnum.
1306. Robert the Bruce.
1329. David Bruce II., opposed by Edward Baliol, who resigned 1332. David restored.
1370. Robert II., Lord High Steward.
1390. Robert III.
1406. Albany, Regent, } James I. captive in England.
1419. Mondac, Regent, }

A.D.

1424. James I., murdered.
1437. James II., killed by the bursting of a cannon.
1460. James III., killed.
1488. James IV., fell at Flodden.
1513. James V., died of grief.
1542. MARY, beheaded.
1567. James VI., died James I. of England.

IRELAND.

"Upon the sodden ground
His old right-hand lay nerveless, listless, dead,
Unsceptred; and his realmless eyes were closed."—KEATS.

THE outline of the history of the Kings of Ireland will occupy but a small space. Historians themselves differ so widely in their chronological details, that without entering into any dry discussion, it will suffice to say here, that in ancient times Ireland was a Pentarchy. The mightiest of the five monarchs, however, bore the title of "King of Kings," as chief among them, or "King in Ireland." An invasion of the country, by Egfried, King of the Northumbrians, in 644, disturbed this system; and a subsequent series of assaults by the terrible "Northmen" at last overturned the Pentarchy, and brought Turgesius to one throne, before which all were called upon to render homage. The tyranny of Turgesius led to the slaughter of himself and followers, at the hands of one who is called the King of Meath;—so that when Irish historians speak of Turgesius being sole King, the assertion is not to be accepted without reserve. The reign of "little kings" re-commenced after the death of Turgesius, and lasted till the year 1172. A species of Irish gallantry led to its fall. The King of Leinster was so ardently civil to the wife of the King of Meath, that the latter sovereign attacked the royal seducer, and drove him from his kingdom. The unsceptred monarch betook himself to the court of Henry II. of England. Henry II. took up the quarrel as an armed mediator, and

settled the differences by subduing the kingdom. The Irish chieftains were gradually brought to acknowledge the sovereignty of England; but no English monarch took the title of King of Ireland before Henry VIII. Many an Irish chieftain flew to arms to preserve the Irish nationality; and the last of them, O'Neil, gained the fruitless but splendid victory of Belturb, in 1646. A too ardent Irish love ruined the kingly dynasties; and all the valour of "Hy Niale" could not secure the liberty for which it was manifested.

At whatever age the Milesian or Scotic race of Kings commenced, it had not long been established before a deposed monarch illustrated the uncertainty of royal estate. The cause was, in some respects, singular. The two sons and successors of Milesius, named Heber and Heremon,—the former having Leinster and Munster; the latter, Ulster and Connaught,—divided the island between them. In the division of Heber were two valleys of exquisite beauty and productiveness; in that of Heremon, there was only one. The three were said to be the fairest and richest in all Ireland. The magnificent but selfish wife of Heber, not content with being lady of two valleys, envied the one in which the wife of Heremon built her bower. She could not die happy, she said, unless she were called "Queen of the three beautiful valleys." Heber listened to her instigations, and made war, for the sake of this single valley, against his brother. In that war, however, he lost his own crown, and ultimately his life.

The covetousness of his wife dethroned Heber; the idolatry of Tighernonas uncrowned that superstitious King. He was sacrificing to the great idol Crom-Cruach, when lightning from heaven swept the diadem from his head, and killed him on the spot. It would be tedious to detail the causes of the fall of scores of monarchs on the Irish roll: most of them had their throats cut by their successors. "His reign," says O'Hallaran of one of these Sovereigns,

"lasted but five years, when the sword of his successor cut his way through him to the Irish throne." Hereditary succession was thus put aside. Not that the principle was disregarded. When the Picts were persuaded to leave the east coast of Ireland, and seek the conquest of the islands to the north, they requested a number of Milesian ladies to accompany them, but these would not consent until an agreement was made that, if the Picts conquered the islands in question, the sovereignty thereof should be for ever vested in the female line.

According to some writers, it was a Hugoney the Great who first succeeded in bringing the other Kings of the Pentarchy to yield their crowns to him, or rather the right of succession. They swore, "by all things visible and invisible," not to accept of a supreme Monarch from any other line than his; and Hugoney was so elated at this addition to his vain-glory, by the stripping of the same from the heads of four uncrowned Kings, that he styled himself, with pleasant Hibernian amplitude, "King of Hibernia and all Western Europe, as far as the Tuscan Sea."

As the spouse of Heber loved the beautiful valleys, so did Maud, Queen of Connaught, love to steal cattle, and dared to defend her right to do so. The famous "Cattle War of seven years" was the consequence of an extensive robbery of flocks and herds, by the armies of Maud, in Louth. In this war one of the chief figures is Fergus, "a dethroned King of Ulster." Where there were so many petty Kings, one without a sceptre was seldom difficult to be found. It was one of these who, out of revenge, invited Agricola into Ireland, and offered to aid the hostile stranger in the task of reducing his own country to foreign subjection. Between Queens who coveted territory not their own, or who stole cattle, and involved their country in a seven years' war in consequence,—between these and Tarquinian Kings wooing their neighbours' wives, and uncrowned Pentarchs who in-

vited invasion from an enemy, Ireland had more to suffer at the hands of her own Sovereigns than most countries.

We have a brighter example indeed in the person of Moran, who refused to wear the crown which had been usurped by his father, and who, placing it on the brow of Feredach, the rightful heir, descended from the throne, and took his seat on the bench as Chief Judge. In this capacity he is said to have carried a golden chain-collar, which was afterwards worn by his successors, and which squeezed their throats tightly whenever they were about to pronounce an unjust sentence! It is no matter of wonder that this collar was soon lost or mislaid; but to swear by Moran's chain was a common method, for many years, of affirming the veracity of the speaker. The chain was of pure gold, worth "hundreds of cows."

Not the least remarkable cause of abdication in an Irish King, was that which led to the dethronement of the vigorous Cormac Ulfadha (253). This Hibernian monarch had his eye knocked out, in a skirmish, which is variously described; and the personal blemish rendering him incapable of wearing the crown, he contentedly resigned his power to his son. Cormac retired to a small thatched cabin at Kells, where he passed much of his time in writing—prose and poetry. His 'Advice to a King' is said to have exhibited foresight and wisdom; and his poem on the number Three, to have been a masterpiece of mystic unintelligibility. Others describe Cormac as a miracle of wisdom and splendour, who was choked by a fish-bone as he sat at supper. The incidents of his abdication are by some writers assigned to Colla Uais.

One hundred and thirty-six Monarchs of the *Milesian* race alone are *said* to have reigned, and a vast number of them to have been dethroned and slain, before the advent of St. Patrick and the establishment of Christianity. Violent deaths did not cease however after the introduction of the

humanizing religious code; nor were the expounders of that code always logical in their actions. Thus, when Aidas the Black, prince of the royal blood of the Irish Cruthons, had torn from his throne, and then murdered, Diermot, the Monarch of Ireland, he took refuge in the monastery of Ethica. The regicide was guilty of many other murders; but the holy brotherhood thought little the worse of him on that account, and, with unanimous alacrity, they beheld him ordained priest by the liberal-minded bishop of the diocese.

Indeed there are many evidences that, although the Irish Kings were enthroned, it was the priests who governed. These virtually deposed monarchy, when they destroyed the Council Hall of Tara,—Tara of the Kings, where the wisdom of the nation was wont to be presided over by the Irish monarch. A murderer had fled for sanctuary to the monastery of St. Ruan. He was dragged thence to the King's hall, at Tara, and was taken from the judgment-seat to the gallows on the hill. There he was executed. Abbot and monks issued from the monastery, in pious rage, and, walking around Tara, cursed it as they went. From that day, no King ever sat on the throne at Tara; and the victory gained by the Church was perpetuated in the name assumed for the monastery of Ruan—"the Monastery of the Curses of Ireland." From this period, the Church becomes, not merely an episode in the narrative of Irish history, but "its sole object and theme." The average of a King's reign was about eight years; and his violent death, we are told, was often the only memorial that he lived. They did not *all* die thus, however, with swords in their hands, or steel in their hearts. Some changed the camp for the cloister; and King Neil of the Showers,—so called, because on the night of his birth there fell a shower of honey, a shower of silver, and a shower of blood,—died a pilgrim at Iona, and was buried, with three others of his uncrowned cousins, in the tombs of the Kings, in that "Island of the Wave."

The Pentarchy appears to have been revived more than once, but it is even uncertain of what divisions it was composed. Some say Munster was divided into two; and these, added to the three other provinces, formed the Pentarchy. Others affirm that Munster was not divided, but that Meath was one of the portions of a Pentarchy, of which the four provinces were the other parts. Dr. O'Conner has come to the most curious conclusion, by affirming that Munster *was* divided; that Meath was also added, and that the Irish Pentarchy consisted of *six* parts! "Talis fuit Hibernorum Pentarchia!"

The truth is, that the subdivisions were very numerous, and the confusion all the greater. In no case however is there greater confusion than in the questions connected with priest and king. An instance presents itself in Fiedlim, King of Munster. Unutterable are the horrors told of him by the ecclesiastical historians. His least crime was his sacrilege; and he was engaged in devastating the lands of the Abbey of St. Ciaram, when he was encountered by the Abbot. The holy man cursed the King with his lips, and dealt him a blow with his staff which rendered him senseless. From the effects of either he never perfectly recovered, and he devoted his uncrowned days to penitence and the Church. So different was Fiedlim the recluse from Fiedlim the King, that his saintly biographers describe him as "the most religious and learned anchorite that Erin could boast in his day."

It is remarkable that some monarchs, in place of giving up royalty for the priesthood, added prelatic titles to their royal dignity. Thus, at an early period, two at least of the Kings of Cashel were also Bishops of Emly; and in the tenth century, Cormac Mac Culinan was not only King, but also Bishop of Cashel. Other instances might be named, but these will suffice to illustrate a singular union of Church and State in the person of the sovereign. In many instances,

the Bishop was more powerful than the King; and the latter title, as in the case of the barbarous nations mentioned by Procopius, was often conferred on a merely successful general. Occasionally the right man was found in the right place, as in the cases of Brian Boru and Malachi,—

> "Who wore the collar of gold,
> Which he won from the proud invader."

But, for one hero we have a hundred sorry ruffians; and among the latter may be reckoned that Donchad, who, in the eleventh century, after his overthrow by his nephew Turlough, retired to Rome, and spent twenty-eight years in the monastery of St Stephen, where he was buried. Donchad placed the "cap," which was the royal crown, on the head of his nephew; but he is also said, when at Rome, to have placed the same symbol at the feet of the Pope. This was to surrender his kingdom to the Church; and this alleged surrender by an Irish monarch was the basis of the right which Adrian claimed, to make over the Lordship of Ireland to the English King Henry II.

Between the period of the abdication of Donchad to that when Henry interfered in the affairs of Ireland, at the solicitation of one Irish ex-King, the annals are only repulsive details of anarchy, cruelty, and horrible oppression. The downfall of the first and last of the deposed Irish monarchs was brought about, in one case by the avarice, in the other by the fickleness, of a woman. In the other instances may be discovered the wickedness of the King, or the craft of the Churchman, as the moving causes. Of the scores of potentates dethroned, only one can be said to have been so without guilt on *his* part. That one was Cormac of the single eye, in whom a physical blemish was punished as heavily as if it had been a flagrant crime.

The historians of Ireland make record of many hundreds of Kings, who are said to have reigned in that country, almost from the period of the Flood. Of these, a great number avowedly perished by violence;—some in battle, some by treachery at home, others through their own excesses. Scarcely one in ten seems to have died a natural death. A vast number were indeed deposed, but it was only to encounter immediate slaughter. Some writers, dismissing as fabulous many of the narratives of deposed Irish monarchs, name only the following four, distinguished for surviving their dethronement—viz.:—

A.D.

315. COLLA UAIS, retired to Scotland.
721. FLAITHBHEARTAGH, became a monk.
782. NIALL-FREASSACH, entered a monastery.
984. DANIEL, also took the cowl.

1027. Brian BORU, who defeated the Danes at Clontarf, was first sole King of Ireland (by election), during twelve years. His successors were
1039. Maol Ceachlin.
1048. Donough O'Brien.
1098. Tirloch.
1110. Muriartagh, became a monk.
1130. Tirloch O'Connor, the Great.
1150. Murtough M'Neil M'Lachlan.
1168. Roger or Roderic O'Connor.
1172. Henry II. of England conquered the country and assumed the title of Lord of Ireland. Since that period, eight "Governors," Custodes, or Lords Deputy, down to the period of 1308, and a hundred Lords Lieutenant, from Piers Gaveston to the Earl of Carlisle, have administered the government of the "beautiful island."

WALES AND MAN.

"Kind Cambria, deign me good aspect,
To make me chiefest Brute of Western Wales."
GEORGE PEELE: *Llewellyn loquitur.*

THE subject of Wales will not, happily, require much space. Although a principality when it was annexed to England, it had been, in its time, a kingdom of some pretensions; and was governed,—after the Saxons had driven the British beyond the Severn and the Dee, into Cornwall or "Little Britain," in France,—by four successive Kings, the last of whom, Cadwalader Bhendiged (or, the Blest), dropped the style of "British King," for that of "Prince of Wales;" and having left his title to his successors, in the year 688, he retired to Rome, and died there, under the cowl of a monk.

From this period, till the year 1281, when Wales was finally incorporated with England, twenty-seven Princes ruled over the little principality. Within this circumscribed space, however, there was a very effervescent ambition, divisions, and the usual sanguinary consequences. One monarch alone died of a broken heart, but several fell in battle; and a prisoner of princely rank who fell into the hands of an ambitious enemy, was sure to be further punished by the loss of his eyes. Small as the principality was, it was divided, and South Wales and Powis were made tributary to North Wales. It was an easy thing to declare them dependent, but it was not so easy to compel tribute from them; and, as if the resulting dissensions were not enough for the de-

struction of the territory, there was further devastation at the rough hands of Saxon, Dane, and Norman, Hibernian and Scot.

About the year 1039, the young Fleance, who escaped from Scotland and the dagger of Macbeth, was received at the Court of Gruffydh ap Lhewellyn. The ungrateful guest seduced the daughter of his host, and was slain for his treachery. But the son born of this union ultimately repaired to Scotland, where he was created Hereditary Lord Steward of the kingdom; and it was his descendant, Robert II., who, in 1370, was the first king of this race of the Stewards, or Stuarts, of Scotland. Thus, the Stuarts were, through the daughter of Gruffydh, of the old British stock. We meet with no other incident worthy notice till the reign of David, 1170, who very unceremoniously set aside Iorwerth Drwyndwn, or Edward with the Broken Nose, alleging that such defect rendered him incompetent. It was to avoid the turmoils of a contested succession that Madawc is said to have emigrated from Wales, and colonized those portions of Florida and Mexico whose names seem to have a British origin.

The unsettled state of the country was in nowise changed because of the departure of Madawc; and when the English kings began to interfere, and to pick quarrels, on the ground of 'homage' due from Wales to England, the issue of events was visible to most men. At length the end came, by the defeat of Lhewellyn ap Gruffydh, an illegitimate Prince, who fell in defending what was not his own, and whose head, with the English banner, was fixed upon the ramparts of his own tower.

The whole chronicle is sanguinary in its character; but there were some constitutional principles in the Welsh Court which are worth mentioning. For instance, the Mead-maker was the eleventh person in dignity at the Courts of the ancient Princes of Wales, and took place of the physician.

The rights of the King (for that title was as commonly used as that of Prince) were sometimes of a curious nature. There were three, touching which the law was very strict. "There are three things in the Court," say the Welsh Triads, "which *must* be communicated to the King, before they are made known to any other person. First, every sentence of the judge. Second, every new song. Third, every cask of mead." The Kings were taught that the three great objects of the intellect were the true, the beautiful, and the beneficial;—but we do not find these petty sovereigns having leisure enough to pursue either. Accordingly, these for the most part rapacious rulers found a place in the little complimentary triad which pointed out "three things that will always swallow and never be satisfied, the sea, a burial-ground, and a king." They who censured the King were not however his superior in morals; and the old national opinion touching inebriety may account for the intoxication of blood which affected both prince and people:—

> "Not drunk is he who from the floor
> Can rise alone and still drink more;
> But drunk is he who prostrate lies,
> Without the power to drink or rise."

In this royal condition we often find the Kings of Wales, and wide was the ruin which sometimes ensued. There were two especially, who, with Vortigern, rank as the "capital drunkards of the Isle of Britain." The first, Grant, King of Siluria, in a drunken fit, destroyed by fire all the ripe grain in his territories. Thereby he brought on a famine. The other was Seithenin, King of Dimetia, who, in his intoxication, opened the flood-gates, whereby he destroyed sixteen of the finest cities in Cambria. This last act was committed towards the end of the fifth century. The eldest son of the royal criminal abandoned his claim to the throne, and opened a school in Caernarvonshire, where he was, for many years, a highly popular instructor.

The riotous life led at the Welsh Courts was often the object of the common reproach of many who had witnessed it. But there was altogether a strange mixture there of all things. Of what calibre could a sovereign be, who was gravely instructed that there were "three things which the King should never divide; his treasure, his hawk, and his breeches;" or who was as gravely reminded by bardic philosophy that the royal porter was to have the remains of the cheese toasted by him for the King's table? And yet, in some of these maxims there was marvellous wisdom, adapted to the capacity of royal Welsh comprehensions. In none of them is there greater profundity than in this—"There are three things that are best kept closed, the mouth, the fist, and the thought. And there are three that are best kept open, the ear, the eye, and the understanding." With all this however the Welsh Princes were for ever fighting for very existence, and their people were in constant antagonism with their Princes. But perhaps it was with the two as in the case described by Bishop Hacket, in which he said, "Princes would overrule, and subjects would but half-obey." And this is, perhaps, a fairer state of the case between king and subject than that put by the New England preacher, James Freeman, who very ingeniously attributed certain alleged mistranslations in the Bible to the supposed fact that "Christians at the time . . . were too much controlled by kingly authority to be able to give a correct version."

But enough of a country which derives its name, we are told (Wales, *Galles*), from King Galaad, "son of Joseph of Arimathea, the gentle chevalier!" Its sovereigns had, too often, adversaries in their own sons, and did not follow the fashion of the Danish Kings, who, when their heirs were troublesome, furnished them with a liberal allowance of money, and compelled them to travel abroad till their ambition was tempered.

The royal head in the insular kingdom of Man, was even more "uneasy" than that in Wales.

The example of William of Normandy in invading England was not lost on other aspiring princes of the time. His expedition was imitated, on a small scale, by Godred Crovan, son of Harold the Black, who, crossing from Iceland, in the year 1066, made a successful descent upon the Isle of Man, and established there a new dynasty of Kings. After a reign of sixteen years, his son Lagman succeeded; but Harold, another son, headed an insurrection, and sorely molested his brother for several years. At length however Lagman, having captured Harold, atrociously mutilated him, and then put out his eyes. Remorse made of the monarch the first unsceptred King of Man; and Lagman, having abdicated, assumed the Cross, betook himself to Jerusalem, and died a pilgrim warrior in the Holy Land.

Subsequently, after the rude Kings of many rude nations had contended for the Island, it was conquered in 1097 by a sovereign who had already been deposed elsewhere. This was Magnus, King of Norway, who had opened the tomb of the Saint and King Olave, to satisfy himself of the important question of the sanctity of the holy monarch. Magnus having found the body uncorrupted, and of so delicious an odour that he could not be kept from sniffing at it for a whole day, he was convinced that Olave was as great a saint as report had made of him. That night however the royal Saint appeared to him, and, as a penalty for his sacrilege, submitted to him an alternative,—death within a month, or exile from Norway for ever. Magnus consulted his people, and these precipitately ejected him from the country. Magnus, not being a man who could be content in a private station, having lost his own kingdom, determined to seize on that of somebody else; and not lacking followers, who were ready for any enterprise, he invaded the ever-coveted Mona, and got possession of the miniature kingdom. He lost *that*

and his life in an attempt to seize a third crown! Having a strong desire to possess himself of Ireland, he resolved to pick a quarrel with Muricard, the King. To this monarch Magnus sent a pair of his old shoes; and he ordered him to carry these slung round his neck, in token of subjection to Man. The Irish courtiers were wild with fury at this insolent message; but Muricard, who was a pusillanimous prince, answered that rather than expose his kingdom to the ferocity of Magnus, he would not only wear that monarch's shoes, but was ready to eat them! This weakness did not save Ireland from invasion by the King of Man. It failed however; and the grave of the royal invader is still pointed out in Down by the peasant versed in traditions of the past.

Some few years after this, Reginald, the King of the Island, married his daughter to the son of Alan, Lord of Galway. The proud Manxmen were so indignant at this *mésalliance*, that they deposed Reginald, and gave the crown to his brother Olave. This is, perhaps, the only instance on record of deposition for such a cause.

The Scilly Islands, of which, and of Cornwall, a Saint Constantine was King in the sixth century, present us with the instance of an abdicated monarch turning miller! Constantine gave up his modest throne out of pure grief at the loss of his wife; and left his son to reign in his stead. He retired to an Irish monastery, where he acted as servant during seven years, carrying grain to the mill and fulfilling all the duties of a miller. The monks were not aware of his quality till they heard him reveal it in a soliloquy. They then took him into the house, where they instructed him (*litteras docent*), made him a priest, and qualified him for what he became at last, a Christian martyr.

France.

"Those that were up themselves kept others low;
Those that were low themselves held others hard;
Ne suffered them to rise, or greater grow,
But every one did strive his fellow down to throw."

SPENSER.

THE MEROVINGIAN RACE AND THE "LAZY KINGS."

WE know little of the history of Gaul previous to the period when Julius Cæsar, about half a century before the Christian era, commenced an expedition which resulted in subjecting the country to the Roman dominion for nearly five hundred years.

This dominion was often disturbed by the Franks, or *free men*, from beyond the eastern bank of the Rhine. Their reverses did not so much discourage, as their successes inspired, other tribes. Against these the now luxurious Romans and the enervated Gauls struggled fruitlessly. In the beginning of the fifth century, the small but triumphant tribes of the Franks held all the north of what is now called "France." At the opposite extremity, beyond the Loire, the Visigoth chief kept his barbaric state in his capital, the modern Toulouse. An independent race ruled in Brittany. The Burgundian banner waved undisputed, from Geneva to

the Mediterranean. In the centre of all—all destined to submit to the mastership of the savage Franks—the Roman Eagle indicated that the Latin conquerors still held a fragment of their ancient conquest; and only where this symbolic eagle continued to soar, did civilization for a season longer prevail.

The wild Franks brought with them, or adopted, the elective monarchical system, and established that Salic law which still excludes women from exercising the office of reigning sovereigns. Pharamond, who snatched from the Gauls what he had promised to protect for them against the Romans, is popularly said to have been the first King. The date of his election is 420. Eight years later he *bequeathed* his crown, and his feuds with the Romans, to his son, the long-haired Clodion. After a twenty years' bloody struggle, the territory of Gaul was cleared of its Frankish invaders. These however not only rallied under Mérovée, or Merowig, the successor of Clodion, but were welcomed by the Romans as allies against Attila and his Huns. The victory of Châlons not only saw the Huns annihilated, but rendered Merowig the powerful opponent of the Romans. The Gauls acknowledged him as "King;" and he is the founder of the *Merovingian race*, the first of the five royal dynasties which have successively ruled in France. The author of 'Attila' quaintly says, that "il (Mérovée) entra Lutèce avec cent mille Francs."

After a reign of ten years, he was succeeded by the dissolute and effeminate Childeric, his son, A.D. 458. Childeric is the first of the sceptreless monarchs of the Franks. His warlike subjects dethroned him because of his vices. After breaking a coin in two with his friend Guinomard, Childeric led, for a time, a wandering life. Adversity restored to him some of his lost virtues; and the Franks, who had expelled, again gave him welcome, and rendered him allegiance. He shook the Romans in, or rather out of, their seats, burned

Trèves, captured Paris and Beauvais, and, at the end of a reign of twenty-three years, he left the throne to his son Clovis, or Chlodwig, the first Christian King of the Franks. It was the boast of this savage and orthodox monarch that he had united several nations under one sceptre. At his death he undid the little good he had effected in his lifetime, for he divided his extensive dominions into four, and left to each of his sons a quarter to rule over. Childebert I. is named as the successor in the French line of Kings; his reign of nearly half a century was one of violence and bloodshed, and the sin of murder was on the soul of all the sons of Clovis. The mere profession of Christianity could no more civilize them, than it did their ferocious father; and, on occupying their separate thrones, they imbued their hands in the blood of their relatives, on whom they looked as so many rivals. The successor and brother of Childeric, Clotaire I., destroyed his son and all his family, by shutting them up in a house to which he set fire. He was the husband of five wives, and the death of his three brothers made him entire master of Gaul. From this period till the death of Childeric III. fourteen Kings of the Merovingian race reigned, over an entire or a divided Gaul. These were, the depraved Chèrebert, the pedantic and savage Chilperic I., at whose lame verses Pontiffs laughed, and who was not more pedantic than he was profligate; Clotaire II., who was alternately revelling in crime or howling with remorse; and Dagobert, who has minstrels' authority for being called "le bon Roi." From the accession of his son, Clovis II., to the death of the last of the Merovingians, the Sovereigns of this race are called "*les Rois fainéans*"—the lazy or do-nothing Kings. There were ten of them; they were, in many respects, deposed monarchs, for their authority was exercised by the "Mayor of the Palace," a powerful officer in the King's household, whose office was made hereditary, and enabled the holder to usurp the highest perogatives of

the Sovereign, and finally to seize upon the sovereignty. These ten Sovereigns were,—Clovis II., Clotaire III., Childeric II., Thierry I., Clovis III., Childebert II., Dagobert II., Chilperic II., Thierry II., and Childeric III. They reigned from the year 644 to 750, but the Mayor of the Palace was the real Sovereign. At the death of an old King, the all-powerful Mayor drew from a monastery his successor, who was ignorant of everything, save that he was a puppet and a slave. The last of them, Childeric III., has the additional appellation of the "Phantom King;" and the greater portion of his time was consumed in performing the only office of which he had any knowledge, and in which he took great delight, namely curling his hair and dressing his beard. Gregory of Tours says of the "Do-nothing Kings," that they only sat at home, and "gormandized like brute beasts," showing themselves once a year perhaps to the people, in state robes. The Mayors of the Palace, when the office was hereditary, under the Pepins, rendered great services to the nation, while serving their own ends and themselves. The picture of the virtually-deposed monarch is, nevertheless, one of a very sombre hue. The people generally had forgotten their titular Sovereign; he lived in some retired farm, in absolute solitude and gloom, passing every day listlessly, save what concerned the appetite. The wretched recluse was dragged into the light on certain occasions, and then the multitude greeted him with jeers and laughter. One Mayor, Charles Martel, whose design was to seize upon the throne, exhibited the half-idiotic and dirty Sovereign, in this plight, to the people, on purpose to increase their contempt for him. These exhibitions were indeed not so much in presence of the multitude, as of the army, nobles, and clergy. The populace stood by, and beheld these three and the puppet King, looking at each other. The sceptreless Monarch was drawn to the assembly in a springless waggon, hauled painfully along by plodding oxen.

The reluctant beasts were goaded on by a rude hind, and the "lazy King" had no unbusy time of it then to maintain himself steady in his seat. He was indeed formally conducted to his throne; but, when seated there, he would glance through his long hair, the symbol of his poor authority, shyly and fearfully, like a timid and rather stupid child; he would stammer out a few words, which had been taught him, with infinite pains, and he would seem half scared at his own voice, as it uttered what he ill comprehended. While he sat crouching on the royal stool, his legs apparently too weak to sustain him, the assembly of all ranks beheld at his side the Mayor of the Palace, erect, the drawn sword in his hand, fire in his eye, the seal of power upon his bold brow; and the war-loving people learned, at the same moment, to despise the sorry figure on the stool of state, and to respect the noble chieftain, who towered at his side. Even so was it, at last, with Pepin, the son of Charles Martel and Childeric III. Pepin, at length appealed to Pope Zacharias. The Mayor asked the Pontiff, who knew how liberally he would be rewarded if he returned the answer desired by him who put the query, "Which of the two is the more fit to be King—he who sits idly and purposeless at home, or he who serves the State actively, both in the battle-field and at the council-board?" The Papal reply dethroned the purposeless idler, exonerated his subjects from their allegiance, and authorized the election to the throne, of an ambitious usurper, the great object of whose family and of himself it had been, less to serve the country than to gain a crown.

Pepin was elected, at Soissons, in an assembly of the people, in the year 750. The process for the deposition of Childeric was simple enough: it was only to cut off his hair: as his locks fell, so fell also his right; and the shorn man, who could no longer be a monarch, was at once converted into a monk. Childeric entered a monastery, where he very soon,

and very willingly, departed this life. He was the last of a race of nineteen Kings, not one-third of whom can be said to have been more than titular sovereigns. Such was the destiny of the Merovingian House. It established itself A.D. 449, chiefly on the ruins of the Roman Empire; and it was annihilated, A.D. 750, by the purchased sentence of a Roman Bishop.

It is necessary, perhaps, to repeat, that although many princes of these times seem to us, on withdrawing into monasteries, to disappear altogether from the world, such result did not invariably follow. There was, for instance, Carloman, the eldest son of Charles Martel, who resigned all his possessions to his brother, Pepin, in the year 746. The following year he repaired to Italy; and in 749 the ecclesiastical habit was put on him by the Pope himself. Carloman took up his residence on Monte di San Silvestro (Soracte), where he built a monastery. The numerous visits paid to him here by Franks, on their way to Italy, gave him a disgust for the place. He followed the advice of Pope Zacharias, in selecting the Benedictine monastery at Cassimo, as his residence; and there in imagination, people have beheld him, sitting on a three-legged stool, milking the cows, and carrying the produce to the Benedictine dairy. That the ex-ruler of Austrasia, Suabia, and Thuringia may have been so engaged, occasionally, is not unlikely. Carloman, however, had more dignified duties to perform than this. He was once, at least, sent on a mission to France, in order to effect a reconciliation between Aistulphus, the Lombard King and enemy of the Church, and Pepin, the friend of Pope Stephen II. It is remarkable that the royal dairyman committed a falsehood when setting out on this mission. He reported that it had nothing to do with politics, and that he was simply going to ask for the body of St. Benedict, which was then reposing at Fleury, on the Loire. His real mission failed, and his assumed one appeared to do

so. The prince-monk never again reached the old pastures, or drained an udder of his favourite cows. On his way back to his monastery and milk-pails, he died of a fever, at Vienne, in Dauphiny,—which place long thought itself lucky in possessing the body of the politic but mendacious Benedictine.

THE CARLOVINGIANS, AND CHARLES THE FAT.

THE Merovingians held sway in France, actually or nominally, above three centuries. The Carlovingian race did not enjoy sovereign power during much more than two centuries and a quarter, namely from 750 to 987.

Of the twelve Kings of this race, only one suffered deposition, namely Charles the Fat. The direct Carlovingian succession was, however, twice interrupted,—in the ninth and in the tenth centuries,—by the usurping Eudes, Count of Paris, who succeeded Charles the Fat; and by Raoul of Burgundy, who unseated Charles the Simple. Eudes is enrolled among the monarchs who have voluntarily resigned their power.

The sovereigns of this line were, each in his way, famous for some particular act. Thus, the first of them, the diminutive but bold and astute Pepin, the substantial friend of our visionary King Arthur, conferred that temporal sovereignty on the Pope, which the Abbé Michon is now counselling him to resign.

To Pepin, the conqueror of the Lombards, Bavarians, Saxons, and numerous barbarian hordes, succeeded the greater conqueror Charlemagne, who was forty years old before he could read, and who exhibited more intelligence than many a mere scholar.

Louis the Pious, or the Débonnaire, a son of Charlemagne, was the first of his House who could pretend to

book-learning. He had less wisdom than knowledge, and his division of his dominions led to the bloody battle at Fontenay, where his sons fought for the great inheritance, and Charles the Bald was left in possession of the kingdom of France. It was because he was bald, perhaps, that Charles usually appeared in public with a crown on his head. His love of splendour was extreme, and his throne was so magnificently brilliant that it is said to have half-blinded those who looked at it. It was his son, Louis the Stammerer, who by rendering the titles of his nobles hereditary, and conferring on them the uncultivated lands that had been laid waste by the Norman and Saracen invaders, founded the feudal state of society. Of his two sons, Louis III. and Carloman, little need be said, save that Louis drove the Normans out of France by the sword, and Carloman invited them back by giving them rich presents to keep away.

The next King, Charles the Fat, was the son of the Stammerer. He is distinguished by having been deposed for his cowardice, his incapacity, and his treachery. He would have given up his kingdom to the Normans; and his army and people deprived him of his crown, and drove him into exile, where he shortly after died. They raised, to the dignity forfeited by Charles, the great enemy of the Norman invaders, Eudes, Count of Paris. But Eudes, after a ten years' enjoyment of sovereign power and of much glory, was seized with remorse at the idea of being a usurper, and did France the ill-office of making over the crown to another son of the Stammerer—Charles the Simple. Of the tenour of the life of Eudes, during his unsceptred condition, nothing more is known than that remorse accompanied it,—

> "And ebbing life, on terms severe as those,
> Would have its little lamp no longer fed."

The Norman soldier, who, pretending to kiss the foot of Charles the Simple, lifted the King's leg so high as to tum-

ble him backwards from his seat, represented the condition of the French monarchy in a sort of acted charade. Between the Normans and the independent Barons, who had left nothing to the King but an empty name, Charles was helpless and contemptible. And yet he reigned during thirty-one years. That term was closed by his being decoyed to the castle of Peronne, where his death soon followed on his deposition. His son fled to England, of which his mother was a native; but he was called to the throne after the interregnum of Raoul, who was at the head of those who had deposed Charles the Simple.

The conspicuous feature in the reign of the fourth Louis (Louis d'Outremer) is the armed alliance, the first on record, between England and France; and in consequence of which a fleet was despatched by Athelstan to support the weak King of France against his enemies, the most powerful of whom were among his own subjects. Under the latter years of his son, Lothaire, the country enjoyed some tranquillity; but the kingly authority was degraded, priests and barons possessed all the privileges of independence, invasion had desolated the land, and the people were in abject misery. The young King Louis V. succeeded to his painful dignity under the guardianship of the political chief, Hugh Capet, and, in little more than a year, the last and weakest of the Carlovingians expired at Compiègne. Louis leaving no heir, Hugh Capet seized the sceptre; but he underwent the formality of submitting his pretensions to the nation, and, as he was acknowledged King by that nation, in so far as its voice was expressed by an assembly of the nobility, the House of Capet possessed no *legitimate* right to the throne, its founder owing his dignity solely to popular election.

THE HOUSE OF CAPET, AND LOUIS THE SAINT.

"Il vaut mieux être heureux qu'être Roi."—ST. LOUIS.

HUGH CAPET associated his son Robert with him in the Government in the year 987; and from the accession of Robert to the death of Charles the Fair, the last of the direct line of Capet, in 1328, are reckoned thirteen Kings.

The continued power of the nobles and the unsceptred condition of the Kings is well illustrated by an incident in the life of Hugh. "Who made thee Count?" asked he of one of his Lords. "The same power that made thee King," was the proud reply.

That the aristocratic was not the solitary power against which these early unkinglike Kings had to contend, is further proved by the great incident in the life of Robert, namely his excommunication. The accepted notion is that Robert the Wise fell under the anathema of the Church, because he refused to put away from him (at the order of the Pontiff) his cousin Bertha, whom he had married. Robert however was stripped for a season of his kingly power for other offences, added to, rather than because of, his alleged crime in espousing his cousin. He was a religious, but not a superstitious, monarch. He was afflicted at the knowledge that his subjects, after swearing on some most sacred relics in the capital, accounted little of breaking their oaths. He found a remedy against this evil in removing

the relics, and placing the egg of an ostrich within the shrine. He thus saved them, not from mendacity, but sacrilege. The relics were not outraged, but conscience was violated. The Church would not have troubled itself on the matter, but for the fact of the unlicensed removal of the holy objects. Robert was looked upon as profane.

The King moreover had offended the Church in another way. When Robert reached Rome as a pilgrim, he left upon the altar a sealed paper. The clergy did not doubt but that it was the gift of his kingdom. When he had departed, they eagerly opened the packet; but they found nothing therein, save a copy of a hymn, of which the royal minstrel was the author. They abused the verses and the poet; and prophesied that evil would fall upon a Prince who thus trifled with the Church.

The prophecy was fulfilled when Robert declined to divorce himself from his cousin Bertha. For the first time the French saw their King pronounced accursed, and themselves released from their allegiance. The excommunicated sovereign was left in almost utter solitude. Of all his household, only one or two had the courage to adhere to him; but even *they* looked upon their unhappy master as being so far removed from humanity, that of the remains of the food of which he had eaten, they would not themselves partake, but flung the remnants of the royal repast to the dogs. No one would transact any business with him; he could neither enter a Church, nor partake of the Sacraments. He was universally shunned; and, proud as he was, he was fain to recover his sceptre by setting aside his consort, and reconciling himself to the Church by submitting to its will.

No monarch of the direct line of Capet suffered deposition. The power of the nobility was still greater than that of the sovereign under Henry I., the son of Robert. Henry's son, Philip I., was as powerless as his sire. Thenceforward however the royal authority grew daily stronger, and Louis

VI., the Fat, owed this result to the support he met with from the priestly estate against the nobles. His son, the Seventh Louis, was as pious as such ecclesiastical allies could desire; but it was *his* son, the renowned Philip Augustus, who may be considered as the most glorious and perhaps the most ruthless of the Capetian Kings. Of the next monarch, Louis VIII., his proudest boast was his briefly maintained conquest of all England, save Dover Castle; while of the Ninth Louis, the principal trait in the royal character is the religious fervour which, united with martial zeal, drove him into the great Crusade, and into that expedition against Egypt which made of him the prisoner of the Saracens.

The fortunes of a King in a foreign land were probably never so low as those of Louis in 1250, when he consented to surrender Damietta to the foe, and the latter demanded his own person as hostage for the fulfilment of that to which he had consented. "We will all perish," exclaimed Sir Geoffrey de Sergines, "before it shall be said that we put our King in pawn!"

The Crusaders were in galleys on the Nile, or lying wounded and helpless on the banks, where many were massacred by the Saracens. All who were able took to flight, to the great anger of the King, who was himself suffering from dysentery. Louis had a good knight or two with him when he was assailed by the Turks. The boldest was Sir Geoffrey, who "defended the King in like manner as a faithful servant does the cup of his master from flies." Sir Geoffrey succeeded in getting the King into Casel, but in such deplorable condition, that when Louis was carried into a house, and his head placed "in the lap of a woman who had come from Paris," every one thought that his last hour had arrived.

His condition, however, improved; but he fell captive into the hands of the Moslemin, who offered him his liberty, on

condition of the surrender of certain strong places in the Holy Land. Neither the gallant King nor his valiant knights would agree to purchase freedom on such terms. They threatened to put him to most exquisite torture; but this moved him to no more than the expression that he was sceptreless in their hands, and they might do with him as they pleased. Finally, he consented, under oath, to furnish half a million of francs for the freedom of his captive knights, and to surrender Damietta as the purchase of his own liberty; "for he was of a rank whose bodily ransom could not be estimated by the value of money." The Sultan was so pleased that his royal prisoner did not haggle upon the pecuniary clauses of the treaty, that, not to be exceeded in generosity, he of his own free will diminished the amount of ransom-money by a fifth.

The King was on board his galley, with three others in company, laden with knights, and bound for Damietta, when a sudden revolution among the infidel foe, caused by a quarrel touching the King's ransom, cost the Sultan his life. A Saracen came on board the King's vessel, his hands reeking with the blood of the Sultan, and asked a reward for having slain the King's greatest foe. "But the good King St. Louis made no answer whatever to his demand."

The newly-constituted authorities compelled their royal captive to engage to pay 200,000 livres before he quitted the river, and the remaining 200,000 in Acre. None of the stores in Damietta were to be given over to the King till this sum was paid. Louis took the oath enjoined of him, namely, that if he broke the convention, he wished he might be deprived for ever of the presence of God, of His worthy Mother, of the Twelve Apostles, and of all the Saints of both sexes in Paradise. They asked of him another vow, to the effect that, if he broke his word, he should be accounted perjured,—as a Christian who had denied God, his baptism, and his faith, and, in despite of God, would spit on

the Cross, and trample it underfoot;—but this oath the King stoutly refused to take. The Saracens attributed his refusal to the pestilent council of the Patriarch of Jerusalem, whom they accordingly bound and tortured in the King's presence, till, the holy man's sense of pain getting the better of his scruples, he imploringly urged the captive monarch to swear to anything without fear, as he would take the entire responsibility of the blasphemy and perjury on his own patriarchal head. It is not clear whether the oath was taken in order to relieve the suffering patriarch; we are only told that the Saracens were satisfied with the pledges given by Louis and his lords. The King was probably resolute, and did not take the second oath. His obstinate piety won the respect even of his enemies, who remarked that, "if their Mahomet had allowed them to suffer the manifold evils that God caused the King to undergo, they would never have had any confidence in him, nor paid him their adorations."

Whatever was the form in which the promise of the royal prisoner was made, he kept to it right loyally. The infidels were less faithful, both to their principles and their captive. The Saracens got disgracefully drunk in Damietta, and when in this state, had wellnigh gone from their word, and slain the King, and all with him who were within their power. They found good authority for their crime, and discovered excellent profitable results that would arise from it, by giving it a religious colouring. Their own Prophet had enjoined them to break pledge with and slay an enemy, when it was for the security of the faith. Now Louis was the great enemy of their religion; to kill him therefore would be an act of piety, and one of compensation for their having murdered their own orthodox Sultan.

Such a catastrophe however did not occur. Louis paid the ransom-money he had promised to furnish, and *that* so strictly, that when a Christian knight laughingly told the King that the Saracens, in weighing the money, had made

an error of 10,000 livres to their own loss, Louis flew into a rage, and peremptorily ordered that the sum named should be sent to his miscalculating enemies.

Full twenty thousand Saracens conducted the monarch from his pavilion before Damietta, to the shore off which rode the Genoese galley, which lay waiting for him. There a picturesque incident occurred. On board the quiet-looking vessel, there appeared but one man, who, the moment he saw the King, whistled, and, instantly, fourscore crossbowmen, well equipped, with their bows bent and arrows placed, leaped on the deck, from below. The Saracens no sooner saw them, when, panic-struck, they ran away like sheep, and not more than two or three stayed with the King.

The season was that just after the Ascension, in the year 1250, when, after his brief but stringent captivity, the royal prisoner became, once more, a free and nobly-served monarch.

With the Queen, who had only recently given birth to the little Prince John Tristan, who, just twenty years after, died at Tunis, Louis departed for Acre. "Although he had suffered," says De Joinville, "such a variety of woes, his attendants, when he embarked, had not made any preparation for him on board, such as robes, bed, bedding, and other necessary things. He was thus forced, for six days, to sleep on mattresses, until we arrived at Acre. The King had not any other habiliments but two robes which the Sultan had caused to be made for him; they were of black silken stuff, lined with squirrel-skins, with a number of golden buttons."

One consequence of the imprisonment of St. Louis, and of the hard life he led in Palestine, was the entire loss of his hair. This tradition has made of the royal crusader the patron saint of hair-dressers! One of those vivacious writers in France, at whom pompous dullness sneers, affecting to believe their liveliness odious,—Léo Lespés,—has preserved the legend which ascribes the baldness of Louis to his un-

sceptred period. When the saintly King, we are told, arrived in France, to resume the government of the country, the Queen Blanche was astounded at beholding him bald, and she meditated deeply upon the inconveniences which attended an expedition within the territory of the infidels. The author just cited thus recounts what followed:—

"Iseult," said the Queen to her lady-in-waiting, "have you seen the King of France?"

"I assisted at the rejoicings for his return."

"Did it not strike you, my sweet friend, that the head of his Majesty, my lord and husband, was wofully shorn of its curls?"

"If I may venture to say so to my royal mistress," replied Iseult, "his Majesty's head *might* look better in that respect than it does at present."

"Our bald kings have never been lucky," said Blanche, "and it ill-befits a sovereign that he should be not better provided with flowing locks than a mendicant at the gates of Notre Dame. It shall never be said that Louis, our well-beloved consort, went about with as little hair on his crown as a monarch retired from his vocation and shut up in a cloister. Let us implore the aid of Our Lady, who will suggest something that shall efficaciously relieve us all in our difficulty."

The legend-writer does not venture to affirm that the succour thus prayed for was vouchsafed. Nevertheless, if the story may be credited, the wit of Queen Blanche provided her consort with a wig, in which he looked as bold as Samson and as curled as the son of Clinias. By this incident the perruque was popularized in France, and St. Louis became the patron of "artists in hair."

After recovering his liberty, his passion for crusading never died within him. A score of years after this incident, Louis died of dysentery, before Tunis, calling on St. James, St. Denis, and St. Geneviève, to aid him in his dis-

tress. Nothing could be further removed from the pomp of sceptred monarch than his dying scene. "He ordered his body to be placed on a bed of ashes, and, crossing his hands on his breast, with eyes uplifted to Heaven, rendered his soul back to his Creator, at the very same hour that our Lord Jesus Christ expired on the Cross for the salvation of His people."

The Third Philip, son of St. Louis, and called Philip the Hardy, because he successfully resisted the influences of a climate which were fatal to his father, was less heroic when exposed to reverses, and he died of disappointment at the failure of his expedition against Spain. His son, Philip (IV.) the Fair, was the great persecutor of the Templars; and Louis X., the *Hutin*, is remembered for the harshness with which he sought to extend the privileges of the sovereign. This Louis was succeeded by his two brothers,—by Philip (V.) the Long, and next by Charles the Fair. Three brothers thus succeeded each other, and on the death of the last there was a change of dynasty. Twice, subsequently to the accession of these three Capetian brothers, has a similar succession occurred in France, and with similar consequences. Three brothers closed the direct line of Capet; three brothers terminated that of Valois; and with the last of three brothers was extinguished the reigning House of Bourbon!

THE HOUSE OF VALOIS.

KING JOHN IN THE SAVOY.

"L'Ambitieux est en prison sur le globe ; le corps est la prison de l'âme."—DE MOTTEVILLE.

THE Capet race has not indeed ceased: the family of Valois is simply a branch of the vigorous tree. Philip III., besides his son Philip IV., had a son named Charles of Valois. This Charles had a son named Philip, who now ascended the throne as the next male heir. He was opposed by our Edward III., on these grounds:—Philip IV. had a daughter, Isabel, who was married to Edward II., and was the mother of Edward III. The latter claimed the French throne through *her*. The Salic law however excluded females from the throne, and although Edward was nearer to Philip IV. than his competitor, he was so only through his mother; and as his mother had no right to the throne, she could not bequeath to her son what she did not herself possess,—what she never could possess.

The long reign of Philip of Valois was spent in those bloody contests with Edward which laid the foundation of the bitter animosity which once reigned for so long a period between England and France. Philip was succeeded by John, his son, a gay, tyrannical, unjust king, who has somehow acquired the name of "The Good." The war caused by the disputed succession continued, and with such effect that one of the results of the battle of Poictiers was to make an

uncrowned monarch of John, for a time, and the prisoner of England. In this captivity we will briefly exhibit him to our readers.

To the son of a deposed monarch we are indebted for some of the details of the captivity of John, King of France, in England. The Duke d'Aumale, son of Louis Philippe, discovered the documents, which he has published in the 'Transactions of the Philobiblion Society,' among the archives of the House of Condé.

At the battle of Poictiers, fought five hundred years ago (1356), John exhibited more courage than ability,—more of the soldier than the general. He fought on, after his nearest of kin, save his brave young son Philip, had deserted him; and when at last he was compelled to yield to numbers, the crowd of knights so thronged round him to claim the honour of his capture, that he would have fared ill but for the courteous interference of the gallant Prince of Wales.

The Black Prince conducted his royal prisoner to Bordeaux, where John was surrounded by a brilliant but captive Court. Edward III. spoke of him only as "our adversary of France," but he was universally treated as a King. Some of the most loyal of his own subjects took care that he should want for nothing. At the first intimation of John's capture, his Lieutenant-General in Languedoc forwarded to him ample stores of provisions, also of plate to eat from with dignity; and the States of Languedoc consented to tax themselves,—that is, resolved to levy imposts on the people, the produce of which was forwarded to the grateful King.

The northern portion of France, which had most suffered from the war and felt most acutely the losses of Crécy and Poictiers, cared less for the King, whose indiscreet valour had dragged the country into misery. There, a weak Regent, and a scanty and feeble nobility, could not rule a people who burned to repel the invaders, and who were begin-

ning to understand their own position, its value, and its rights. Nothing was done therefore for the release of John, whose presence in France rather impeded the free action of his adversary, Edward. Orders were consequently issued for the transfer of the French King to England. On the 11th of March, 1357, John, and a splendid company of fellow-prisoners, embarked at Bordeaux, and, under the guardianship of the Black Prince, sailed for Sandwich. The illustrious party did not reach the ancient haven till the 4th of May, and then were glad to take some days' repose on shore, before they proceeded to Canterbury, to make their offerings at the shrine of St. Thomas. At Canterbury a deputation from the citizens of London greeted or consoled the captive monarch on his arrival. Three weeks, save one day, elapsed between the disembarcation of John at Sandwich and his entry into London. The august prisoner was conducted to the palace of the Savoy, in the Strand, the residence of the Duke of Lancaster. Immediately after his arrival there, he was visited by the King and Queen of England.

The Savoy was his ordinary, but not his constant, residence, for nearly two years. He was a frequent visitor at Windsor, and made excursions to other parts of the country. At this time, he and his companions were but nominally captives; for, on their verbal pledge, the King, and they who shared his destiny, were permitted to go and come freely, to hawk, to hunt, and to enjoy all manner of sport, according to their good pleasure. The Duke d'Aumale thus describes the royal prisoner at this period:—"John was not yet forty years old. He was courteous, affable, liberal to excess, not given to care deeply, and, by his amenity, had gained the surname of 'The Good.' Troubling himself but slightly as to the misery of his country, and much too yielding in all negotiations respecting peace, he loved, above all things, pleasure and physical exercise. Accordingly, horses,

dogs, and hawks occupy a large space in the book of his household accounts; but we also find, although only rarely, some record of purchases of books, and of small outlays made for binding. Thus he gave 4 sous 4 deniers for the 'Roman du Renart;' 28 sous 8 deniers for the 'Romans du Loherenc Garin;' and 10 sous for the 'Romans du Tournoiement d'Antechrist.' 32 sous are set down as given to 'Margaret the bookbindress' (*relieresse*), for putting an entirely new cover and four clasps to 'a Bible *in French*.' James the binder receives 3 sous 6 deniers 'for binding one of the chapel Breviaries, putting new boards to the same, covered with rose-coloured skin, and for ornamenting and cleaning.' An ornamental addition of brass-headed nails to the 'Romans de Guiller' costs 29 deniers. King John had also, among his *valets-de-chambre*, a distinguished painter, Girart d'Orléans, whom he had previously employed, in 1356, on the decorations of the castle of Vaudreuil, in Normandy." The household accounts show that, during the King's captivity, the painter wrought for the monarch in more than one branch of art. Girart painted pictures, made chessmen, and ornamented furniture. The most conspicuous items in the royal account-book, however, are for the extraordinary toilet-expenses of the young "Sires of the Fleur-de-Lys," as the French Princes of the Blood were called. These items show that the King's young sons, Philip of France and "Maistre Jehan le Fol," were not at all insensible to the charms of outward appearance.

The Duke d'Aumale very correctly judges that the courage and general character of the captive King made him a favourite with the English barons. Customs and language were common to both, and courtesy was as naturally accepted as it was heartily given. It was substantial of character, as when the doughty Sir John Chandos sent four hares to the King; and when even the fair Countesses of Pembroke and Warren addressed to the captive sovereign

baskets of venison, game, and fish, the Duke anxiously bids us beware of scandal! There was no harm meant, he says. If John was something like his Spanish namesake, for loose gallantry, Lady Warren was half a hundred years old, and the Countess of Pembroke was older still!

The Duke is disposed to believe that John, who saw much of Isabel, the widow of Edward II., during the first year of his detention, made the acquaintance of these ladies at the Court of the Dowager Queen. The latter exhibited great regard for her cousin of France. "She received the King at her table," says the Duke d'Aumale, "and we even see that, to relieve his weariness, she lent him the two most famous romances of the period, 'Saint Graal' and 'Lancelot.' The Count of Ponthiou, the Sire d'Aubigny, Seneschal of Toulouse, the Marquis d'Audenham, and the Count of Tancarville, figure among the Queen's most frequent visitors; and the facility with which they went to see her, in her residence at Hertford, is one of the best proofs of the liberty which they enjoyed."

The liberty of all the prisoners was diminished after the death of Isabel, in 1358. The engagements to which John subscribed, in order to recover his freedom, were not ratified by the French Regent and Government: and Edward, either out of vengeance, or fear that his involuntary guest should escape, put much constraint on the action of John. In December, 1358, he ordered the latter to be transferred to the castle of Somerton, in Lincolnshire. The wine for the use of the English guard had already been forwarded, and the King's baggage was upon the point of starting, when counter-orders were issued, and John remained in the palace of the Savoy, and was not gratified by invitations to sojourn at Windsor. Roger of Beauchamp, with sixty-nine men, had charge of the royal prisoner.

On the other hand, John was solaced by agreeable visitors from his own land. These were nobles who travelled with-

out let or hindrance from either French or English, and who came over, not only to inquire after the King's health, and to make offer of themselves and estates, in order to purchase his deliverance, but, on one occasion at least, to present him with a tribute of silver, "very considerable for the period, and which realized in London not less than £1,268. 14*s.* 9*d.*" The reasons why this contribution was most acceptable, are thus enumerated by the Duke d'Aumale. "Since the King's departure from Bordeaux his resources had become very limited, and he was very much embarrassed in providing for the current expenses of the six departments of his household, for the maintenance of his officers and servants, and the modest gifts made at Easter and at the festival of St. John, and which were the substitutes for salaries. There were divers extraordinary expenses of his little Court, which he could not meet without difficulty. For this purpose he received nothing from Edward III.; but the latter subsequently made claim to be paid the expenses of keeping his captive, which he set down at 10,000 reals per month. John had had recourse to loans, made on burdensome conditions of interest, but this was only at first: they were not renewed at a later period, either because the difficulties of negotiation had increased, or that the financial position of the King enabled him to renounce those ruinous operations."

The latter and better reason would seem to have worked the happy result. The Duke enters into lengthened details in pleasant proof thereof; and from these we learn that "good round sums" were occasionally conveyed to the King from loyal folks in France; and that the produce of new subscriptions and old debts came in very sparingly indeed, *so* sparingly that John had often to write and stir up the slackening enthusiasm of his friends and the slumbering morality of his debtors. We further learn that John dabbled a little in trade, and made some profit on the sale of

wines and horses. The jolly and generous chapters of Languedoc sent him more of their country wine than he could drink; and he disposed of the superfluity to such advantage, that he ordered his agents to purchase various sorts of French wine, which the good King sold in London at a handsome profit. His agents in the English capital for this purpose were Sir John Stody, vintner and Lord Mayor; Adam de Bury, skinner, and subsequently chief magistrate; and Henry Picart, famous for his entertainment to the Kings of France, England, Scotland, and Cyprus, and who, albeit a Gascon, is said to have been at the head of the London municipality in the year 1356.

John remained in close custody in the Savoy down to April, 1359; he then signed the preliminaries for a treaty of Peace, and was transferred, a prisoner, to that castle of Hertford where he had been the welcome guest of Queen Isabel. He was still in confinement there when he learned that the Dauphin, his son, had definitively refused to adhere to the treaty concluded at London. The Duke d'Aumale designates such refusal as sagacious and patriotic, but adds, that it was a severe shock to the French King, who exclaimed, on hearing of it, "Ha! ha! my fair son Charles, you take counsel with the King of Navarre, who deceives you, and would deceive forty such as you." But the seeming disloyalty of Charles to his captive father was true loyalty to his country, and the course adopted by the Dauphin was universally approved, although it kept his sire in durance.

The refusal further increased the severity of his durance. Edward III. made vast preparations for renewing his ill-authorized assault against France, and he peremptorily ordered the dismissal, out of the kingdom, of thirty-five of the French followers of John,—among them Gaus de la Buigne, who held the threefold post of chaplain, poet, and falconer. The servants of the other prisoners were also sent away. The household of John and his son Philip was

reduced to a score of persons. The royal captive energetically protested against the degradation, and he obtained an addition of nineteen individuals. Among these were Tassin de Breuil, his tailor; Girart of Orléans, the multifarious artist; and a person who is named Jean de Milan, but who was not so noble as the sound of the name would seem to imply, for he was only "John of the Kite," and was the falconer of Philip, the King's son.

After a four months' residence at Hertford, the French King, with a diminished "state," was transferred to Somerton. The monarch was under the ward of Sir William Deynecourt, who had in his train three knights, twenty-two men-at-arms, and twenty archers, under which escort John arrived at the castle of Somerton on the 4th of August, 1359, and was respectfully welcomed by the constable, Sir Henry de Greystock.

No longer could the friends of the monarch gain access to him, from beyond sea, as before. Even his private secretary, Jean de Royer, who had been on a mission to Paris in May, was unable to approach the castle without a special permission. This permission was obtained only on condition that some servant within the castle should be dismissed in exchange for the secretary: in consequence the minstrel Sauxonnier was discharged, and the prison was made all the more gloomy for want of his excellent music.

Soon came a report from beyond sea that the French were preparing to enter England, for the purpose of rescuing their monarch. This report was the cause why John of Buckingham and Ralph Sigournel received orders to escort "our adversary of France" to Berkhampstead. Before this could be executed, news reached London of the partial destruction of Winchelsea by a body of French; and the English Government, in some alarm, ordered the removal of John to the metropolis. The other prisoners were confined in different castles, but the French sovereign was brought

up to the Tower, where, on the 28th of March, 1360, he was placed under the safeguard of John and Roger of Beauchamp.

Within two months, however, Edward III. was well content to sign the Peace of Bretigny. A week after this important act was accomplished, on the 15th of May, 1360, an usher of the Queen of England announced it to John, who, in his excess of satisfaction, conferred on the messenger a right royal gratuity. The satisfaction was rather over-hastily entertained, for the King's release was to be obtained only at the price of 600,000 gold crowns. John enjoyed however at once a comparative freedom; there was no constraint upon any of his actions. His subsequent course is thus told by the ducal chronicler.

"On the 30th of June, John set out for Dover, where he arrived on the 6th of July. On the same day Edward III. sent to him, as a mark of friendship, the goblet which he himself ordinarily used; and John, in return, forwarded to Edward his own (*hanap*) drinking-vase, which had belonged to St. Louis, and had always been preserved as a relic. The next day but one John disembarked at Calais; there he remained above three months; but even that long delay would not have sufficed to get together the sum demanded by Edward without a sad expedient, which was adopted under compulsion of circumstances. Matthew Galeas Visconti (*sic*), Lord of Milan, offered to put down immediately 600,000 florins, if the hand of Isabella of France, the King's daughter, was accorded to John, the son of Matthew (*sic*). This bargain was concluded; and, according to the energetic expression of Villani, John sold his own flesh in order to recover his liberty."

The work of the Duke d'Aumale, referring to the captivity of the French King John in England, has been published since M. Douet d'Arcq printed the journal of the expenses of the King during the last year of his imprisonment. This

journal (the lost pages of which have been discovered, and published, by the Duke) is now in the Imperial Library, Paris, and its contents are illustrative of a portion of the social history of the period.

Thus we find that, when John left Somerton, what remained of his property there was sold; and in the journal, among other receipts acknowledged by the chaplain, Denys de Collors, who was also a notary and Comptroller of the Household, is "20*d.* from the Damoiselle de Namby for a couple of chairs." An esquire of Somerton is put down as paying 4*s.* for two barrels of wine; other sums are received for various articles of furniture, stable materials, or wine. William Spain, of Lincoln, got the King's bench for nothing, William having been a purchaser of many articles; and a fourth of the wood and wine was gallantly given to "the Lady Daincourt," wife of the baronet who had the honour of exercising his vigilance over the King. The wine account shows altogether that the sovereign was a vintner driving a respectable business.

The "ordinary" and extraordinary outgoings of the last six months of the year 1359, amount to little more than £1000. In the following six months, the combined expenses exceeded "£5020. 15*s.* 6*d.*, ob derive Poictevina," of which more than a fifth is under the date of June, 1360, when the King was preparing for his departure. Among the extraordinary expenses there occur,—loaf-sugar at 17*d.* per pound, and brown at only 2*d.* per pound less; 9*d.*-worth of eggs for clarifying sugar, and 8*s.* 8*d.* for roses, bought at different places, for the King's use. Tailors are paid 8*d.*, and their varlets 5*d.*, per day, with horse-money between London and Hertford. Considerable sums are laid out in fine clothing; and £24. 13*s.* is the sum given for "10,972 bellies of minniver" for a furred suit for his Majesty the King. The expenses under this head show that John was not indifferent to dress: nor was he indifferent to the com-

fort of those who had shared his captivity, and were ordered to leave England before he himself was set free. We find £109. 13*s.* 4*d.* given to thirty-five disbanded followers to help to carry them to France. And then, on Sunday, the 28th of July, the day before he left Hertford for Somerton, there was paid to "the curate of Hertford for the daily offerings of the King, for twenty-nine days in July, 4*s.* 10*d.*,—just twopence per day. But this was a formal gift. There are entries of larger sums to the priests, who, it is to be hoped, were only the stewards of the poor. Good sums too are laid out in "sweets and spices." Pierre de Belle Assise receives 12*d.* for "two quivers of paper." Single "nobles" are duly put down in the accounts as presents for various services. In November, 2*s.* are paid for four pairs of shoes for the illustrious Prince "Jehan le Fol;" and in December, about the price of half-a-dozen pair of shoes, namely a crown, or 3*s.* 4*d.*, is given "to the bishop and to the parish clerks of Aremby, who, on the eve of St. Nicholas, came to the King's residence and sang *Ergo laudes*." The hiring of a house at Lincoln for the autumnal quarter, including expenses for work done, is entered at 16*s.* Sundry alms and "daily offerings" to "the curate of Boby," and others, with 12*d.* to an English varlet who had found the strayed hawk of "my lord Philip," bring the expenses of the year to a close.

In January of the year following, among the usual outlays for spices, sweets, edible ginger, dress, etc., we are not sorry to find great honour rendered "to the king of the ministrels, for the fashion of the new eulogy made by him on the King, at the royal command, three nobles, worth 20*s.*" A quarter of the same sum is entered as "secret alms;" and at the close of February, the usual total of the 2*d.* per day for offerings at church throughout the month, is duly registered by the ecclesiastical and legal book-keeper. Then the King of the Minstrels is so well pleased with the price paid to him for the workings of his muse in the praise

of the royal John, that he strikes the lyre again, raises his song of eulogy anew, and is once more rewarded with "nobles." The church-offering too is increased on Good Friday, the 3rd of April. In honour of the day, John, we find, gives three crowns, or 10*s.*, instead of the ordinary 2*d.* There is also to be marked an entry of 58*s.* for the removal of the King's organs from Somerton to London for their repair, and for their setting up. This sum includes "18*d.* to a man who blowed for three days;" very good pay, for it was the price of a pair of shoes per day! The King of the Minstrels too was especially busy this month; and we come, with some surprise, upon a record of 3*s.* 4*d.* being given to him, not for "building the lofty rhyme," but for taking certain carts wherein to bring the King's "harness." Porterage appears to have been heavy, and even a captive king's household and harness were not removed for nothing. But at length the monarch is safely lodged at London, in the Tower; but it is in April, and the winds are cold, and 29*s.* 8*d.* are paid to Denys le Lombart, for making and repairing four windows in the King's apartment. Eleven shillings are laid out for furnishing a kitchen-garden, wherein the herbs and vegetables give promise of very excellent soups and other dishes. In May, the "curate of the Castel of London" demands his Easter dues for the King's household within the Tower; and the reverend gentleman receives them accordingly, in the shape of a couple of nobles, or 13*s.* 4*d.* Half that sum was sent to the neighbouring hospital of St. Katherine's,—the site of which is now occupied by St. Katherine's Docks;—and these and smaller charities having been provided for, the large sum of 33*s.* 4*d.* was expended on Master Girart, for a "chaiere neuve necessaire" for the King. His Majesty must have found movement on the Thames somewhat costly, for he paid 3 nobles, or 20*s.*, for being rowed from London Bridge to Westminster, where he visited the Queen, stayed to sup with his hostess, and

was then rowed back. It cost him only a noble less to be "pulled" over the river from the Tower to Bermondsey back (whither the King went to ride or to pray). He gave the same sum to a servant of Madame de Pannebroc (the Countess of Pembroke) after dining with that noble lady; and altogether he seems to have been generous to all sorts of persons who in any way rendered him service. The priests appear to have received the most. John never visited a confraternity without leaving behind him pleasant sums to increase the good cheer, or enlarge the charity, of the reverend brotherhood; and to those who brought him letters from France secretly, a service of some danger, he flung his "nobles" with a generous hand.

On the last day of June, the French monarch set out from the Tower for France. The itinerary is as illustrative as the book of accounts. The first day's journey ended at Eltham. At the end of the second day (Wednesday, the 1st July) we find him at Dartford, fifteen miles from London; on the third, he started, after dinner, and reached Rochester; on the fourth day he dined at Sittingbourne, and supped and slept at Ospring; on the Saturday he dined at Canterbury, and slept there. The Sunday was spent in travelling from Canterbury to Dover, which place he left on the Wednesday following, and thence crossed to Calais.

Poor as he was, and in debt for his ransom, he scattered crowns by the way. There were varlets on the road, who brought him venison from King Edward; priests, who received visitors at shrines; landlords of inns, who claimed for imaginary dilapidations; knights, like "Messire Richard Lexden," who had turned hermits, and received all gifts presented to them; nuns, who met the King and prayed for alms; monks, who poured into the high-road from distant convents, and asked for contributions as the sovereign rode up; grooms and lacqueys ever craving, mountebanks, varlets, and even "a man of Dover, called *the climber*, who, in the King's presence,

climbed up the face of the rock in front of the hermitage at Dover,"—all these had their hands extended, and went away with them well filled. The value of the jewels which John left on the shrine of St. Thomas of Canterbury (on the morning of the day when he broke one of the commandments by travelling), is not named; the money-offering amounted to "ten nobles," which, says the account-book, "is equivalent to £33. 6*s*. 8*d*." This miscalculation leaves us in doubt whether John really gave ten nobles or a hundred. It was most probably the latter sum, which is equivalent to the pounds named above; for the King gave twenty nobles to several less noted communities than that which gathered round St. Thomas's shrine; and even the climber up the rock at Dover was rewarded with a gift of five nobles, or 33*s*. 4*d*., which was much more than the King bestowed on the nuns of St. Augustine at Canterbury, and half as much as the amount bestowed by him on the Carmelites of Sandwich and the nuns of Norgate.

The passage to Calais has already been noticed. There only remains to be stated that, three years later, John was again in England a voluntary prisoner. His son, the Duke of Anjou, one of the hostages for the duly carrying out the treaty of Bretigny, had broken his word by returning to France. John gave out that he himself was about to repair to England, in order to engage the King to join with him in a crusade against the infidel. It was believed that he came to repair his honour, injured by the faithless act of his son, and which John sought to re-establish by means of a falsehood. Men who knew him thoroughly, were disposed to believe that caprice alone directed him to the scene of his old captivity. Before setting out for England, he made the fatal present of Burgundy to his gallant son Philippe; and on the 8th of January, 1364, he embarked at Boulogne. He was magnificently received in England by Edward III. During three months there was an uninterrupted festival in

honour of a King who seemed to have uncrowned himself for honour's sake, but who loved the gaiety, the ease, and the freedom from business which he enjoyed in England. He had forgotten crusade and country, and was in the full career of ever-varying and never-ceasing pleasure, when illness overtook him, and indeed overcame him. After a brief but severe indisposition, he died, at his old residence in the Savoy, on the 8th of April, 1364. "He was regretted in England," says the Duke d'Aumale, "where he enjoyed himself, and had many friends; but he was little regretted in France, where his personal qualities could not cause the faults and disasters of his reign to be forgotten."

John was succeeded by his wiser son, Charles V., a powerful antagonist against the English who unjustly laid claim to his crown. The next Charles (VI.) was the poor idiot, whose imbecility however may be less laid to his own fault, than to the trials to which he was subjected by those allied as well as by those opposed to him. Charles VII., who had ruled the State during the closing period of his father's insanity, was not more formidable to the victorious English than his father, in whose reign our sires fought and won the battle of Agincourt. But Charles VII. found what he lacked, in that immortal Maid of Orléans, to whom *he* was ungrateful, the Church most cruel, and the English flagrantly unjust. The son of the Seventh Charles, Louis XI., was one of those Kings who wisely account that no subject is beneath their notice, and who made state-craft accomplish what war might not so easily have achieved for him. If *his* son, Charles VIII., was less brilliant of intellect, it was because Louis had purposely brought him up in ignorance. His cousin and successor, Louis XII., was the first Duke of Orléans who became King of France. He, too, dying without male heir, was succeeded by a cousin, Francis I., son of Charles of Valois, the incidents of whose reign are well known. In that of his successor, Henry II., England lost

the last foot of land which she had held in France; but no Englishman passes before the bust of the great Guise, in the market-place of Calais, without rendering him that homage which is due to a brave man who serves his country. The three sons of Henry II. succeeded him on the throne; and again, after the succession of three brothers, the sceptre passed into the hands of heirs of another line. The three last Monarchs of the House of Valois, were, the feeble Francis II., who reigned, amid religious troubles, little more than a year; Charles IX., who could not get rid of religious troubles by the massacre of the Protestants, whom he was taught to look upon as the great troublers of the time; and Henry III., who was not indisposed to treat fairly with the Reformers. Henry slew Guise for opposing him in his designs, and was himself slain by a monk, the knife belonging to whom saved religion, ruined a royal house, killed a Catholic King inclined to deal justly with the Protestants, and raised into his place a brilliant but apostate Prince, who gave up Protestantism that he might wear a Catholic crown, and whose conversion was illustrated by his remark that "Paris was worth a Mass." Under such truckling spirit was the accession of the Bourbons effected, in the person of the brave but over-lauded Henri IV., in the year 1589.

THE BOURBONS AND CHARLES X.

"He who knew the weight of a sceptre, would be the last man to pick one up."—SELEUCUS.

IN the Court of the Valois monarchs there was ever an enemy to the reigning sovereign. The Bourbon Kings were not without adversaries in their own council-chambers; but they, for the most part, had the good fortune to possess able, though sometimes unscrupulous, ministers. At the side of "Henri IV." we see the great Sully. The most glorious incident of this reign was the passing the Edict of Nantes (1598), which rendered Protestants almost equal with Catholics in the eye of the law. The most fatal catastrophe was the murder of Henri, in 1610, as he was about to put in force his great project for the humiliation of the House of Austria.

By the side of Henri's weak son, stands Cardinal Richelieu, who was really King *in* France, and was just such a master as France needed. He crushed the Protestants, made the sovereign independent of the aristocracy, and was on the point of humbling Austria, when he died. The helpless Louis soon followed his renowned minister, and left the crown to his infant son Louis XIV. The great minister who appeared during the King's minority, was Cardinal Mazarin; and low as were some of his tastes, and despicable as was much of his policy, the glory of France was heightened by his system of administration. He may be said to have bequeathed to the reigning monarch, the most successful minister ever possessed by a sovereign, the incomparable

Colbert. The cost of the glory of this reign however made France bankrupt. The once invincible armies of the *Grand Monarque* were unequal, at last, to the task of achieving the objects of their master's ambition. The Revocation of the Edict of Nantes (1685) scattered ruin and death among the Protestants. The people generally were under the heels of a heartless King and a proud and cruel aristocracy; and when Louis died, after a reign of seventy-two years (1715), he left the crown to a grandson of five years of age, and the regency of the kingdom to be fought for among his heirs. The latter fell to the Duke of Orléans, who abused his absolute authority, and ultimately consigned to Louis XV.,—when that Prince attained his majority,—a kingdom nearly irretrievably ruined, and to the kingdom, a sovereign who neither knew how to redeem it from ruin, nor cared to make the glorious attempt. At the end of a reign of fifty-nine years (1774) commenced the accession of three brothers, and the downfall of a dynasty. Louis XVI., within twenty years from his coronation, suffered a violent death in the presence of an exulting people. Then ensued the era of the guillotine, which destroyed its thousands, followed by the period of Imperial "glory," which annihilated its hundreds of thousands. And this was succeeded by the Restoration, which brought to the throne, in 1814, that Louis XVIII. who had been above twenty years in exile, and who, seeing that his brother Charles, Count of Artois, must be his successor, and remembering the fatality that had twice ensued on the succession of three brothers, proclaimed himself as the inheritor of his nephew, the Dauphin, who had been slowly murdered in the Temple, and who was enrolled among the French Kings by the title of Louis XVII. After a temporary dethronement, caused by the return of Napoleon from Elba, Louis recovered his power by foreign aid, in 1815, and, at the end of nine years,—years of good intentions, but inefficient results,—his brother Charles X. succeeded to

an inheritance touching which Louis had besought him to act with prudence, that it might descend to the next heir of the Bourbon line. The warning voice was unheeded, and from the last of three royal brothers the crown of the Bourbons passed, in 1830, to the line of Orléans.

In this rapid outline, the great fact of the establishment and overthrow of an Imperial dynasty in France has been only incidentally alluded to. Some details of the life of Napoleon, and of his uncrowned brothers, will be found in a succeeding Chapter. What follows refers to the period after the dethronement of Charles X. The history of Louis XVIII., in his first exile, is not the history of a monarch retired from monarchical responsibilities; he had not then undertaken them. Neither was the history of his sojourn at Ghent, between the return of Napoleon from Elba and the Battle of Waterloo. At that period Louis still acted as King of France; was acknowledged as such by the Allied Powers, and by his ministers participated in the acts of the Congress of Vienna.

Before proceeding to notice the deposed monarchs of the House of Bourbon, it may be observed of the French Republic, that it not only killed its own ex-King, Louis XVI., but encouraged its agents in foreign courts to insult the reigning sovereigns. Thus, in the case of the able but not respectable Trouac,—his obstinate refusal to take off his hat when presented to the King of Naples, was rewarded by the approbation of his Government, and the appointment of their turbulent agent to the ambassadorship to the Cis-Alpine Republic. Their feeling with respect to Kings spread however to other countries. In England, for example, the toast of Williams, the bookseller at Cowbridge, was "The three securities of Liberty:—All Kings in Hell, the door locked, and the key lost!" This sentiment delighted the French republicans, whose monarchical fathers, be it said, were not slow in ridiculing the monarchy of other coun-

tries. Thus the *Alérion* was an heraldic invention of the French, to insult the empire. It represented a spread eaglet without beak or feet.

The period between the restoration of the Bourbons, in 1815, and the deposition of Charles X. in 1830, has been called the "Comédie de quinze ans." The *dénouement* of this comedy was brought about by Charles himself, who gave to it the air of a tragical catastrophe. He signed the decrees which abolished the liberty of the press, on the 25th of July, and then quietly sat down in his apartment at St. Cloud to play at whist with his family and household. The Parisians read the decrees which put them in bondage, and they resolved to spoil the King's game, and abolish the royalty of the Bourbons.

Charles and his son, the Dauphin, although it was summer-time, went the next day, the 26th of July, to hunt the stag in the forest of Rambouillet. The old palace, in the forest there, has a gate beneath whose archway has passed the funeral of many a King of France. Charles seemed as if he had come to gaze at the scene whence his royalty was to be carried out to be buried. He returned moodily to St. Cloud, played his "whist," and was astonished to hear that Paris was uneasy.

By half-past nine the following night,—Paris having in the meantime hoisted the tri-coloured flag on the Tuileries, in the sight of the Duchess de Berri, who witnessed the disagreeable fact through a telescope, from St. Cloud,—eight royal carriages, and some hired coaches, deposited at the gates of Rambouillet the fugitive King and a part of his terrified family. They were weary, travel-soiled, and hungry. Provisions were procured only with great difficulty; and when the half-satisfied monarch had concluded his modest repast, and bade "good night" to those around him, it was

with the air of a man who was apologizing for having, by his great obstinacy, brought them into a dilemma from which there was no escape.

There was a respectable armed force to guard their slumbers, but there was no commissariat. By dawn the next morning the defenders had considerably decreased in numbers,—appetite being stronger upon them than loyalty.

The King grew more depressed and more apologetic in his manner. When the Duchess of Angoulême arrived, to join him in his flight, he begged her pardon with touching importunity. He could propose no plan to avert the great calamity which was beginning to overwhelm them ; his weakness of mind partook of imbecility, and he displayed his fatuity by expressing his confidence in the Duke of Orléans.

On the first of August, Charles and his family reviewed their diminished army. They felt that it was a force which could not help them, and under compulsion of circumstances, and fear of being captured or massacred by a mob from the capital, Charles abdicated ; his son, the Dauphin, renounced the succession, the Duke de Bordeaux was proclaimed as Henry V., and the Duke of Orléans was Lieutenant-General of the kingdom.

The Lieutenant-General peremptorily refused to undertake the guardianship of "Henri Cinq;" and Commissioners were sent down to Rambouillet, whose mission it was, gently but surely, to "push" the entire Bourbon family out of France. This was effectually done. The troops with Charles could or would do nothing in his defence. Into some half-dozen carriages were squeezed the ex-monarch, his family, and various faithful followers. As the last vehicle drove from the gates, the lowering of the white flag of the Bourbons proclaimed them politically dead ; and it was observed, that the Dauphin appeared at the funeral of his own greatness and that of his house, as if he had been an indifferent spectator.

The exiles had with them few objects for their personal comfort; and they voluntarily left behind them the crown jewels, by means of which they might have satisfied many a want. The immense multitude which had come down from Paris to press their departure, returned to the capital, and announced, by the turbulent joy and disorder of their march, that the royalty of the Bourbons was defunct.

The latter did not make their way to the coast unaccompanied or unhonoured. The remnant of the royal guard did not cease their service till they had seen the King safe into Maintenon; and it was only at Valogne that the faithful Gardes-du-corps folded their banners, placed them in the hands of their old master, and were disbanded. In the best, and that but a poor, room of the indifferent inn at Valogne, the ex-monarch, too ill to repair to the church, heard Mass. No overthrown Greek Emperor, cloistered up in the monastery for unsceptred monarchs, could ever have heard Mass with more simple accessories around him. The Duchess of Angoulême performed the office of acolyte, waited on the priest, and led the responses. The Psalm was eminently appropriate throughout, from the first verse, "May the Lord hear thee in the day of trouble; the name of the God of Jacob defend thee!" to the end, "Save, Lord; and hear us, O King of Heaven, when we call upon thee!"

Reluctantly and mournfully the exiles went on their way to Cherbourg, many of the Gardes-du-corps attending on them to the last. The "Great Britain" and the "Charles Carroll" were in waiting to receive them. The rather rude people of Cherbourg were not permitted to approach the place of embarcation; and when the commissioners authorized by the provisional government to "watch" the ex-King to the coast, prepared to accompany him on board, they were compelled to forego their intentions by the energetic protest of the Duchess of Angoulême, who reminded them that their authority was limited to the soil of France.

The King then passed on, supported by his son. The Count de la Rochejacquelin gave his arm to the Duchess d'Angoulême. The old Vendéan Baron de Charette led the Duchess de Berri; and he is said to have whispered to her, by the way, a suggestion which led to the spirited but unlucky enterprise of the Duchess in La Vendée.

The two American vessels then stood out to sea, demonstrations of deep feeling being exchanged between those on board and many friends who lingered on the shore. As they crossed the Channel, a French brig of war watched the way they took; and it was said that the commander had orders to fire into either of the vessels should an attempt be made to land the illustrious freight on any part of the coast of France.

Twelve days had been consumed in the weary journey, of some fourscore leagues, between Rambouillet and Cherbourg. Seven more days and nights were passed at sea, ere the wayfarers had passed through Weymouth, and thence arrived at Lulworth Castle, near Wareham, where the device of the Weld family, of whom they were the guests, reminded them that nothing happened without Divine permission: *Nil sine Numine.*

Here they all changed their designations, and Charles X. became henceforward Count of Ponthieu. The Duke d'Angoulême took the title of Count of Marne; the Duchess de Berri that of Countess of Rosny; and her son, the so-called Henri V., assumed the title, which he still wears, of Count of Chambord.

Almost the first occupation of the ex-King in the house of Cardinal Weld was, "whist," as if he would quietly resume the rubber in which he had been interrupted at St. Cloud. His son played at billiards. The Princesses worked, and read religious books. An idea of attempting to recover the sceptre that had been lost or flung away, was entertained for a moment, and then dismissed, by all but

the Duchess de Berri. And so the time wore on, till the 30th of October, when the old monarch embarked at Poole for Scotland; soon after which the exiles were once more united under the melancholy roof of the gloomy palace at Holyrood.

They occupied this residence during two years, saving about a month. The adjacent city scarcely knew of their presence, so retired were their lives. Charles studied the history of the Stuarts, and he might occasionally be seen slowly riding, on horseback, in company with the Duchess of Angoulême; or, seated in the same company, in a hired carriage, progressing slowly and silently through the picturesque environs of the Scottish capital.

The French Government, however, thought that silent old man still dangerous to its stability, and this uneasy thought led to the withdrawal of Charles from Scotland, in the autumn of 1832, and to his residence at Prague, the capital of Bohemia, where Austria had granted him an asylum and hospitality.

His residence was in that time-honoured palace, the Hradschin, where his time was divided between reading, exercise, attendance at church, and whist. The only occasion there which wore a holiday air was when "Henri V." attained the completion of his thirteenth year,—the 27th of September, 1833. That is the age at which the "majority" of Kings of France, in the olden times, was fixed; and the advent of that period brought many a legitimate pilgrim to the legitimate shrine which alone he acknowledged. It was about this period that Châteaubriand visited the country residence of the old King, at Burschtirhad. Charles was ill, but slumbering. "Charles X.," says the author of 'René,' "was in bed, suffering from fever. It was night when I was permitted to enter his chamber; a solitary and small lamp was burning on the chimney-piece. All that I could hear in the prevailing gloom was the breathing of the thirty-fifth suc-

cessor of Hugh Capet. My good old King, your slumber was an uneasy one! Age and adversity—ponderous nightmares—were seated heavily on your breast."

Three years and a half were passed at Prague. They were not unhappily spent. The ex-King looked well in his plain attire, and lived socially and regularly. His sole study was that of history: it taught him patience, he said. He took long walks, alone; occasionally in company with the Duchess of Angoulême; and often have these two entered some village church on their way, taken their place on the lowest bench among the people, and shared in the afternoon service, which they were never known to miss during the whole period of the King's exile.

The dinner was a cheerful meal. The evening which followed it was a tranquil, rather than cheerful, evening. The Princesses worked, while the ex-King walked to and fro, talking as he went, or pausing to receive some stray visitor who occasionally presented himself. At eight, the whist-table was prepared, where the tranquillity of the evening was not disturbed, unless Charles found himself with an indifferent partner. He could lose a crown by his own fault, without great reluctance; but to lose a trick, by the stupidity of his partner, was beyond his patience.

His equanimity was only temporarily ruffled, and then he was full of redundant apology. The rubber over, there was much ceremony in the breaking-up. His son kissed his hand, and altogether the "good night" was of stately formality. The monotony must have pressed heavily on Charles; for more than once, on taking leave of his gentlemen, and the few followers who shared his exile, he would exclaim, "Farewell, good friends; there is one more day got through!" He was occasionally to be seen at Töplitz or at Carlsbad, to whose medicinal springs he resorted, in search of the vigour which was never to be restored to him. With such slight exceptions, he continued at Prague till the 8th of May, 1836,

when he left it for Goritz, out of motives of delicacy. The new Emperor of Austria, Ferdinand, was about to be crowned in Prague, as King of Bohemia: Charles thought the spectacle of a deposed monarch would be but a sorry sight for an Emperor and King. Accordingly Charles and his household left Prague on the day above-mentioned, amid a public demonstration of respectful sympathy. The ex-King was depressed, but he recovered himself by effecting a joke, after his fashion. M. de Montbel rode with him, and to this faithful gentleman Charles remarked, "Montbel, do you know that you accumulate in your own person the offices of First Gentleman of the Chamber, Captain of the Guards, and Chief Ecuyer? I was never before struck with the inordinate character of your ambition!"

Circumstances divided the royal family for awhile, ere they were reunited at Goritz. On the King's way thither, with the Duke of Bordeaux, the latter was attacked by brain-fever, at Budweis, and the old monarch nursed the young Prince with unremitting care, and ultimate success. Charles had entered his eightieth year before he reached his last asylum. The anniversary was celebrated at Linz. The friendly congratulations offered him were many, and he responded to them cordially,—but mournfully concluding with the words, "Brief will be the period, my loved friends, before it will be your mission to carry to the grave all that is mortal of this old man."

His assurance was well founded. From the day he took up his residence in the castle of Graffenburg, above Goritz, in the autumn of 1836, he may be said to have rapidly decayed, without at first exhibiting any alarming symptoms of the fact. His mind attuned itself to the body; not that it decayed, but that it encouraged the entertaining of the idea of death. On St. Charles's Day, the 4th of November, that body was stricken with chill, while the King was at Mass. He was unable to attend the little banquet held in his

honour, but he appeared in the drawing-room in the evening, and terrified all who were there by the solemn change which seemed to have come over him. The shadow of death was upon him. He was attacked by cholera; and so rapid was the course of the disease, that, before morning, the recommendation made to him to partake of the Sacrament was accepted by him as the sentence of death, which he had not yet looked for. He received it with dignity; forgave all his enemies, without reserve; spoke with the eloquence of sincere feeling to "his children;" confessed himself a great sinner; conversed hopefully of the world to come; heard rather than assisted at the celebration of Mass, and, on the evening of the 5th, smiled on his son, and seemed in such smile to take a general farewell. "At one o'clock, on the morning of the 6th, the King was lying motionless and painless. A feeble light was in the room, and three persons were about his bed. M. Bougon, the medical adviser of the King, was looking on with the melancholy passiveness of one who is conscious that in the hand of man there is no succour. The Dauphin was bending over the calm face of his father. At the King's feet stood the Dauphine, her hands convulsively clasped. As the clock on the chimney-piece struck the half-hour, M. Bougon made a sign to the Duke de Blacas, who whispered low in the Dauphin's ear. The Prince immediately, with trembling hands, reverentially closed his father's eyes, and the hitherto suppressed sobs of the Dauphine, now irresistibly bursting forth, announced, unmistakably, that all was over."*

Such was the end of the last of the Bourbon Kings who had reigned in France. He was entombed, on the 11th of November, in the convent of the Franciscan monks at Goritz, with a ceremony that befitted royalty rather than his exiled condition. A royal crown lay on the funeral car on which he was borne to the grave; and upon the old stone which

* 'Filia Dolorosa, or Memoirs of the Duchess of Angoulême.'

covered the vault (that of the ancient Barons of Thurm) there were found engraven "two sceptres covered with *fleurs-de-lys*," part of the armorial bearings of the baronial house, and fitting emblem above the grave of the King whose coffin bore the assurance that within it lay "the most high, most mighty, and most excellent Prince, Charles, Tenth of the name, by the grace of God King of France and Navarre." It has been remarked, that "*Sometime* King" would have been a graceful emendation of this somewhat too highly-pitched legend.

The Capetian race,—beginning with Hugh Capet, in 987, and terminating with Charles the Fair, the third of three brothers who successively occupied the throne in 1328,—consisted of fourteen Kings, whose reigns extended over three hundred and forty-one years. The House of Valois reckons thirteen Kings, from Philip VI. (1328), to Henry III., the last of three royal brothers (1589), a period of two hundred and sixty-one years. The Bourbons, from Henri IV., in 1589, to Charles X. (the successor of two brothers), deposed in 1830, comprise seven Kings, and a period (deducting the twenty-two years of the Republic and Empire, 1792–1814) of two hundred and nineteen years. To neither of these races can be applied the lines in Victor Hugo's 'Contemplations,' which say,

> "Ils sont, tel est la loi des hauts destins, penchant,
> Tes semblables, soleil! leur gloire est leur couchant:
> Et, fier Niagara, dont le flot gronde et lutte,
> Tes pareils: ce qu'ils ont de plus beau, c'est leur chute."

LOUIS PHILIPPE.

"C'est le choix de la nation qui met le sceptre entre les mains du Roi."—MASSILLON.

IF the era of the Bourbon restoration was a fifteen years' "comedy," the reign of him who succeeded was of that species of melodrama in which ignoble farce is mixed up with much that is dignified, and which concludes with a *tableau*, as confusing to the sight as it is to our ideas of justice, political or otherwise.

Eighteen princes have borne the title of "Duke of Orléans." Nine were of the House of Valois, and nine of the race of Bourbon. The first on whom the title was conferred was Philippe, second son of Philippe VI., born in 1336. He was well known in England for the gay life he led here, when hostage for the ransom-money still owing by his brother King John. He died of his excesses. The second Duke, Louis (father of the celebrated Dunois), was murdered. Charles was the poetical Duke whom we captured at Agincourt, and who passed a long imprisonment of a quarter of a century in England. The fourth Duke, Louis, was the first who wore a crown; he was Louis XII. of France. The next Duke was killed; the succeeding two died early; the fourth perished, a moody maniac; and the fifth was assassinated. These last three were also the last three Kings of the House of Valois.

The first Bourbon Duke of Orléans, son of Henri IV., died before he left the nursery. The next, Gaston, was the

most contemptible of any who wore the same title. The father of the Regent, and the Regent himself, were as deserving of execration for their vices, as Gaston was of contempt. The fifth of this branch was a gentleman, who, at least, *died* with decency. The sixth resembled the Regent in his vices rather than in respect to talent. "Philippe Égalité surrendered his title out of flattery to, or fear of, the Republic, which exacted from him, in addition, the surrender of his life on the scaffold." His son, Louis Philippe, took the crown from Charles X.; like him, lost it, and died, an uncrowned monarch, in exile. Before that catastrophe fell upon Louis Philippe, his eldest son had succeeded to the title of Duke of Orléans, and lost his life miserably on the stones of Paris. Such is the summary of five centuries. They who study the history of that long period will find, as far as it regards the Dukes, that the happiest was he who died the youngest; and that wisdom was not with him who lived the longest.

The career of Louis Philippe was marked by singular incidents. He was the pupil of Madame de Genlis, and had more regard for her than he had for his own mother. From the windows of the old residence of Beaumarchais he witnessed the destruction of the Bastille. He became a *sans-culottes*, was a door-keeper in the service of the Jacobins, fought for the Republic at Valmy and Jemappe, and fled from the Republic, to wander under assumed names, or to teach mathematics in a school in Switzerland. Discovered in his vocation of usher, he travelled over the north of Europe, visited America, returned to England, and offered his services—which, luckily for him, were declined—to head an expedition to prevent the occupation of the Ionian Islands by the French. He also offered to serve in the English army, against the army of Napoleon, in Spain; but finding such service again declined, he withdrew to Sicily, married the daughter of the King of Naples, on Christmas-

day, 1809, and, after five years of private life, returned to the Palais Royal on the downfall of Napoleon. He awaited at Twickenham the issue of Waterloo; and, after the road to Paris was once more open to him, he appeared in the French capital, permanent leader of the Opposition against the Bourbons.

That systematic opposition, aided by the imbecility of the Bourbons themselves, ended in the ruin of the elder branch. Louis Philippe then gained the great object of his ambition, the crown of France, and lost it, after a tenure of eighteen years, through as obstinate tyranny as that which in Charles X. cost him his throne. Charles X. suppressed the liberty of the press; Louis Philippe would not tolerate electoral reform. Each paid the forfeiture of his folly, and died in exile; but Louis Philippe was the greater man of the two. He was exemplary in his private life, loved his children too well,—for his desire to enrich them at the expense of France helped to accomplish his own overthrow. His love of country however was also unbounded, and he worked unceasingly, but not always wisely, to promote her glory and welfare. His personal ambition, on the other hand, was greater than his affection for his country, and under its influences he fancied that he was too firmly seated to be shaken from his throne. That end came however in 1848; and when he or his heirs would fain have scrambled up to the throne again, they were warned away, for ever, by the terrible words, "IT IS TOO LATE!"

These words were twice uttered in the ears of Louis Philippe before they were shouted, for the third and last time, in the Chamber of Deputies, when the widowed Duchess of Orléans presented her eldest son as the successor of his grandfather.

The King had made some offer of concession, but was informed that it was "too late." He nevertheless sat down to breakfast quietly with his family, in the Hall of Diana, on

the last day of his reign. He fancied himself safe under the shield of the Opposition, of whose chiefs he had formed a ministry, and was comforted. At that very moment the cavalry, in the court-yard below, were surrendering their sabres to the people, and the infantry were giving up their muskets. The breakfast-table was soon surrounded by a party of friends, ministers, and councillors; and consternation came in with M. de Girardin, who, on hearing the King express his willingness to name Odillon Barrot to the Presidency of the Council, exclaimed, "*It is too late,*" and advised a voluntary abdication, if the King would save from shipwreck both royalty and people. The Duke de Montpensier was equally urgent, on the same side, "in the name of France." The King yielded, and put his signature to the words, "I abdicate in favour of my grandson the Count de Paris. I trust that he may be more fortunate than I have been."

Marshal Gerard was one of several messengers despatched to various points where the insurgents were assembled, to announce the great fact of the abdication. He rode Louis Philippe's own horse, and advanced towards the nearest barricade with a green bough in his hand, in sign of peace. M. Dumas, who relates in full detail the picturesque incidents of the fall of the House of Orléans, in his Life of Louis Philippe, suggestively remarks that, as on the 24th of February, there were no trees in leaf but the cypress; it was with that emblem of deathly association that the Marshal went to announce to the insurrectionists the demise of the citizen-royalty.

Meanwhile the heralds of the abdicating King were treated roughly. The insurgents pressed closer round the Tuileries; and Louis Philippe ungirt his sword, took off his orders, divested himself of his uniform, and appeared in a "civil suit." He ordered his carriage. The mob killed the outrider and stabbed the horses. The growing uneasiness of the King was calmed by the announcement that two hired

carriages were in waiting on the Place de la Concorde. To these, Louis Philippe and his consort, with the Duchess de Nemours, were accompanied by a few faithful friends, and several very interested and temporary followers. On the "Place" the populace closely pressed upon them, and the fugitive monarch manifested much less self-possession than his Queen. He may be excused, for, as M. Dumas remarks, the associations connected with the scene and actors were not encouraging: Louis Philippe was standing within ten yards of the spot where his father's head had been stricken off, amid the approving shouts of the multitude. He was almost courteously treated by the mob; and M. de Cremieux having, as he remarked, "packed off royalty in a hackney-coach," the people executed Louis Philippe in effigy, by shattering his bust with shot; and a patriot, by breaking the pendulum of the great clock of the Tuileries, marked, for some time, the hour at which the citizen-king had been finally stripped of his power,—"half past one!"

Events marched faster than the King could fly. The Republic was proclaimed while the royal Duchesses were wandering through the streets; and Jerome Bonaparte informed the Provisional Government, on the 28th, that "the time for dynasties had passed away in France." Two days later Louis Napoleon Bonaparte also appeared in Paris, and paid *his* compliments to the Provisional Government in a letter, in which he said, "I hasten from exile to place myself under the banners of the Republic just proclaimed. Without other ambition than that of being useful to my country, I announce my arrival to the members of the Provisional Government, and assure them of my devotion to the cause which they represent." The flight of Louis Philippe was attended by many difficulties, but the details are too well-known to render more than brief recapitulation necessary. The King arrived safely at St. Cloud, whence, failing a more dignified conveyance, he and his family travelled in one of

the public carriages of the Sicard Company, to Versailles. The most acceptable offering made to him here was a packet containing a couple of clean shirts, the only "luggage" which his valet, Provost, had had opportunity to bring with him on his way to rejoin his master. The fugitives reached Dreux at midnight, between Thursday and Friday, where they were joined by the Duke de Montpensier, who conveyed to them the mournful intelligence that the regency was rejected, and that all was lost.

The further flight of the fallen monarch was evidently, although secretly, favoured by the authorities. The travellers and their little suite were indeed, in some measure, disguised. Louis Philippe had cut away his whiskers and changed his wig; and some minor attempts at disguise were also made. At St. André, the Gendarmerie put some unpleasant questions as to their identity; but a few words whispered to them by the benevolent under-prefect of Dreux,—who travelled with them, and, by the side of a servant on the box, acted as coachman,—caused them to withdraw silently. The fact however of the King being on this road was soon known; and he had a narrow escape from falling into the hands of a body of paper-makers, who turned out of their factory, with the intention of arresting him, just too late to effect their purpose.

The following day Honfleur was reached in safety, and the fugitives found shelter in a small house placed at their disposal by an adherent. An attempt to embark from Trouville failed, in consequence of the storminess of the weather. The ex-royal party and their followers returned to Honfleur. At this moment of uncertainty and tempestuous weather Louis Philippe was said to resemble King Lear. He was exposed to great calamity, it is true, but he was clean-shaved, had green spectacles, wore a false nose, and spoke with an American accent.

Like Lear, however, he met with simple men who were

honest. When Louis Philippe was negotiating with the proprietor of a Trouville boat, for a passage, he still affected to be an American. Straightforward Barbet, the boat-owner, at once remarked, "I do not wish to penetrate your secret; all that I undertake is to convey you safely to England. I can do it."

"You are too upright a man," said Louis Philippe, "to make it necessary that I should conceal longer from you who I am. I am the King."

"I knew that well enough, from the first moment I saw you," was the reply of Barbet, whom the King fairly hugged in his arms, by way of doing honour to his discernment.

The difficulties presented by the storminess of the season retarded the embarkation of the royal party, but it was at length safely effected. It is thus described by M. Dumas, whose details differ from those which were familiar to us in the newspapers of the period.

The King learned that the English packet, the 'Express,' was lying in the port of Hâvre. His faithful follower, M. de Perthius, accordingly hired a small steamer, for one hundred and twenty francs, to convey the fugitives from Honfleur to Hâvre. "The King took leave of his brave escort, who did not part from him till he had crossed the plank on to the deck of the boat, the progress of which they followed with their eyes till they saw it enter the port of Hâvre. There was the 'Express' waiting. The boat chartered by M. de Perthius ran alongside, and, in sight of the whole population assembled on the quay, the King and royal family passed from one vessel to the other; and then with difficulty, for the harbour was full of vessels, the 'Express' made its way, cleared the port, put up its helm for England, and disappeared beyond the horizon."

Up to the moment of departure, Louis Philippe had assumed the humble name of "William Smith." When he landed at Newhaven,—which his son, the Prince de Joinville

had, two or three years before, designated as the most favourable point at which a naval expedition could land,—the William Smith was converted into the Count de Neuilly.

He bore the catastrophe which he had invited, with a cheerful resignation; and, after a few delays, he finally took up his residence at Claremont. He led there the life of a country gentleman; and his appearance on the railway between his neighbourhood and town was familiar to many persons, with whom he often entered into conversation unreservedly. On one occasion, there were an English lady and her daughter in a carriage of a train which was on the point of starting from the station nearest to Claremont, and into which an elderly lady and gentleman, with a young child, rather hurriedly entered, whereupon the train immediately started. The two children became on such friendly terms, that long before the end of the journey the one had communicated to the daughter of the English lady the relationship which existed between the speaker and the venerable couple travelling together; ending the communication with the more important one that the gentleman was the "King, Louis Philippe!" The latter laughed at the indiscreet confidence of his grandchild, and the hero of Valmy and Jemappe cordially shook hands with his fellow-travellers.

The private life of the King, at Claremont, has been drawn by an authorized hand, in the pages of the 'Quarterly Review.' The picture is striking from its simplicity, but offers little that is otherwise worthy of remark. The whole royal family, from the King himself down to the youngest grandchild, dined together. The ex-King carved for all, and prided himself in his dexterity. All rose from table at the same time. The drawing-room, in the evening, presented a scene where the youngest were gay, the oldest serene, and where every one present had fair opportunity to display the quality in which he most excelled. It was a thoroughly home-scene, but reference was not unfrequently

made to a stage more splendid, on which the most of those present had been actors; and when this was the case, the charitable construction which was applied to the acts of adversaries was worthy of those who knew how to bear adversity with dignity.

During the first year of this last exile, the health of the King seemed to be as vigorous as usual. He was able to transact a considerable amount of business, to take much exercise, and to travel long distances, without fatigue. Almost suddenly did the first symptoms of decline make their appearance; and not only age, but the infirmities of age, were now confessedly there. A remedy was sought in change of air and of scene, but without realizing more than slight temporary benefit. It was not to be denied that decline was visible; but though discerned by those who loved the ex-King, it was as yet unacknowledged, almost unsuspected, by the King himself.

Dumas, in describing the incidents of the ex-King's closing days, remarks, that the health of Louis Philippe had for some time been thus visibly declining to all who watched around him. He was approaching his seventy-seventh year, and recent political events had given a shock to his otherwise vigorous constitution. A sojourn of some weeks in the summer, at St. Leonard's, had seemed to have produced some amelioration; but from the commencement of August his debility visibly increased. By the 24th of August, 1850, the King's condition was such that his physician felt bound in duty to communicate his fears to the Queen, who was affected indeed, but who expressed her desire that Louis Philippe might be made aware of the peril in which he lay. The medical man suggested that such announcement would be most fittingly declared by a priest. It was part of the duty of a doctor, he said, to induce a patient to believe that he was *not* in danger. The Queen however charged the physician to take the melancholy office upon himself; and

when the latter had obeyed, and the dread announcement had been delicately conveyed to the "esprit sérieux" of the King, his Majesty, after listening calmly, exclaimed cheerfully, "Oh, ah! I understand; you come to tell me that it is time to prepare for leaving. Was it not the Queen who requested you to make this communication?" The doctor answered in the affirmative. "Very well!" said the King, "beg of her to come in."

Dignified affection marked the touching interview, at the end of which the Queen announced that his Majesty required the presence of her almoner, the Abbé Guelle. With the Abbé came the whole of the French royal family,—the Duchess of Orléans, the Count de Paris, and the Duke de Chartres, the Duke and Duchess of Nemours, Prince and Princess de Joinville, the Duke and Duchess of Aumale, and the Princess of Saxe-Coburg. They all knelt at some distance from the bed where the dying King was "confessing" to the Abbé.

The confession was made, absolution was given, and the King, turning towards his consort, expressed, with some gaiety, a hope that she was now satisfied. The reply was in the affirmative, but it was seriously made. Louis Philippe then requested to be left alone with the Duchess of Orléans. "They remained thus together," says M. Dumas, "for nearly an hour. No other person was present; but it is presumed that the King's object, on this occasion, was to overcome the repugnance which the Duchess appeared to entertain against the 'fusion.'" And thereupon M. Dumas very pertinently asks whether "what in the living King was policy, was not in the dying one remorse." It would however be doing injustice to the intellect of Louis Philippe, to believe that he would condemn the whole system of his life, by recommending union with the branch which he had helped to dethrone. The task of pronouncing him guilty of treason to the elder branch was accomplished by his sons, when

they agreed to the fusion, and, by acknowledging Henri V. as King, left the world to make the inference that their father had been a usurper.

Dumas suggests that Louis Philippe remembered that the heir of the old Bourbon line was childless, and that his own heirs were next in succession. The ex-King sacrificed however more than he thought of, if he really recommended the fusion. Dumas evidently thinks that remorse may have moved the dying King to offer for a time to the excluded heir a crown which, when he himself was on the throne, he felt to be so light, and which now, at the gates of the grave, he felt to be so heavy.

It was at the close of this conversation that, feeling himself somewhat recovered, he dictated to an aide-de-camp the last page of his 'Memoirs,' in which he also made some emendations. Refreshed by the occupation, he said gaily to his medical attendant, "Ah! *pardieu*, doctor, there is one thing which I am very much inclined to do."

"What may that be, Sire?" inquired the physician.

"To prove you spoke falsely" (*C'est de vous faire mentir*), "by getting better, this time."

"It would be a great happiness for me, Sire, to witness such a result, and you shall have my best efforts for such an end."

The King it was who erred. Violent fever fell upon him that night, and lasted till two in the morning. From that hour till six, the intensity of the attack diminished. The King felt better, but his debility had increased. As late as seven o'clock that morning, he declared that he felt perfectly well, that he thought the doctor was mistaken, and that he really should not depart this time. The doctor felt the royal pulse, and shook his head. At this fatal signal, Louis Philippe remarked, with a not very dignified vivacity, born of an eager desire to live, that "the present was not a fair trial, as he had been coughing, and that coughing always

accelerated the motion of the pulse." With this comment on the throbbings which mark the action of life, and with this betrayal of his great desire to live, Louis Philippe remained speechless. With loss of speech he did not lose all consciousness, and he seemed to have gained resignation. He looked benignantly on those who stood around him, and then closed his eyes on a world from which his spirit appeared to part with regret. His last half-hour was passed in a succession of sighs, the last of which was breathed out, painlessly, at eight A.M., when the ex-Citizen King ceased to exist.

On the 2nd of September the dethroned Monarch was unostentatiously entombed within a private Roman Catholic chapel at Weybridge. According to the superscription, his remains lie there "till, by God's help, they may be transferred to a place among the ashes of his ancestors." The place alluded to is Dreux, where he had raised a chapel over the remains of his maternal ancestors. Of that line Louis Philippe, in his lifetime, was weakly, if not absurdly, proud. He did not care for being the descendant of the brother of Louis XIV.: he loved to trace his descent rather from the *Grand Monarque* himself. This he could do through his mother, who was the daughter of the Duke de Penthièvre. The latter was the son of that Count of Toulouse who was the illegitimate child of Louis XIV. and Madam de Montespan. When Dumas was young, and was once serving as amanuensis to Louis Philippe, then Duke of Orléans, the latter, who was dictating a pamphlet to his secretary for the nonce, drew a comparison between himself and his "august ancestor, Louis XIV." Young Dumas was indiscreet enough to look surprised, but the Duke continued, "Yes, Dumas, *my august ancestor, Louis XIV.* To descend from Louis XIV., if it be only through his illegitimate children, is, in my eyes at least, an honour sufficiently great to be worth boasting of!" Yet this same ex-Monarch, in the days of

his sans-culotteism, when his mother was yet alive, wrote to Madame de Genlis the assurance that there were only two things on earth that he really loved—"the Republic and *her!*"

ROLL OF SOVEREIGNS OF FRANCE,

FROM THE ACCESSION OF HUGUES CAPET.

Capetian Race.

A.D.

987. Hugues Capet.
996. Robert the Wise, excommunicated.
1031. Henry I.
1060. Philip I., twice excommunicated.
1108. Louis the Fat.
1137. Louis the Young. His divorced wife married Henry II. of England.
1180. Philip Augustus.
1223. Louis VIII.
1226. Louis IX. (St. Louis), died at Carthage.
1270. Philip the Hardy.
1285. Philip the Fair.
1314. Louis X.
1316. Philip the Long.
1321. Charles the Fair.

House of Valois.

1328. Philip VI., cousin of the last King.
1350. John died in London.
1364. Charles V.
1380. Charles VI., died a maniac.
1422. Charles VII., died of starvation.
1461. Louis XI.
1483. Charles VIII., died of apoplexy.

1498. Louis XII., married Mary, sister of Henry VIII.
1515. Francis I.
1547. Henry II., killed at a Tournament.
1559. Francis II.
1560. Charles IX.
1574. Henry III., murdered.

HOUSE OF BOURBON.

1589. Henry IV. of Navarre, murdered.
1610. Louis XIII.
1643. Louis XIV.
1715. Louis XV.
1774. Louis XVI., beheaded.

The Republic, founded in 1792, terminated in 1799. The Consulate lasted from the latter period to 1804. The Empire followed. Napoleon abdicated in 1814.

THE BOURBONS RESTORED.

1814. Louis XVIII.
1824. CHARLES X., abdicated 1830.
1830. LOUIS PHILIPPE. Abdicated A.D. 1848.

The second Republic fell by the *coup d'état* of the 2nd December, 1851. In the following year the Empire was restored in the person of Napoleon III.

Corsica.

THEODORE OF CORSICA.

"I am humble who was humbled."—Mrs. Browning.

Corsica may lay claim to notice here, in connection with France. It has never indeed had but one resident King, and *he* became a King without a sceptre; but it sent forth to Europe a family of Kings, who also were driven by necessity to descend from the thrones which they had occupied. In order of time, precedency must be given to the man of less note; and we shall first find ourselves with him in a locality where we might least expect to meet with a King.

In the year 1749 there was residing in modest lodgings in Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, among Italian couriers and butlers out of place, an individual of a shabby-genteel appearance, yet with a dashing, adventurer look about him, who excited no particular attention, until he was one day arrested for debt, and *that*, as his neighbours said, at the suit or through the intrigues of the Genoese Minister then in London.

The prisoner was, in fact, not so much a sceptreless as a wandering King. But, from the moment of his arrest, his royalty was shattered for ever. The demand against him was for £450, and, in default of payment or security, his Majesty was consigned to the King's Bench prison. His story is a singular one. His name was Theodore Stephen

de Neuhoff. By descent he was a Westphalian; in rank a Baron. His father, having lost caste among Westphalian nobles, by marrying a merchant's daughter, emigrated to Lorraine, where Theodore was born, about the year 1696. He lost his parents at an early period of his life, served the Duke of Orléans in the quality of page, and began manhood beneath the banner of Charles XII. The intelligence and activity of Theodore recommended him to the ministers of the Swedish King as an efficient political agent. He undertook private missions to several courts, and sometimes on very delicate business. He suddenly left London, on something more than suspicion being excited that he was a Jacobite agent; and, after a brief career of a rather vagabond quality, he took service in Spain, where he married, ill-treated, and deserted the daughter of Lord Kilmalloch, by whom he had one son, who was subsequently well known in London by the title of Colonel Frederick.

The Baron next appears as agent or confederate in Law's Mississippi scheme; and when that bubble had burst, he, ever fortunate, entered the Imperial service. This led to his subsequent brief royalty in Corsica. That island,—after passing from the Carthaginians to the Romans, from these to the Saracens, from whom it was taken by a Lieutenant of Charlemagne, Governor of Genoa,—was ultimately possessed and most cruelly ruled by the Genoese. Against these latter masters the Corsicans were for ever rising in revolt, which issued in their obtaining terms which were invariably violated. One of these insurrections broke out when Neuhoff was in the Imperial service, and, as appeal had been made to the Emperor, the Baron was sent, as a sort of commissioner, to report on the condition of things as they then existed in the island.

The commissioner acted so skilfully, and inflamed, so adroitly, the quarrel between the islanders and the subjects of the Doge, that a Corsican deputation, recognizing in him

their *Deus ex machinâ*, besought him to become at once their deliverer and prince. The Baron discovered, however, that none of the European Courts would countenance any innovation in the government of the island. His quickness of wit, nevertheless, soon carried him to the desired end. Austria was at war with Turkey, and the Baron having conveyed to the Porte some useful, but not honest, suggestions, tending to the ruin of Austria and the triumph of the Ottomans, the Sultan agreed to furnish means to enable the Baron to hold Corsica under the suzerainty of the Sublime Porte!

The Corsicans knew nothing of the second character in which their deliverer came, on the 15th of March, 1736. On that day he landed at Aleria, from a twenty-four-gun brig, which carried English colours. Following the brig were two transports laden with ammunition and provisions, regimental clothing, and Turkish sequins, all in very considerable quantities. The stranger was hailed with acclamations, and exactly a month after his arrival, he was elected King, by the style and title of Theodore I., King of Corsica and Capraja. He was crowned with a laurel wreath, and the title declared to be hereditary in his family.

The Corsicans found Theodore a sort of King Stork. His energy and activity were immense; and his cruelty was in proportion with both. He overturned everything, in order to construct anew. He looked upon the people as savages, who required to be tamed and civilized. He disregarded their prejudices, trampled on their customs, which had the force of law, and alienated the priesthood by hinting at the necessity for establishing a new form of faith. He silenced those who opposed him, by consigning them to death; and when the Doge of Genoa, preparatory to a formidable attack upon him, published an account of his past life, so coloured as to render him ridiculous, contemptible, and even detestable in the eyes of the Corsicans, he replied in manifestos

of such tumid and burlesque vulgarity as to justify all that was asserted by the government of Genoa.

He had reigned only eight months, but he had outlived the liking of his subjects. He promised, protested, and deceived; but he daily felt his position to be one of increasing peril. It is however a singular fact, that when he quitted Corsica, so far from doing so under compulsion, he assigned as a cause for his temporary absence, the necessity under which he laboured, to obtain from foreign powers that aid against the enemy which he was now about to seek for in person. He left a council of regency, took solemn leave, promised soon to return, and became again a vagabond in Europe.

Theodore was for awhile among the "lions" of the London world. Horace Walpole, in a letter to Mann (March, 1749), says, "I believe I told you that King Theodore is here; I am to drink coffee with him tomorrow, at Lady Schaub's. I have a curiosity to see him, though I am not commonly fond of sights, but content myself with the oil-cloth picture of them that is hung out, and to which they seldom come up."

He had not been long resident in London when he was arrested for the sum, and under the circumstances, before mentioned.

Walpole describes Theodore as living "in a privileged place," which Mount Street could not well have been; and he adds, "His creditors seized him by making him believe Lord Granville wanted him on business of importance: he bit at it, and concluded that they were both to be reinstated at once. I have desired Hogarth to go and steal his picture for me, though I suppose one might easily buy a sitting of him."

The unfortunate monarch would have starved in prison, but for the compassion of a few of the aristocracy, and some merchants, who supplied him from time to time with sums

for his support. He maintained a dignified appearance in prison; but, like Mr. Dorrit, he condescendingly received "testimonials" from visitors; and it is said that these benefactions were handed to him as he sat under a canopy consisting of the top of a half-tester bedstead. Nor was he satisfied with the mere semblance of royalty: he exercised one at least of its prerogatives, by conferring the order of knighthood. Of course the *fees of office* demanded on the occasion were welcome to the ex-King; and the title of "Sir" was often prefixed in sport before the name of any new Knight of the Order of Deliverance. The sword with which the captive monarch created his chevaliers, was finally presented by him to Dr. Milner, of Maidstone, in grateful acknowledgment of benefits received.

In 1753, Walpole paid a welcome homage to the ex-King by publishing a paper in the 'World,' with the motto "*Date obolum Belisario.*" "This Prince," says the aristocratic republican, "after having bravely exposed his life and crown in defence of the rights of his subjects, miscarried, as Cato and other patriot-heroes had done before him. For many years he struggled with fortune, and left no means untried which indefatigable policy or solicitation of succours could attempt, to recover his crown. At last, when he had discharged his duty to his subjects and himself, he chose this country for his retirement;—not to indulge a voluptuous, inglorious ease, but to enjoy the participation of those blessings which he had so vainly endeavoured to fix on the Corsicans. Here, for some months, he bore with more philosophic dignity the loss of his crown, than Charles V., Casimir of Poland, or any of those philosophic visionaries who wantonly resigned them in order to partake the sluggish indolence, and at length the disquiets, of a cloister." After placing Theodore above James II., the republican monarchist adds, "The veracity of an historian obliges me not to disguise the bad situation of his Corsican Majesty's revenue,

which has reduced him to be a prisoner for debt in the King's Bench Prison; and so cruelly has fortune exercised her rigours upon him, that last session of Parliament he was examined before a Committee of the House of Commons, on the hardships to which the prisoners in that gaol had been subject. Yet, let not ill-nature make sport with these misfortunes! His Majesty had nothing to blush at, nothing to palliate, in the recapitulation of his distresses. The debts on his civil list were owing to no misapplication, no improvidence, of his own; no corruption of his ministers, no indulgence to favourites or mistresses. His life was philosophic, his diet humble, his robes decent; yet his butcher, his landlady, and his tailor could not continue to supply an establishment which had no demesnes to support it, no taxes to maintain it, no excises, no lotteries, to provide funds for its deficiencies and emergencies."

A subscription was opened, at "Tully's Head, Pall-Mall, for a subsidy for the use of his Corsican Majesty;" and Dodsley, the bookseller, was advertised as "high treasurer and grand librarian of Corsica." The result of the application disappointed Theodore, and disgusted Walpole. The former was disappointed at the smallness of the sum raised; the latter was disgusted at the conduct of the King, whom, in a letter to Mann, in the following April, he thus irreverently treats:—"I must now tell you how I have been treated by an old friend of yours. The rogue in question is a monarch. I wrote (a paper in the 'World') to promote a subscription for King Theodore, who is in prison for debt. His Majesty's character is so bad, that it only raised fifty pounds; and though that was so much above his desert, it was so much below his expectation, that he sent a solicitor to threaten the printer with a prosecution for having taken so much liberty with his name: take notice, too, that he had accepted the money. Dodsley, you may believe, laughed at the lawyer; but that does not lessen the dirty knavery. It

would, indeed, have made an excellent suit!—a printer prosecuted, suppose, for having solicited and obtained charity for a man in prison, and that man not mentioned by his right name, but by a mock title, and the man himself not a native of the country! But I have done with countenancing Kings."

These two estimates of a character made by the same person in one and the same year, are characteristic of the variableness of the writer. In April, he declares that fifty pounds are above the deserts of a bad man whom, two months before, he had preferred to Charles V., and placed on a level with Cato; and whom he now pronounces to be no king at all,—although we shall find him again asserting the right of Theodore to the high-sounding appellation.

During the two following years Theodore is said to have received some assistance from an individual who gave lessons in foreign languages, and who gave himself out as being the son of the royal debtor. In the year 1756 he "took the benefit of the Insolvent Act;" and his schedule registered the kingdom of Corsica, for the benefit of his creditors, and declared that he "had no other estate or effects but in right of that kingdom." He was liberated in December, but he took up his residence within the Liberty of the Fleet. Increased distress threatening him, he repaired to the Portuguese Ambassador, in South Audley Street, near his old residence in Mount Street, to ask for aid. Without a penny in his pocket to pay for the conveyance, he engaged a chair; and when he was set down at the Ambassador's, his Excellency was "not at home." Perplexed in the extreme, he prevailed on the reluctant chairmen to carry him to No. 5, Little Chapel Street, Soho, where lived an honest tailor, known to Theodore, and in whose compassionate character he was not mistaken, for the poor fellow received the still poorer fellow who needed charity and obtained what he needed. The ex-King was in a state of inanition, and was

indeed past recovery. He lay down on the humble bed of his friend the tailor, and died there the next day. A subscription was talked of, to defray the expenses of the royal funeral; but an oilman, well-to-do, in Compton Street, Soho, whose name was Wright, and who was not without a particular vanity, declared that he was "determined for once in his life to have the honour of burying a king." He undertook to defray the expenses. They amounted only to £10. 11*s.* 2*d.*; but the "opulent oilman" would not pay more than eight guineas; and the bill of Mr. Hubbard, "at the Four Coffins and Crown, in New Street, near Broad Street, Carnaby Market, St. James's, Westminster," bears the unsatisfactory mark of "balance due, £2. 3*s.* 2*d.*"

The body, after lying in such "state" as could be got up for it, at the poor tailor's, was buried on the 15th December, 1756. Three weeks later, Walpole writes to Mann, "Your old royal guest, King Theodore, is gone to the place which, it is said, levels kings and beggars; an unnecessary journey for him, who had already fallen from the one to the other." In September, 1757, Walpole writes to the same correspondent, at Florence,—where Theodore was residing when the Corsican deputation offered to elect him king,—"I am putting up a stone in St. Anne's Churchyard, for your old friend, King Theodore; in short, his history is too remarkable to be let perish. Mr. Bentley says that I am not only an antiquarian, but prepare materials for future antiquarians. You will laugh to hear, that, when I sent the inscription to the vestry, for the approbation of the minister and churchwardens, they demurred, and took some days to consider whether they should suffer him to be called King of Corsica. Happily, they have acknowledged his title! Here is the inscription; over it is a crown, exactly copied from his coin:—"Near this place is interred, Theodore, King of Corsica, who died in this parish, December 11, 1756, immediately after leaving the King's Bench Prison,

by the benefit of the Act of Insolvency; in consequence of which, he registered his kingdom of Corsica for the use of his creditors.

> "The Grave, great teacher, to a level brings
> Heroes and beggars, galley-slaves and Kings.
> But Theodore this lesson learned, ere dead;
> Fate poured its lessons on his living head,
> Bestowed a kingdom, and denied him bread."

"I would have served him," adds the epitaph-writer, "if a King, even in a gaol, could have been an honest man;" and with this "fling" at the *genus* and the individual, he dismisses the subject.

Nearly forty years after King Theodore was consigned to the grave in St. Anne's, an old man, one night in February, 1796, walked from a coffee-house at Storey's Gate to Westminster Abbey. Under one of the porches there, he put a pistol to his head, pulled the trigger, and fell dead. The old man was the reputed son of Theodore,—Colonel Frederick. The latter had for many years been familiar to the inhabitants of London, and remarkable for his gentlemanlike bearing and his striking eccentricities. He had fulfilled many employments, and had witnessed many strange incidents. Not the least strange, perhaps, was his once dining at Dolly's with Count Poniatowski, when neither the son of the late King of Corsica, nor he who was the future King of Poland, had enough between them to discharge their reckoning. Distress drove him to suicide, and his remains rest by the side of those of his father. He left a daughter, who was married to a Mr. Clark, of the Dartmouth Custom-house. A daughter, one of the four children of this marriage, was established in London, at the beginning of this century, where she earned a modest livehihood as an authoress and artist. Her card ran thus:—

Miss Clark,

Granddaughter of the late Colonel Frederick, Son of Theodore, King of Corsica,

PAINTS LIKENESSES IN MINIATURE,

FROM TWO TO THREE GUINEAS.

No. 116, NEW BOND STREET.

Hours of Attendance from Twelve in the Morning until Four.

After all, this was not so startling a reverse as that endured by the son of Aristides, who sang ballads in the streets of Athens, in order to procure bread.

The fall of the ex-King Theodore, however, gave bread to the ballad-makers. In 1787, an opera was played at the King's Theatre, of which Theodore and the Sultan Achmet were the heroes. It was a bad opera, for which the Emperor of Germany had paid the author £1000, because he looked upon it as a political satire against the enemies of the Empire. "The learned," says Walpole, who saw it, "call the music good; but there is nothing to show the humour and action of the Storace and Morelli."

Three years previous to the death of the ex-King Theodore, the Corsicans chose for their General the celebrated Pascal Paoli. The defeat of Paoli by the Count de Vaux, in 1769, drove the former to seek a refuge in England. In 1774, the island fell into the power of the French. Twenty years later, in 1794, the Corsicans acknowledged George III. for their sovereign. Sir Gilbert Elliott was appointed Viceroy, and he opened a parliament in 1795. In October, the following year, the people declared for France. In the year of Paoli's defeat a child had been born in Ajaccio, who was indeed then of little note, but, in the period when the island declared for France, that child had grown into the commander-in-chief of the army of Italy, and his name was already a "household word" in Europe;—Napoleon Bonaparte.

A FAMILY OF KINGS.

"Celui qui couvrit la terre de ses légions, la parcourut victorieux, et la trouva trop petite pour sa gloire, fut restreint à l'immobile oisiveté d'un étroite insulaire."—*Brochure Anonyme.*

When a dish of poisoned figs had disposed of the life of Benedict XI. (1304), the French party in the conclave of Cardinals, who were almost starved to death before they were agreed, or properly inspired,—and at the head of which party was Cardinal Napoleon Orsini,—carried the election in favour of Bernard de Got, Archbishop of Bordeaux. Bernard became that Clement V. who remained in France till the end of his pontificate.

There was a strong anti-French feeling in various parts of Italy. It was nowhere stronger than at Florence; and in Florence it especially manifested itself in a noble but decayed family,—the family of the Bonapartes.

In those days political differences were not argued out, but fought out; and they who were the weaker in such argument suffered death or exile. Among such sufferers were these Bonapartes. In common with many other Florentine exiles, they made a temporary home in Lunigiana, and there bided their time.

How long they remained there waiting on Providence, or at what period the "De Buonapartes" first emigrated to Corsica, is so little known as to render even conjecture useless. Among the archives of the island is a deed, to which an ancient date is arbitrarily assigned, and in which a De

Buonaparte has the prefix "Messer," indicating a person of gentlemanly degree.

On the 15th of August, 1769, there was an execution at Marseilles. A person of low degree had struck a noble gentleman, who had carried off the ignoble individual's daughter. The poor fellow abused the law, and that sacred head thereof, the King, because he was denied both law and justice in this case. The crowd who saw him suffer cursed the King as deeply as the victim had done, and one among them was heard to express a wish that Heaven would sweep the kingdom of a race by which it was so oppressed. The speaker suffered for his boldness, but his wish was granted. On that day, there was born in the little house of a lawyer, in Corsica, the child who was to occupy the throne of the *Grand Monarque*, and give the law to continental Europe:—namely, Napoleon Bonaparte.

Napoleon was born at Ajaccio. He was the second son in a family which ultimately reckoned thirteen children. Of these, eight survived, five sons and three girls. The father, Charles Bonaparte, had married the handsome "Lætitia" when the latter was only in her fifteenth year. The mother lived to witness the unparalleled rise and fall of her children.

The house at Ajaccio was the home of many virtues and very small ambition. The "practice" of the advocate was not extensive; and the anxiety of the parents for the future welfare of their large family was great. It extended from indolent Joseph, in his teens, whom his younger brother Napoleon was continually teazing or thumping, to the little Jerome who, in 1784, was in his cradle, and who is now seated under the shadow of the throne of his imperial nephew.

When Mr. Ridley wrote the 'Tales of the Genii,' he never imagined anything so gloriously improbable as would have been, in 1784, the idea of a friend who, looking in upon the circle at the lawyer's house in Ajaccio, should have dared to

promise the mother that all these eight children should be, one an Emperor, three of them Kings, one a Prince,—and that the girls should enjoy or endure a destiny equally brilliant. In no fairy legend are crowns and coronets scattered among an entire family. But fairy-legends are dull and matter-of-fact compared with the grand romance of this lawyer's household;—a romance, which has not *yet* come to an end. And yet, in the lawyer's home, nothing could be less romantic than the routine which was there observed. The children, says the Abbé Nasica, "were brought up simply, after the fashion of their country, and with a primitive strictness. It was almost as if you were living in a convent. Prayers, sleep, study, refreshment, pleasure, promenade,—everything went by rule and measure. The greatest harmony, a tender and sincere affection, prevailed among all the members of the family. It was in those days a pattern to the town, as it afterwards became its ornament and boast."

After his tenth year, Napoleon was only occasionally in his paternal home. In 1779, an anonymous pamphlet, the author of which was watching the inevitable course of things, foretold that if the people of France had not as much prudence as patriotism, the result would be not only a sanguinary revolution, but that some stranger would appear among them, and make himself despotic master of the kingdom. The stranger had just landed on the French coast, a boy ten years of age, on his way to the military school at Brienne.

Four years later, he held the commission of a Lieutenant of Artillery; was subsequently mixed up in the revolutionary movement in Corsica; and though it was eight years before he reached the rank of Captain, yet in the year in which he was raised to that degree, he became Colonel of artillery, captured Toulon from the Royalists, and was made General of Brigade (1793). Only two years previously, Walpole wrote to the Countess of Ossory:—"To conjecture

what will happen, or how," (in France) "would be foolish; but these new events" (the return of the King and Queen to Paris) "do not make me believe at all more in the duration of chaos, though they may protract it. I see nothing like system, and *full as little anything like a great man.* The very impulse given by the flight and recapture of the King, must add vast fermentation to twenty millions of heads, already turned; and *much good may it do anybody who attempts to sober them!*" The great man whom Walpole could not see, was the young artillery officer, who undertook to sober the Sections, and whose success formed the first step which led him, the son of a lawyer of Corsica, to an imperial throne. Walpole was right in saying that, when he wrote, conjecture of what might happen in France would be folly.

In 1794, the General fell under the suspicion of the authorities, was dismissed from active service, and would perhaps have sunk into oblivion, had not the Convention been threatened with annihilation by the Sections, and Barras bethought himself that his young friend Bonaparte was just the man to put forward in such a difficulty. This was in 1795.

The Convention had framed a new constitution, which sorely offended the Parisians. It deprived them of much of their electoral rights, and drove them into a rebellion, which was suppressed chiefly by the musketry and cannon directed against the insurrectionists by Bonaparte. He sprang into reputation; and between this rise and his final fall in 1815, there stood exactly a score of years,—which were spent in marvellous activity.

In the following year, and within three months, the young General defeated the Austrians at Monte-Notte, Millesimo, and Lodi, and laid heavy exactions on the Holy See, despite the remonstrances of the Pope. In the same year, he again defeated the Austrians at Castiglione and Arcola. Five

signal triumphs over the same enemy, within the single year 1796! In the following year, he beat them again, at Rivoli; and after granting an armistice to his astounded foe, and overrunning the Venetian States, he crossed to Egypt, and fought the battle of the Pyramids in 1798, and that of Aboukir, 1799. He besieged Acre, unsuccessfully, returned to France, and was made Consul for ten years.

We are accustomed to speak complacently of the blindness of Napoleon in not effecting an alliance with England. The fact, however, is, that he more than once sought to be at peace with us, but the necessity of the times made of England his constant and most generous adversary. Meanwhile, the victories of Montebello and Marengo, won from the Austrians in 1800, were followed by preparations to invade England, in 1801, and the elevation of Napoleon to the Consulship for life, and the institution of the Legion of Honour in 1802. The Peace of Amiens, concluded that year, was broken in 1803. In 1804, Napoleon was crowned Emperor of the French, and in 1805, he crowned himself King of Italy. In this same year, he offered us a peace, which we rejected; but, in place of invading England, he again assailed Austria, captured the Austrian army, at Ulm, and brought the year to a triumphant close, by his annihilation of the combined hosts of Austria and Russia, at Austerlitz. He was then just half-way between his elevation and his fall. Of this, however, he knew nothing, for, as Gerald Massey finely expresses it,—

"The chariot wheels
Of coming vengeance spin too swift for sight."

In 1806, Prussia affected to be able to chastise the disturber of Europe, and was, in her turn, overwhelmed and crushed at Jena. In 1807, Napoleon gained a victory over the Czar, at Eylau; and after defeating the Czar and the King of Prussia, at Friedland, in the same year, he paused in his career.

Between Friedland and Eckmühl, where he defeated the Austrian Archduke Charles (1809), two years elapsed. Then came the check at Essling, which proved that he who was giving the thrones of Europe to his brothers and followers, was not invincible. The serious check at Essling, however, was avenged by the triumphant day at Wagram, when Napoleon once more overthrew his old adversaries, the Austrians. Of victories, he had no more for three years. In the course of that period occurred his marriage with Maria Louisa, and his renewed offer of amity with England, which was again declined.

Thereupon commenced the downfall of the Empire, by the expedition against Russia,—the march to Moscow, and the flight to Paris. In 1812, Napoleon beat the Russians at Champ Sacré and Moscowa; but ruin followed. It was stayed for a while by the five victories of 1813, gained at Lützen and at Wurschen, over the Russians and Prussians; at Dresden and at Wachau, over the same enemies and the Austrians; and at Hanau, over the Austrians and Bavarians. But his enemies were bent on dethroning him, and the Allies entered France. Upon that territory he won (in 1814) the victories of Champ-Aubert over the Russians, of Mont-Mirail over those and their Prussian Allies, of Montereau over the Würtembergers, and of Craone over the forces of Russia and Prussia. But these victories were rendered nugatory by the defeat of divisions of his army where Napoleon could not be present. The Allies entered Paris; and the Emperor, retiring to Fontainebleau, saw one by one fall away from him,—all, save a faithful few, of those warriors whose deeds in arms he had rewarded by kingly fortunes.

He hoped against hope, dreamed of a last struggle, was convinced of his entire helplessness, and signed his abdication.

The "farewell" of Fontainebleau had been uttered. Napoleon had solaced his Guard by telling them that he would

in his leisure be the historian of their deeds. Some officers present, who could not follow him, broke their swords. Fréjus was reached, not without peril; and on the 28th of April, 1814, the exile was afloat on board the 'Undaunted,' and under the guardianship of Captain Ussher and other officers. He astonished all around him by his knowledge of maritime affairs; charmed all by his affability; and gave all something to meditate upon, by the monition that their respective Governments would do well to watch Russia, whose ambition was vaster and more menacing than *his* had ever been.

On the 3rd of May he landed on the island which he had selected for his kingdom. His new subjects were proud of the honour; and a homage was rendered to Napoleon, at once hearty and simple. There were many in the island however who at first would neither attend his dinners nor join his evening parties. On one occasion, one hundred and twenty were invited, and only twenty appeared, to enjoy the proffered hospitality.

From the first day, Napoleon entered on the business of his kingdom, its revenues, productions, prospects, alliances, army, and national flag, as zealously as though he were content to reside there for ever. All these matters failed to give him sufficiency of occupation. The monotony became wearisome to all; and it would have been intolerable, but for the general conviction that there would soon ensue a change of scene and a time for action. The once master of continental Europe professed to be resigned to his island home, and the care of his cows and chickens. No one believed in this resignation. Josephine had touched his heart by the note from Malmaison, in which were the words, "Say one word, and I leave here." He did not require the comforter. His mother and his sister Eliza arrived in the island, as if to establish a household and set gaiety flowing in a perpetual spring. It was the better to conceal an object to which he was helped by the sublime imbecility of the Bour-

bons. There were pleasant little words dropped to his troops, an incessant interchange of expresses, arrivals and departures of visitors,—and suddenly the captive had escaped! On the 29th of February, 1815, his face was turned towards France; and when the news of his landing reached the Congress at Vienna, the potentates there were listening to the French Vaudeville *La Danse Interrompue.*

Napoleon landed at Cannes, near Fréjus, on the 1st of March, 1815. In one month and four days he entered Paris. Within the next three weeks he became aware that his position was one of extreme peril, and that France rather accepted than welcomed him. At the end of another two months he had fought his last fight at Waterloo, and was deserted by victory. Five days after the battle, the Emperor signed his abdication in favour of his son, whom the Senate acknowledged as Napoleon II. The unsceptred monarch expressed a desire to be permitted to pass the remainder of his days in England or in America. Within a month after the fatal day at Waterloo, he placed himself under the protection of the British flag, on board the 'Bellerophon,' Captain Maitland. He was thence transferred to the 'Northumberland,' on board of which vessel he was conveyed to St. Helena, as "the prisoner of Europe." He arrived at his last dwelling-place on the 15th October. Exactly one year before, he had been playing at cards with his mother, in his little saloon in the island of Elba; and as that illustrious lady was about to rise, after losing the game, her imperial son said to her, laughingly, "Pay your debts, Madam, pay your debts!" Since that time, Napoleon had played a more serious game against a host of adversaries, and had been defeated. The winners called upon him to pay the penalty.

He was but forty-six years of age,—scarcely past the prime of life,—when this game of ambition was played out, and he became politically dead. They who least regretted

his fall evinced some respect for the victim of so complete a catastrophe. The only exception to this was on the part of the Bourbonite pamphleteers. *Their* exultation found such indecent expression, as to win for them the contempt of moderate men, who otherwise shared their opinions.

It is difficult to suppose that at any period of Napoleon's wonderful career he was hardly known in England. Southey however has recorded the fact, that when the greatest of continental captains was exciting the astonishment of all Europe,—"poor old Mrs. Poole said to her son, 'My dear, who is this Dr. Solomon, that all the world's talking about?'" She was an invalid, and the Balm of Gilead was more to her than a dozen revolutions.

From the terrible field of Waterloo to the calm and solitary island in the Atlantic, was a wide step; quickly, however reluctantly, made. The palaces of Francis the First and Louis le Grand, and a lodging in a couple of rooms at Mr. Balcombe's, presented wide contrasts. The extremes were not greater than were to be discovered in the man himself. He who had set the crown on his own head, who had given the law to Europe, had swept victoriously across so many fields, and had struggled so furiously and so ineffectually on the last of them all, was, beneath Mr. Balcombe's roof, willingly dependent on others, cautious not to disturb the domestic economy, and, as apt as Alcibiades to adapt himself to circumstances, was "a child among the children." The hero of Austerlitz played at blind-man's buff; and he allowed little Miss Balcombe to enjoy all the delight she could find in dropping sealing-wax on one of the fairest hands that ever belonged to a soldier.

That soldier, who had in the space of a few years filled the world with wonder, Europe with ruin, and France with glory and tears, had now before him little more than five years

and a half, wherein to meditate upon what he had done, adjust his mantle ere he fell, and finally die with decency.

His subjects for meditation were many and heavy. In his brief yet brilliant career, he had surpassed all other conquerors since Osymandyas, the first warlike King who desolated the earth, or Palamedes of Argos, the earliest ranger of an army in battle array. No monarch had ever been so stricken as Napoleon, with that fondness for war which has been called by Erasmus the "malady of princes." His struggle with England cost us £1,159,000,000. The six Peninsular campaigns cost France, in men, 600,000 lives. The Allies did not suffer less. 1,200,000 beings perished in one corner of Europe alone. From this sacrifice of men and money, in a portion only of the unparalleled struggle, may be guessed at what fearful cost Napoleon had maintained a few years of glory, and covered France, at last, with an invading and triumphant enemy.

Europe now held him prisoner, and England had charge of his person. He had hated her more bitterly than any of his enemies. He had seen the immense advantages to be derived from peace, if not an alliance, with England; and he had never been able to render such a circumstance agreeable but to the eyes of a few statesmen in Great Britain. He was, nevertheless, ever ready to acknowledge the prowess of his great adversary. He confessed his inability to deprive that enemy of the empire of the sea; and at Waterloo, while Ney admired the bravery of the red lines and squares of the English infantry, Napoleon rendered full justice to the "terribles chevaux gris."

He had said that his captivity should be devoted to the recording of the deeds of his army. Before he entered on that retiring-time, and when the business of the monarch was of the most absorbing, he was no unjust, although a proud, commentator on the achievements of the troops under his command. M. Bausset tells us, that on Napoleon's return

from the campaign at Austerlitz, M. Denon was introduced to him at breakfast, with his hands full of medals. The series of these medals commenced at the departure of the army from Boulogne for the Rhine: the first had on one side the head of Napoleon, and on the reverse an eagle grasping a leopard. "What does that mean?" said Napoleon. "Sire," said Denon, "that is the French eagle choking in its claws a leopard, one of the attributes of the arms of England." "I was in an ecstasy of delight," says Bausset, "when I saw the Emperor throw the medal of gold violently to the bottom of the saloon, saying to M. Denon, 'Vile flatterer! how dare you say that the French eagle chokes the English leopard? I cannot put a fishing-boat to sea but the English seize it. It is the English leopard, I think, that chokes the French eagle. Have this medal melted directly, and never present me with another like it!' Running over the other medals, and taking up the one of Austerlitz, he found fault with the composition of it, and again ordered poor M. Denon to have it melted. 'Put only on one side Battle of Austerlitz, with its date; and on the other the French, the Austrian, and the Russian eagles. We need not tell posterity which was the conqueror.'"

This was the vanquished enemy whom Europe held. As the greatest of captives, he was not dishonoured, though irretrievably beaten. As a quaint writer remarks,—

> "He that is valiant and dares fight,
> Though drubb'd, can lose no honour by't.
> Honour's *a lease for lives to come*,
> And cannot be extended from
> The legal tenant. 'Tis a chattel
> Not to be forfeited in battle.
> If he that in the field is slain
> Be in the bed of honour lain,
> He that is beaten may be said
> To lie in honour's *truckle-bed*."

It is to be regretted that the years of the uncrowned

time of a man who had filled such a position in the world should have been deficient in calm and majestic dignity. This indeed was as little to be found in those who held, as in him who was holden. There was exasperation mingled with joy, in the captors; there was the bitter sense, the smarting pain of an irrecoverable fall, in the captured. But if there was a pitiable lack of dignity on either side, the chief cause lay, not in the principal parties, but in the subordinates. Napoleon was surrounded by weak, faithful, foolish, and not over-veracious companions in exile. These would not permit him to be resigned to a condition of existence, almost intolerable indeed, but which was never likely to be ameliorated, while such men stood between him and his victors. A wild bison, on a lonely prairie, grand and fearful in his solitude, is a spectacle that has its sublimity; but if the monarch of the plains, pricked to it by the stings of the parasitical animals that cling to him, takes to rolling on his back, flinging his hoofs in the air, and lashing his tail through the grass, he simply looks ridiculous in his helplessness. It was just so with Napoleon in his retirement. There was no dignity in it, till he ceased to be influenced by the meddlings of his too-officious followers. When he devoted himself to gardening he became as worthy of respect as Caius Valerius Jovius, at Salona.

Let it be now confessed that the provocation did not come entirely from the same side. The allied sovereigns had no more right to degrade the Emperor to the rank of a General, than they might have had to reduce Bavaria, which had been raised from an Electorate to a Kingdom by Napoleon, back to an Electorate. The pertinacity with which his followers, in their applications to the authorities, spoke of their master as "the Emperor," might have been wisely allowed to pass unnoticed. The way in which Sir George Cockburn affected to be entirely ignorant of the existence of any such personage as an "Emperor" on the island, was

unworthy of so gallant an officer. He was well aware that the once master of Europe,—the son-in-law of the German Kaiser,—the conqueror to whom Russia had feloniously offered at Tilsit to sacrifice her allies, and with him to divide the world,—the potentate, for audience with whom kings had patiently tarried in his antechamber,—the Emperor who, by virtue of his imperial power, had made Bavaria a kingdom and permitted his lieutenant to be heir to the crown of Sweden, only to be paid in treachery by both those highly benefited parties,—Sir George knew that this "Emperor," who was not indeed any longer Emperor of the French, was on the island; and if it was pitiful to deny to him the title, it was ignoble to do so in terms of rudeness. But it was the humour of the day to gratify the Bourbons, who themselves were ignoble under every circumstance save calamity; and it was the fashion to ridicule the pretensions of the followers of Napoleon, who clung to him after his fall. We forgot that the unfounded pretensions of Edward III. to the French throne had, failing all else, been asserted by Harding to be unassailable, on the ground

> "That Christ was King, *by his mother*, of Judæa;
> Which sykerer side is aye, as thinketh me."

Sir Hudson Lowe manifested much more sense when he proposed that the name "Napoleon Bonaparte" should be employed, as one which might be as justly used on one side as acknowledged by the other. But then Sir Hudson himself, who had one of those difficult missions which he could not accomplish to the satisfaction of any party,—Montholon confessed that an archangel from Heaven could not have succeeded,—exhibited a manifold lack of judgment when he invited "General Bonaparte" to dinner, to meet the Countess of Loudon and Moira. It is due to the reputation of Napoleon for courtesy, to state that, on this occasion, where a lady was concerned, he overlooked what he was otherwise

instigated to regard as an affront; and he wrote to the Countess, informing her that he should have been happy to meet her, but that she was beyond his "limit." The latter signified the twelve-mile boundary which Napoleon could not cross without an English officer being in close attendance on him; a regulation which, however necessary, was to *him* inexpressibly odious.

The Imperial prisoner had himself suggested a plan to obviate any further protocolling on the subject of names and titles. It was a sensible compromise, by which he proposed to take the *incognito* title of Baron Duroc or Count Meudon. Nothing however came of it; and yet this small concession might have been granted to a man who, in his little day, had seemed able to accomplish any object, except inducing Maria Louisa to visit Josephine.

Napoleon was certainly the most troublesome, as well as the most illustrious, prisoner, ever confided to mortal guardianship. It was no dishonourable post for a gallant soldier to be the host of one so famous,—of one who should have been the guest, under certain restraint, of a host who could mingle courtesy with firmness, and make delicate attention compatible with duty. Under the circumstances this was impossible. Between the Government at home, who encouraged the communications of a spy on the actions and conversation of Napoleon, and the petulance of the Emperor's followers, whose chorus of complaints was made for the purpose of compelling a liberty which receded from their view, because of their own extravagance, Sir Hudson Lowe was worried into fears, suspicions, passions, rash acts, foolish words, sacrifice of a respectable character, and the loss of a desirable pension. There were faults on all sides, and blind prejudice, and wonderful pettiness; but these were not so much in the principals as in those who stood behind them. Napoleon regretted the weakness of being rendered passionate by what he considered insulting conduct on the

part of Sir Hudson Lowe. He also denounced the distortion of truth, which was the weakness of Count Bertrand; and he despised the officious mendacity, which was the characteristic of Santini. On the other hand, Sir Hudson Lowe was never intentionally disrespectful; but his instructions were precise, and he was not of those generous minds that can dare to transgress and to judge for themselves. Napoleon was probably not very incorrect when he remarked to Sir Hudson, "You pay compliments while you stick pins in us."

This was in some degree true. Napoleon, for instance, knew of the arrival of a lock of hair from his son, and that it was for some time detained from him. A bust of the ex-King of Rome was also withheld for several days, under some doubt of the propriety, or some fear of the peril, of forwarding it. Books addressed to the "Emperor" were kept back, and volumes forwarded by the "Emperor" were not sent to their destination. But then the offerings made to the exile often arrived in the island by unpermitted ways and means; this caused anger and it suggested watchfulness; but these things were not in themselves causes of discourtesy on the part of Sir Hudson; and on the other hand, Napoleon was not particular when his gratification was in view. The Emperor would accept with great delight a gift of good coffee, even though it were addressed to "*General* Bonaparte."

There was one point of discipline which caused more annoyance to every party than any other regulation which the Governor was compelled to enforce, or to which Napoleon refused to submit. This was his being *seen* twice within the twenty-four hours, by an officer. The Emperor himself had once remarked that from the sublime to the ridiculous there was only a step. That step was the one between the fallen Emperor and the officer who was for ever endeavouring to get a glance at him, and from whom the illustrious captive was constantly "dodging." Poor Captain

Nichols was sometimes on his feet during twelve hours, hovering round the house at Longwood, endeavouring his very utmost to perform his painful duty courteously, and finding constant obstruction in his way. At one time the best proof that could be got of the safe custody of the captive, was the ringing of the bell of his private room! On another occasion the officer was obliged to be content with perceiving Napoleon's cocked-hat swaying from side to side at the dinner-table; but he could not tell on whose head it might have been. Again, considerable was the satisfaction, on another occasion, at perceiving Napoleon on horseback, taking a healthy ride within his limits, and attended by one of his household. The officer had the captive in view during this equestrian excursion, by means of his glass. The ride occurred more than once, but suspicion seems to have been aroused with regard to the chief horseman. With the arousing of suspicion, down went delicacy; and the rider, on being confronted, turned out to be a priest who had assumed something like the dress of the Emperor, and was proud to pass for the great man, who was on his sofa, or in the bath, laughing at the trick put upon those who had him in custody.

The fatigue to the officer who had to report the presence of the Emperor was excessive. On his delicately intimating to some of the chief officials of the household that his duty might be facilitated by them without inconvenience to their master, it was gravely proposed to him to "peep through the key-hole." To this degradation however he would not submit; and when they were almost as weary as he, they would come to his relief by lifting a blind for him, so that from the exterior of the house he could obtain a rapid glance into the interior of the room in which Napoleon was walking or sitting. Or his officers, by means of some of the children about the establishment, would allure him, for a moment, to the window overlooking the garden. The overseer, if we

may so speak, once reported his having seen Napopleon, in this way, with a red handkerchief round his head, and looking ghastly. In fact his health was suffering from his obstinate refusal to go out or take exercise. The refusal was natural enough in such a man. It must have been in the highest degree irksome to him to be watched; and the idea that every occurrence out of the common way which took place at Longwood was telegraphed to the Government House, was insupportable.

He generally contrived to get rid of importunate visitors by an announcement that he was in his bath. Nor was this always an excuse. He was excessively fond of the bath. In Europe he was never known to omit its daily use, except under extraordinary circumstances. He was used to follow it up by rubbing his body over with *Eau de Cologne;* and the only additional luxury he ever cared for, was that of changing his linen several times during the twenty-four hours.

Another of the difficulties of this captivity was this very question of linen. There was a scarcity of that very necessary article for the use of the Emperor; but Sir Hudson was anxious to supply that and every other deficiency, if certain forms were observed; but it was said *for* rather than *by* Napoleon, that he would rather wear his shirt till it fell from his back, than apply formally for a fresh supply of linen. Of course, his own means were ample enough to supply him with anything he lacked; but nothing could reach him without being subjected to previous examination. Even when the good-natured French Commissioners offered to send him some *haricot beans*, and asked him whether he preferred the *white* or the *green*, there was an uneasy suspicion in the Governor's mind that some dreadful meaning was disguised under this allusion to the Bourbon and the Imperial colours. The Governor might have had less suspicion of a man whom he could compel to retire within-doors by nine o'clock, and

whose only crown now was the one cut in the turf, between the tent which temporarily served him, and the house in which he sojourned for awhile, at the Briars.

Amid all the annoyances, the exasperations, and the disappointed hopes which marked the dreary season of his seclusion, the mind of Napoleon remained exceedingly clear, and it was willingly employed on both retrospect and futurity. He discussed, on one occasion, the project of what is now becoming a reality,—a ship-canal across the isthmus of Suez;—and it was, perhaps, no symptom of a more than ordinary intelligence which can be found in his remark that such a canal would facilitate the conquest of India. It was at Longwood that he concisely observed, that success in war remained with the commander who made the fewest mistakes. He would occasionally sit deep into the night, engaged in writing; and of all his convictions none was so ineradicable as that the Bourbons were an effete race, that France would be weary of them, and that a crisis would again arrive, when that country would rejoice to owe its security once more to a member of the family of Bonaparte. He was satisfied that his family alone could unite all parties under its dominion; but he argued so, probably, less from the knowledge of what his own despotic government had effected, than from the fact that he was personally of that attractive quality which could attach to his fortunes men so opposite in opinions and characters as the Jacobin Cipriani and the aristocratic Bertrand. His studies continued to the end to be of a martial character; and he would rise half-a-dozen times in the night, to make some note on the disposition of a battle-field, when he was particularly interested in the question as to the respective merits of lines two deep, like the English, or three deep, as was then the manner, and according to him, the superior one, with the French.

Military visitors he invariably received with the greatest condescension,—but he invariably asked an Englishman,

"how often he got drunk." We had an ill-odoured reputation in those days for vinous excesses; and this was the very worst sort of reputation in the eyes of a man remarkable for his sobriety, who preferred the best wine, indeed, but who drank of it sparingly, and who would have been despised by those wretched, tippling, old Scotch judges who gaily in their cups sent men to the scaffold, and who would have pronounced Napoleon as worthy of the same end, on no other ground than his wicked and malicious sobriety.

Down to the year 1819, the life of the ex-Emperor at Longwood was a continual struggle against the supremacy of the Governor. The latter was designated as an assassin; now the dampness, and anon the dryness, of the atmosphere were spoken of, as if he were in some way chargeable with either circumstance; and even the absence of trees around Longwood seemed to be a consequence of some evil proceeding of his own. Poor Sir Hudson might as well have been accused of being the cause of Lady Malcolm's defeating Napoleon at chess. The Governor had gone so far as to declare that Longwood was not a fit residence for a general officer; and yet, and in spite of its having been selected by Napoleon himself for his dwelling-place, all its *désagrémens* were now traced to some machinations of Sir Hudson's.

The true dignity of Napoleon in exile was to be seen chiefly in his in-door life; in his social intercourse with his few followers; and in his pursuits within his own little domain. When the members of his restricted Court were not at feud with each other, and when they had sufficient respect for their sovereign not to appeal to him to be the arbiter of their dissensions, the home at Longwood had its compensations for the heavy calamity of captivity. There were evening readings,—at one time of history, at another of dramatic pieces,—and the ex-Emperor would himself condescend to read aloud scenes from Corneille, Racine, and

Molière. These readings would lead to conversations, in which there was sometimes a playful affectation of forgetfulness of the imprisoned condition of those who took part in it; and Napoleon would sportively inquire of his hearers where they would prefer to spend the evening,—at the Opera, the Feydeau, or at the Théâtre Français? At other times, the newspapers would unsettle them by the paragraphs they contained, touching alleged reports that the Governments of Europe were agreed on the reasonableness of merely banishing the Emperor from Europe, and of permitting him to have the remainder of the world before him where to choose. These reports gave rise to animated discussions; and designs were projected and dreams were indulged in, and imagination set the imprisoned party free, and in fancy they were ranging the American continent in glorious unconstraint. Hermotimus himself never more completely detached his spiritual from his bodily being, than these illustrious prisoners, when a little prospect was afforded them of a possible liberty.

Even when stern realties made them sad again, Napoleon was the first to check the melancholy strain of their conversation. Bertrand, in his letter to Joseph, adds to these details that the Emperor was really above misfortune, that he seemed among his old friends to forget what he had been, and that his courage, sense, and philosophy were above all praise. Within his own circle, and when not annoyed by exaggerated statements concerning Sir Hudson Lowe, whose greatest offence was in the strict performance of his greatest duty,—a vigilance so indefatigable as to be intolerable to those who were the subjects of it,—when these matters were not too heavily pressed on the attention of the Emperor, he was, if not happy, at least of a dignified tranquillity. No doubt he was sustained by the hope of freedom being ultimately extended to him. It was only when this hope was removed by the serious decline of his health, that he walked

more frequently to the spot which he had selected for his grave, and repeated more frequently the passage from 'Zaïre,' which terminates with the line—

"A revoir Paris je ne dois plus prétendre!"

Towards the close of 1819, the noticeable decline in the health of the Emperor caused a change in the system of his life. He came more into his garden, took an interest in what was going on there, found pleasure in having children about him, and superintended the labours of his Chinese gardeners. Subsequently, he would take the spade himself, and, in a white dressing-gown and broad-brimmed straw-hat, would work with some vigour, and set an example which was followed with more or less alacrity by the great and little people of his household. He enjoyed now the innocent triumph of transplanting several trees with success, and still more the luxury of drinking his coffee and sitting at evening beneath their shade.

It was characteristic of him that he defended this territory from invasion with as much jealousy as if it formed a portion of a dominion within which a throne of his own was created. Pigs, kids, or fowls *would* ever cross the sacred frontier. They paid dearly for their intrusion. The Imperial fowling-piece laid them low. The noblest enemy against whom he had to contend was a bull now and then, who, having a contempt for his fences, would break through and commence pasturing on the Imperial grass. The rifle or the fowling-piece again rendered justice to the lord of the domain, who became so fond of using his weapon and firing right and left, wherever he fancied that he was assailed, that some anxiety was at length aroused, and Sir Hudson actually sent a hypothetical case home for the opinion of the Counsel for the Crown, wherein it was asked, that, supposing a life were lost by the dangerous amusement indulged in by "General Bonaparte," could the latter be made amenable to law,

and the penalties attaching to murder or manslaughter be exacted from him? It would have been an extraordinary close to such a career, if the Emperor, crowned by a Pope, had finished as a convict at Botany Bay, or by a more disagreeable catastrophe at the hands of the island Calcraft at St. Helena.

It is not known what reply was returned by the law-officers of the Crown; and as Napoleon laid aside his fowling-piece, his own good sense may have prevented a misfortune. In May, 1820, he resumed his equestrian exercise, after abandoning it for nearly three years; and shortly after, he paid a visit to the house of Sir William Doveton, dined in the Knight's garden, chiefly on viands brought by the Imperial purveyors from Longwood, and charmed all present by his amenity, although he *did* ask Lady Doveton, "how often Sir William got drunk?" The Knight, in his turn, described his visitor as looking "as fat and as round as a China pig."

Now Corvisart had years before warned Napoleon that with obesity would come peril to his life. The one and the other were now, indeed, existing. One morning in November, the Emperor was walking near his garden; in company with him was the little daughter of an English soldier, and, in attendance, Count Montholon. The august prisoner became suddenly so faint as to be compelled to recline by the side of the road. The Count attempted to rally him; but the remark of Napoleon, that it was unseemly to jest with death, rendered the attendant serious. The hand of death was indeed over him, but some months elapsed before it fatally closed upon him. Those months were a time of slow but certain agony. His own terse comment on his condition was, "there is no more oil in the lamp." He sought communion with a priest; but he required a man of intellect and refinement. He had long before remarked that he could not be brought to devotion by a man who could speak of heavenly truths in a coarse and vulgar way. "Could I

commune with a priest like that?" was his question, as he once pointed to a messenger whose capacity was beneath his message. The feeling of Napoleon was akin to that of the dying French grammarian who, on hearing a *curé* describe the joys of heaven with much violence to syntax, begged of him to desist, as he cared not to hear a high theme marred by offences against grammar.

The appetite of the Emperor almost entirely failed. He was in constant pain; he rejected food, and could not even eat a small portion of a dove, shot to tempt the appetite of one who was now known to be dying of scirrhous cancer. Hitherto, his medical men, English and foreign, had pronounced him to be suffering from an affection of the liver. It has been proved, however, that but for the soundness of the liver, which adhered to, or formed a sort of side to the stomach, where the latter was eaten away, the Emperor's life would have been shorter than it was. He who had, in the eyes of his triumphant hosts, looked like a god, enthroned in his saddle, on the field of battle, might now be seen feebly endeavouring to take some exercise, seated on a plank supported only in the middle, and at the other end of which was placed a weight equal to his own.

The details of the mortal illness of this foremost man in all the world, are too well known to need recapitulation. Even in those of his life, the salient points alone have been preserved, to display the contrasts between his glory and his fall. He resisted medical aid sent from Government House as long as he could; but that aid, even if it had reached him sooner, could not have prolonged his life a day. On the 30th of April, 1821, he was seized with a death chill, which broke down the strength both of his body and intellect. His disturbed mind wandered from the present to the past, or into the future. It was everywhere, save at St. Helena. In this condition he lay, in alternate states of repose, troubled dreams, disturbed waking thoughts, and often pain, till the

5th of May. On that day, he progressively sank, without a rallying symptom. His death-chamber was undisturbed by a sound, save those caused by the emotion of the friends who watched his last moments. The elements without, however, were not so calm. They were at deadly and flashing strife. Such a storm had not thundered over the island for many years; and amid the deluge of its descending rain, the gleaming of its lightnings, and the peal of its batteries of thunder, the once great Napoleon, murmuring the words *Tête d'armée*, passed away to the tribunal whither he had sent millions by his over-reaching ambition.

As they who stooped over him, looked on the graceful majesty of his now unimpassioned face and the wonderful fairness of his hands, they could not help exclaiming, "How beautiful!" Such was the farewell of the living to the personal graces of the hero whose mind was vast enough to conceive the idea of conquering the world, and yet (as it was said) little enough to bequeath a legacy to that Cantillon who had attempted to assassinate the Duke of Wellington—the most chivalrous and the most glorious opponent that ever encountered Napoleon in the field. This alleged bequest, however, is not named in the last will of the Emperor, which was deposited in London after his death, and which was recently given up to the present Imperial government, to be deposited among the archives of the French capital.

There remain now to be noticed those brothers of Napoleon who, like himself, lost the crowns which they had briefly worn. The eldest of them, JOSEPH, like Napoleon, was not *born* a Frenchman. His birth took place at Corte, in 1768, a year before Paoli's overthrow and Napoleon's birth, and just six years before the island of Corsica fell definitively into the power of France, and just twelve after Theodore, ex-King of Corsica, was consigned to a pauper's grave in the churchyard of St. Anne's, Soho.

Under the French Government of Corsica, Joseph Bonaparte began life as a quiet student of the law, followed by a clerkship in a bureau of civil administration. His more active career commenced after the flight of the family to France, subsequent to the attempt of Paoli to render Corsica independent.

In 1794 Joseph married Mademoiselle Julie Clary, daughter of a merchant of Marseilles. By his brother's influence he was also appointed a Commissary of War. Ten years after (1804), the ex-clerk was heir-presumptive to his brother's newly-founded French Empire. At the end of another ten years, 1814, he had refused one crown, worn two, lost both, and saw the Imperial throne overturned. Again ten years had passed when, in 1824, Lafayette was at his side in that palatial American farm which, like Diocletian's, though on a smaller scale, was more like the residence of a monarch than the homestead of a "clod-compeller." The weakest and vainest of patriots offered to restore the Napoleon dynasty, if Joseph would furnish the managing committee with a couple of million of francs! At the end of another ten years Joseph, who had then been two years residing in England, was convinced, it is said, that the re-construction of the Empire was within the category of possibilities. It was not, however, to be accomplished in *his* time. Ten years more, and those chiefly years of suffering, had passed away when Joseph himself died at Florence, in 1844. Just half a century had elapsed since he had married the merchant's daughter and had obtained a modest appointment in the War Commissariat. In the interim he had played many parts, the grandest of which brought him the greatest sorrow, and the humblest of which cost him a great portion of his fortune. He played no part with success; his intentions were good, but "circumstance" was terribly adverse to him: ambition might be cured by a study of Joseph's career alone.

Soon after he became, for a season, presumptive heir to the Empire, he declined the crown of Lombardy; but in 1806 he was not permitted to decline that of Naples. During the two years of his Neapolitan royalty he governed the kingdom with rare discretion, when contrasted with the policy which had been overthrown,—a policy which now makes of the King of Naples the outlaw of Christian and civilized nations.

Joseph was summoned by his irresistible brother, in 1808, to exchange the Neapolitan for the Spanish crown; and he truthfully told his Italian subjects that he was about to bend to a grievous burden. What it cost France to support him while staggering beneath the load, the world knows well; and it was characteristic of the first Napoleon, to tell the Spaniards, as he did, in his significant proclamation of 1809, that if they refused to loyally submit to his brother, they should have *him!* And indeed they *had* him, by deputy; for the French Marshals in Spain were the true kings in their districts; and Joseph was made to feel this so heavily, that in 1812 he requested, but in vain, for permission to lay down his sceptre.

The force of events struck it from his hands at last, and Napoleon himself was not able to restore it, or to keep it from the grasp of the ignoble Ferdinand. Though an uncrowned King, Joseph soon found himself bearing imperial responsibilities, and exercising the delicate office of Lieutenant-General of a falling Empire. Between the first fall and the Hundred Days, Joseph resided unmolested at Prangins, near Lausanne; and when the Hundred Days had come to an end, the ex-King of Spain made his way to the side of his procrastinating brother, and generously offered to personate him, while the ex-Emperor effected his escape. The generous offer was not accepted; and while the dethroned Emperor was, by his conversation, charming those who were conveying him captive to his island residence, Joseph was

crossing the Atlantic in an American brig, which had been in waiting for him at the mouth of the Gironde.

In the month of September, 1815, the Count de Survilliers, as the ex-King now called himself, arrived at New York. The illustrious exile was on the point of turning away from the hotel, which was too crowded to afford him accommodation, when Mr. Clay eagerly hurried to the wanderer and his suite, hospitably offering them not only his own apartments, but the dinner which had just been prepared for himself and companions.

The reception of the Count de Survilliers by the governing men of the United States, was of the very heartiest. This was natural; for the American Government gave its substantial sympathies to that French Empire which crushed European liberty, as the Government of later times rendered a still more substantial sympathy to the Muscovite Empire, whose felonious ambition it is to enslave the European Continent. In both these cases, however, the Government must be taken as distinct from the people. But in all cases, the American system is so framed as to place the entire republic, for a time, at the mercy of unprincipled and juggling despots. But *that* only concerns those who choose to submit to it. The American citizens, at all events, received Joseph nobly, and the exile did honour to the reception. He came among them splendidly provided for; and amid the wrecks of empire, he had contrived to float to land, dragging after him a salvage in which all was costly. He had economized largely on the civil lists of Naples and Spain; and probably no ex-King ever commenced a destitute condition, so magnificently endowed as Joseph.

He travelled, observed, made speeches, and, at length, settled down in New Jersey. He was a foreigner, and could not hold real estate. He was not, he said, in a position to profit by the law which could confer upon him "the precious and honourable title of an American citizen," and he "*must*

be a Frenchman." The law was made to bend for him; and Joseph, who had not given up all hope of a re-construction of the Empire, was permitted to purchase land, without taking up his American citizenship.

The 'Berkeley Men,' in their pleasant though prejudiced book on the Napoleon Dynasty, thus describe the life led by Joseph at Point Breeze, on the Delaware, twenty miles from Philadelphia:—

"He purchased nine or ten adjoining farms; laid out and adorned an extensive park; built roads and bridges; and erected a vast edifice, on the plan of an Italian palace, with the courtyard open on one side. This superb mansion was enriched by his entire collection of paintings, busts, statues, precious stones, ancient relics, and curiosities, which he had amassed in France, Italy, and Spain. Every luxury which wealth could purchase, and every appliance of comfort and taste, which art, learning, and refinement could suggest, adorned and embellished this palatial seat of hospitality. At Bordentown alone, he expended on his estate nearly a million of dollars. He had brought with him most of his old secretaries and servants. They remained faithfully attached to him through life; and those he had not enriched when living, he left independent at his death. . . . Like all the Bonapartes, he rose early and did his work in the morning. He remained in his library, engaged in reading and writing, till eleven, when he met his friends at breakfast, which usually occupied half-an-hour. He generally went over his grounds, to give directions about the improvements in progress. Dinner came at five o'clock, and his table was almost sure to be surrounded by distinguished guests." The 'Berkeley Men' add, with a touch of satire which applies to other localities as well as it is applied by them to their co-republicans,—whom the world would not be prepared to suspect of being open to such satire,—that Joseph, "in his new residence, acquired the influence and esteem always accorded

to an illustrious man *of great wealth, generosity, and hospitality.*" Human nature, among our excellent cousins, is much the same that it is elsewhere.

As landholder and farmer, Joseph was pre-eminently unlucky; and much of his princely fortune was sacrificed in unfortunate speculations. In 1820, his palatial residence near Bordentown was destroyed by fire, at a time when he was absent. The character of Joseph may be seen in the conduct of his neighbours towards him, on this occasion. They turned out, and, by their exertions, rescued half the valuable contents of his mansion from destruction. Had he been a bad neighbour, the discriminating Americans would have looked on and enjoyed the ruin. The grateful ex-monarch expressed his thanks in a letter of much dignity and simplicity, adding to it an assurance which, naturally, gratified those to whom it was addressed,—that of all the people among whom he had resided, he knew of none who were so happy as the people of the United States. But Joseph was always remarkable for a touch of satirical feeling, and he went on to express his hope that the citizens of the States might be always wise enough to know when they were happy. *He* knew that not letting well alone, had made, of him who overthrew an incapable French republic, the captive of coalesced Emperors and Kings.

In a smaller residence, erected by him, Joseph continued to maintain a dignified hospitality, extended alike to old comrades, new friends, and properly introduced strangers. It was at this period of his exile that an offer was made to him of the Mexican crown. "I have already worn two crowns," is said to have been the reply of the ex-monarch, "and experienced but small satisfaction under either. If you would be happy and free, found republican institutions, and so lay the foundations that they shall be unassailable." This may be apocryphal. There is more certainty in the incident of his connection with Lafayette. The latter, in 1824, on

his visit to America, foretold to Joseph the fall of the Bourbons, and offered to accept a commission for restoring the Empire,—for a "consideration." Joseph declined, for the good reason that if the Bourbon throne were again cast down, the son of the Emperor—if his friends were active and the French people willing—would naturally succeed to the Imperial throne, to which he had, in truth, been raised by his father. The crash came in 1830, and Joseph wrote to Lafayette to inquire why he had overlooked the Empire and its heir. The old man excused himself on the ground that France would enjoy the greatest possible amount of happiness under a King "cribbed, cabined, and confined" by republican institutions. The answer should have almost satisfied a philosophical ex-monarch, who, after experiencing royalty as a sovereign, and trying republicanism in France, as a member, and, in America, as a guest, of the Commonwealth, had solemnly declared that human felicity had no home save beneath a republic.

When the founder of the French Empire died, Joseph asked permission of the Austrian Government to communicate to the ex-King of Rome the fact of his sire's decease. Joseph was the head of his family, and there was nothing inappropriate in the request. It was however peremptorily refused. In 1832, the young ex-King, worn out in the very first year of his manhood, also died, and thereupon Joseph and another unsceptred monarch, Jerome, with Prince Lucien, and Louis Napoleon met together in England, to consider their prospects and guard their interests. Joseph led an unostentatious life in England, where he is said to have held his impetuous nephew in check, and to have so disapproved of the attempt at Strasburg, as to have returned to America,—angry at the report made here, that the attempt (since condemned by him who made it) was the result of Joseph's contrivance, and had his entire sanction. Within two years from that date, the ex-King of Spain was

again among us; but he was no longer the man of the olden time. Paralysis had smitten him, and he was attacked by general and insurmountable decay. Baths could not build up what had been shattered, nor restore what had been destroyed. The sick old monarch wandered abroad in search of what was for ever lost, and, of course, found it not. He was accompanied by his Countess, who had never had the courage to cross the Atlantic. They were together at Florence, in 1844. Joseph had borne a life of something more than three-quarters of a century in length; and half a century had elapsed since the young commissariat officer had married the merchant's daughter at Marseilles. Through what splendour and havoc they had walked during the first twenty years of that time! What tranquil happiness the Corsican clerk may have lost, by changing his pen for a sword, his stool for a throne! He had held two sceptres, refused two crowns, and he went down to the grave a poorer man, probably, than if he had succeeded to the business of his father-in-law in bustling Marseilles.

The next "King" in this extraordinary family was LOUIS BONAPARTE, who was born in 1778; he died in 1846. Of the sixty-eight years which elapsed within these dates, four only were passed upon a throne;—namely, from 1806 to 1810. Holland was raised or changed from a republic to a kingdom, and Louis submitted to receive a crown from the hands of his brother, with as much reluctance as he received from the same hands, a wife. Twenty-eight years took him from a cradle to a crown. Thirty-six years led him from the throne to the grave. The period of his royalty was the most anxious of his life. It is one, however, the incidents of which are remembered to his honour. His happiest time was the long season of his retirement. It only lacked health; but, even wanting that, the Count de St. Leu was resigned and content.

Louis was, in his tastes and sentiments, perhaps the most

aristocratic of his family. He was a firm anti-republican, and was devoid of all ambition. He was a good and faithful, but not an enthusiastic soldier; and he hated courts-martial with all the vigour of a heart more ready to sympathize with suffering than to resent offence.

He was a Sub-Lieutenant at fourteen, and distinguished himself both in Italy and Egypt. His philosophical turn of mind accompanied him to the field; and when he found himself among the dirty, ferocious, and strong-smelling Bedouins, he expressed a wish that Jean-Jacques Rousseau could have been compelled to dwell with the "man of nature" whom he lauded so much and of whom he knew so little.

It was the longing wish of Josephine, and the desire of Napoleon, to see Louis united to Hortense,—Josephine's daughter. The lady was beautiful, accomplished, and—nineteen. But Louis, though only twenty-three years of age, was too reserved, too mild, and too little susceptible, to be attracted by the brilliancy of Hortense. The *first* marriages, at all events, of all the Bonapartes, were honest love-matches. Louis struggled hard to escape an engagement which, he was convinced, would fail to secure happiness for either of the contracting parties. Those parties however were under influences which they could not withstand; and, without affection on either side, Hortense and Louis were married in the year 1802.

Never was a marriage more insisted on by one side, and resisted by the other, than this. It was urged by Josephine and Napoleon, as if the existence of the Empire depended thereon. And it proved to be a marriage of the highest interest to the Empire. Of the three sons born of it, the survivor is he who suppressed the second Republic, honestly confessed himself to be a *parvenu*, was elected Emperor, and formed the Anglo-French alliance!

Such an alliance had not been known in France since Athelstan sent a fleet in aid of Louis d'Outre-Mer.

When the crown of Holland was pressed upon Louis Bonaparte, he resisted the offer, as warmly as he had withstood the project to unite him with Hortense. He was then smitten by paralysis, and racked by rheumatism. He may be said to have been carried to the new throne, rather than to have ascended it. Nevertheless he acted with energy and honesty. When Joseph mounted the Spanish throne, he told his new subjects that although he must remain a Frenchman by patriotism, he would always be found a Spaniard by religion. Louis was more satisfactorily explicit in Holland. "Henceforth," he said, "I am in all things a true Dutchman." The assertion was not idly made. Louis struggled to preserve the rights of his subjects, and their commercial prosperity, against a policy destructive of both. The struggle was ineffectual. He was only the Lieutenant of his brother. Scorning to be *that*, while he wore the name of King, Louis descended from the throne in 1810; and Napoleon annexed Holland to the Empire of France.

The ex-King left Haarlem in strict privacy. For some years after, there might be seen at various German "Baths" an invalid of mild, yet not melancholy aspect, affable in his manners, and of extreme simplicity in his way of life. This was Louis, Count of St. Leu, whose consort resided in Paris, with the courtesy title of "Queen." His residence was for some time at Gratz, in Styria. He refused all pecuniary aid offered him by Napoleon; but he repaired to Paris to welcome him, after the Emperor had landed in France from Elba.

Subsequent to the second downfall of the Empire, the Count de St. Leu obtained the Papal permission to reside in Rome. Thirty-two years were spent by him almost entirely in Italy; and the routine of his life there may be told in as many lines. His days were devoted to pursuits which became a country gentleman of cultivated intellect and declining health. His principal enjoyment was derived from lite-

rature, in which the ex-King himself took a respectable position. He was visited by his sons, but took no part in the aspiring views of any; yet he evinced his paternal sympathy, after the "affair of Boulogne" deprived one of those sons of his liberty.

Louis died at Leghorn, in June of the year 1846. Three months subsequently, his body was interred at St. Leu. The liberality of the Government of Louis Philippe allowed of the re-union of the exiled family around the grave of the honest ex-King. Within two years the condition of the two families was strangely reversed.

Louis XVIII. had made the wife of Louis, ex-King of Holland, Duchess of St. Leu, for which honour, the ex-Queen Hortense thanked him in person. After the "Hundred Days," the Duchess retired to Switzerland, where her son, Louis Napoleon, became, for a time, an artillery officer of the Swiss Confederation. Dumas recounts a long conversation which he had with the Duchess in 1833, when the novelist was the celebrated lady's guest, at her château in Switzerland. A fragment of the discoure will not be out of place in this chapter.

The Duchess had heard, with some surprise, the assertion of Dumas, that Napoleon had accomplished a mission, and that, his vocation ended, France had no longer any desire to witness an Imperial restoration.

"What advice then," asked the Duchess, "would you give to a member of that family, who should dream of the resurrection of the glory and power of Napoleon?"

"I should advise him to wake from his dream, as soon as possible."

"And if he persisted, in spite of such advice,—which seems to me very excellent counsel,—and asked you for a second?"

"Then, Madam, I would suggest to him to obtain the revocation of the decree by which he was exiled; to buy an

estate in France; get himself elected Deputy; try, by his talent, to dispose of the majority in Parliament; make use of it, to depose Louis Philippe, and get himself elected King in the other's place."

"And you think," said the Duchess of St. Leu, with a melancholy smile, "that any other plan would fail?"

"I am convinced of it," boldly replied the writer of romances, who, being Dumas, and neither Œdipus nor a prophet, was authorized, perhaps, in such expressions of his conviction. He then tells us:—"At this instant, the bell rang for breakfast; we strolled, silently and thoughtfully, towards the château. During the whole way, the Duchess did not address to me a single word: but as we reached the threshold of the door, she paused, and looked at me with an expression I cannot define.——

"I wish," said she, "that my son had been here, that he might have heard what you have just said!"——

As if the author of 'Monte Christo' could have prevented the son of the ex-King of Holland from re-erecting a more brilliant throne than that from which his father had descended!

Before proceeding to notice the career of the youngest of Napoleon's crowned-and-uncrowned brothers, the following brief details of the dynasty of Hesse, which Jerome, for a time, supplanted, may fittingly find place.

The House of Hesse was founded by the Landgrave Philip, one of the great supporters of Lutheranism. The Lines both of Cassel and Darmstadt may be traced back to that noble founder. He commenced his reign in 1518, and ten masters had held their little state, at Cassel, when William, the first "Elector of Hesse,"—who used to sell his soldiers to other potentates, as men sell cattle, and who so hated Napoleon that he declared he "was prouder to be a Prussian Field-Marshal than a King of the Bonaparte manufactory,"—paid for his sympathy with Prussia, by being turned out of his

palace, as soon as the victory at Jena placed Germany at the entire mercy of France.

At half-past eight o'clock, on the first of November, 1806, the "Elector" left Cassel, with what treasures he could collect, and, after some wandering to and fro, the ex-potentate fixed his residence at Prague. Then was published the "27th Bulletin," in which it was said that "the House of Hesse-Cassel had, for many years, been in the habit of selling its subjects to England, and had thereby got together the wealth which it then possessed. This disgraceful avarice has now caused the overthrow of the race." Then followed the announcement of Napoleon, whom William was wont to call the "Knight of Fortune," that the House of Hesse-Cassel had ceased to reign. When the peace of Tilsit had been signed, the Kingdom of Westphalia was established, and Cassel was raised to the dignity of the capital of a monarchy.

The new King was Napoleon's youngest brother;—the only brother who has survived to witness the restoration of the French Empire! He was born in 1784. In his early days, he sat on a stool in an American counting-house, and espoused an accomplished American lady, Miss Elizabeth Patterson. Napoleon gravely assured the Pope that the vicinity to him of this lady's Protestantism would be an offence to the moral principles of France! Accordingly, while he forbade her landing in that country, he besought the Holy Father to annul the marriage; which was accordingly done—though not without great difficulty. The ill-used lady returned to her Transatlantic home, after giving birth to a son, at Camberwell, near London.

Jerome served at sea,—and some persons have discussed the probabilities of European history generally, and English history in particular, if the youngest brother of Napoleon had exhibited the abilities of a Nelson or a Blake. Jerome was a respectable naval officer, and no more. He changed his profession, and gained a fair share of reputation by his martial achievements. He had by no means forgotten his first

love,—his wife, indeed,—when his elder brother requested him to marry the Princess Caroline of Würtemberg. Jerome resisted; but resistance was not of much avail against the peculiar persuasiveness of Napoleon. Jerome yielded, after a show of "decent horror," and the day he espoused the Princess, he was "gazetted," King of Westphalia. The double event took place on the 22nd of August, 1807.

The new kingdom,—which was composed of conquests from Prussia, Hesse-Cassel, Hanover, and the smaller States to the west of the Elbe,—lasted not quite seven years; and its historians paint its monarch diversely, according to their bias. If we believe some, he was as wise as Solomon. If we may credit others, he was a thousand times more debauched than Sardanapalus. By one writer we are told that his sceptre was a lever by which he raised his kingdom to the very summit of felicity; by another, that it was used as a weapon, to knock down liberty and assault virtue. Jerome was only twenty-three years of age when he took upon himself the responsibility of governing; and some allowances may be made for a young man who was, but the other day, a mere clerk with uncertain prospects, and who suddenly saw himself seated on a throne, and surrounded by temptations. Nevertheless, some of the stories told of him may be safely disbelieved. No one now credits the report that on the very day of his arrival in Cassel, he was seen in the gardens of his palace, half—or, as some circumstantially give it, altogether—undressed, playing leap-frog with his courtiers, who wore the same suit as the King!

That the royal residence was not conventual in the observances most in fashion there, and that

"Les folles en riant entraînèrent les sages"

is undoubtedly true. There was, perhaps, overmuch of a jolly and rollicking nature, little of reading, a continual singing, and an excess of sleeping by day and watching or drinking by night. Slander said the young monarch was so enfeebled by his vicious life, that he was compelled to seek to restore his vigour

by broth baths,—for which purpose a calf was sacrificed daily! From the same source we have the story, that Jerome bathed in red wine, and that his subjects declined to purchase wine of that hue, for the reason that the wine which had served for the royal bath, was afterwards bottled and sold! —And this reminds me that wine-baths have been indulged in by more than one unsceptred sovereign. Mary, Queen of Scots, may be cited as an instance. Strype, speaking of the period when she was under the ward of Lord Shrewsbury, at Tutbury, A.D. 1569, says: "In this castle, this noble Earl had Mary, Queen of Scots, in custody; which, whatsoever public allowance he had, was extraordinary expensive to him. And, among other things provided, the wine only amounted to a considerable charge; for when she bathed, she bathed in wine." Jerome therefore had royal warrant for the fashion he followed, *if* indeed he really followed it. In comparing Jerome with his predecessor, it must be allowed that the former placed the administration of justice on a purer basis than had ever been witnessed under the Landgraves or the Elector,—though this indeed was accompanied by open despotic actions and private *espionnage*. Further, the new sovereign released his kingdom from all financial difficulties; and he not only despatched enormous sums to his brother, as contributions for the war, but he gathered together such a fortune for himself, as probably the rest of his family could not equal. The great boast of his admirers was founded in his liberality towards the Jews. They had exhibited alacrity in providing him with a loan; and he repaid it, by granting them perfect emancipation. So unreserved was this act, that at one time the management of every department in the kingdom, including the army,—but excepting the church,—was in the hands of Jews. If sober people were shocked by Jerome's jollity, the ultra-religious world was grievously afflicted by this emancipation of the Hebrews!

It is certain that Jerome himself went as near as possible

to a protest against the Imperial system, which drained the kingdom of Westphalia of both money and men. Jerome, however, took the field to aid his brother, and received a check at Smolensko, which called down upon him remarks, more vivacious than pleasant, from Napoleon. Then came Leipzig and the *finale*. In 1814 Jerome and his consort fled to Switzerland, and were robbed on their way. He repaired from Trieste to Paris, at the commencement of the Hundred Days, and he opened the fierce struggle at Waterloo, manfully but unsuccessfully. After that catastrophe, he was, for some time, a wanderer, seeking safety in various disguises, and ultimately taking up his residence, by permission, at Würtemberg. He there assumed the title of Count de Monfort. Family troubles drove him from a Court where a fallen relative was not a welcome guest. Austria afforded him a more agreeable place of residence; and his years were divided between simple pleasures, visits to various members of his family, sojourns now at Vienna, now at Trieste, occasionally at Florence, and now and then at Rome.

The Imperial restoration called Jerome to Paris; where the ex-King of Westphalia keeps a state of some, but not excessive splendour, and where he enjoys the present, without desiring, as far as *his* kingship is concerned, a return of the past.

When the ex-Elector, William, returned to Cassel, in 1814, from the Congress at Vienna, not "King of the Catti," as he hoped for, yet with the title of "Royal Highness," he was so resolved that nothing should be changed, that he himself announced the period of his dethronement, as his "seven years' sleep." The old man so ardently loved old fashions, as well as old principles of old governments, that, on the day after his restoration, observing an ancient gentleman in the streets with a *pig-tail*, his Royal Highness seized his Adjutant by the arm, and pointing to the old-fashioned appendage, exclaimed, "Now, God be praised, there is one left, yet!"

All the anxiety of this Prince, during the period of his

deposition, was connected with pig-tails. When he re-entered his dominions,—a small portion only of the ex-kingdom of Westphalia,—preceded by mounted and half-tipsy peasants, blue-nosed and shivering little girls, and school children singing the praises of a prince a thousand times more licentious than Jerome, his only thought was connected with pig-tails. He stood erect in his carriage, and wore a peruke with the sacred appendage. The goitrous excrescence from his neck, which obliged him to hold his head continually on one side, gave him a most absurd appearance,—but then it rendered more conspicuous the ever-adorable tail!

He clapped tails to the heads of his entire army, and forced every man to wear powder. In fact, he dressed them after the quaint fashion of the time of the Seven Years' War. As the hair of men was often found to be too short to allow of a false tail being fastened to it, he issued an order that in such case the tail should be affixed to the collar of the coat; but he forbade its being suspended from the hat. The cause of this prohibition arose from his having seen an officer, tailed according to regulation, who, hastening to meet him, snatched up the hat of a fellow-officer,—to which the tail was attached,—and who appeared in his presence with two tails instead of one!

In order to encourage the growth of natural tails, he gave rewards for the finest, whether "club" or "pig," and he distributed recompenses to all successful inventors of oil and pomatum for the growth of the hair. One English traveller, to ridicule the Electoral fashion, was accustomed to walk in front of the palace with a false tail, as thick as his leg, hanging down his back. This particular predilection of his Royal Highness procured for him the title of "the pig-tail Elector." Jerome is said to have conferred this title on his successor, and it was rightly applied. As Victor Hugo remarks:—

"J'appelle un cochon par son nom; pourquoi pas?"

The little-finger of this wretched potentate lay heavier on

his subjects than Jerome's loins had done. His order that every person who possessed no title explanatory of his office, —that all who were not "officials," in fact,—should be addressed by their baptismal and family names only, without the "*Herr*," was simply absurd. Had he robbed his subjects of nothing else but the privilege of being called "Sir," he would not have been obnoxious to much reproach. Jerome was well able to remark, in his exile, that nothing which report had said of *him*, equalled the amount of ascertained meanness, tyranny, and iniquity, of which this "Elector, by the grace of God," was guilty. The Electorate would have been the uncleanest hell upon earth, but for Caroline von Schlotheim, Countess of Hessenstein. This lady was one of his "favourites" whom he had carried off by force from her home, but who, cursing him and the evil dignity he offered her, contrived to escape to her father's house, whence she was forcibly carried back to the Elector, by her own parents! Such is German devotion for what seems irresistible majesty! The pig-tail Elector left one son and two daughters legitimately born. Of the twenty-four children whose mothers were the "favourites" at Cassel, only one was ever heard of in this country, and *he* was that General Haynau who, accused of flogging women in Hungary, was scourged for the same by a Vigilance Committee of Barclay and Perkins's draymen. When the ex-King Jerome heard of this incident, his only comment was, that—the sins of the fathers are visited on the children!

The third brother of this family of monarchs was the first King of Holland. The next Prince who wore that crown also voluntarily surrendered it. The introduction therefore of the subject of Holland, in the following Chapter, will, it is hoped, not seem out of place, the less so, perhaps, that it will be very briefly treated.

Holland.

WILLIAM FREDERICK; OR, ALL FOR LOVE.

"Les Rois ne peuvent être longtemps amoureux sans faire beaucoup de sottises."—De Paulmy.

When Louis Bonaparte was created King of Holland, *gratiâ fratris*, in 1806, nearly a thousand years had elapsed since Thierry founded a sovereignty in the same locality, and placed himself at the head of it as 'Count of Holland.' He reigned over a mixed population, made up of the descendants of the Batavi (a people expelled from Germany, because of their insurrectionary spirit), and of the Romans, who had subsequently established themselves in the country. Holland (or the Netherlands) was governed by its own Counts, till it devolved to the Counts of Hainault in the last year of the thirteenth century. In 1436 it was attached to the dukedom of Burgundy, and about a century later it was absorbed, as part of Burgundy, into the German Empire. The Emperor Charles V. annexed the Netherlands to Spain, but the tyranny and religious intolerance of the Spanish government drove the people to rebellion. The revolted States elected William of Orange as Stadtholder, in 1579; and Spain declared the northern provinces free in 1609; but the office of Stadtholder was not made hereditary in the

Orange family till 1747. Forty years later, the impulse given by the French Revolution was felt in Holland; and when the French Republicans entered the country in 1793, the people declared in their favour. Two years later the Stadtholder was expelled. From 1795 to 1813, it passed through various phases of government. The Batavian Republic received a new constitution in 1805, when the chief officer took the title of Grand Pensionary. It was in the following year that Holland was erected into a kingdom, and that its crown was bestowed on the reluctant and honest Louis Bonaparte.

After the abdication of Louis, the kingdom of Holland, as before observed, became a portion of the French Empire; but after the downfall of that Empire, William Frederick, late Prince of Orange, was raised to the dignity of King of Holland, or the Netherlands; the southern provinces, now forming the Kingdom of Belgium (which had passed from the dominion of Spain to that of Austria, and subsequently of France) constituting a part of his dominions.

It is of this monarch we have now to speak. Like the first King of Sardinia, he abdicated under rather romantic influences; but, unlike Victor Amadeus, he neither repented the act, nor was urged to rescind it by the lady who shared with him his crownless time.

William Frederick of Orange was born in 1772. In his early life he was remarkable for his application to study, and his love of foreign travel. At the age of eighteen years his appointment as commandant of the garrison of Breda astonished rather than gratified the veteran officers, who had a better claim to the distinction, and higher qualifications for duly discharging it. In his twentieth year, he married a Princess of Prussia. He had not completed his twenty-second year when he was placed at the head of the army of Holland against the French Republicans. His conduct in that responsible post acquired for him the approval of all

practically experienced generals and the respect of his enemies. Success was not possible under the circumstances. He shared in the honours and mischances of the fatal day for Prussia, at Jena, and in those of the well-fought field of Wagram. After these events he proceeded to Berlin, and finally joined his family in England in 1813.

In 1815, he was proclaimed King of Holland, and he made his public entry into Brussels, in that character, on the 5th of April. He passed, not undisturbed, but comparatively safely, through the perilous passage of 1815. The honour of his house was upheld by his son, the Prince of Orange, who was wounded at Waterloo.

William Frederick resided alternately at Brussels and the Hague. His life was one of great simplicity in its character. Few kings were more economical, more business-like, more fond of wealth, more successful in attaining it, than the King of the Netherlands. He would have made the admirable head of a vast commercial establishment. His most flagrant fault was in vainly yet obstinately attempting to make the Dutch language the national language in the provinces where Flemish or French was most commonly spoken.

This attempt was the basis of his unpopularity, and it helped to deprive him of his Belgic provinces at the period of 1830, when the three days of July, in France, were followed by their triad of similarly eventful days in Belgium.

The provinces of Belgium were raised to an independent kingdom, and William Frederick remained King of Holland only.

Here, too, his popularity became speedily shaken. Among the ladies-of-honour to the Queen, was a Roman Catholic lady, of a Belgian family, named the Countess d'Oultremont. Setting aside the many reports which connected the name of the Countess with that of the monarch, there is at least no doubt that the royal admiration was of the most ardent

quality, and that the homage was received with a complacent alacrity.

From the period of the decease of the Queen, the public tongue began to wag rather boldly, but not without good reason;—"Die verliebten verschweigen nichts." The report that the King contemplated a marriage with a lady who was at once a Belgian, a Papist, and if of an ancient, also of a very poor family, roused murmurs of general discontent. People had no regard for the fact that the attachment was sincere. They rather ridiculed the sincerity of a lover of eight-and-sixty. The King nevertheless maintained his resolution; but he soon perceived that if he married the Countess, he must first lay down the sceptre. He did not long hesitate; nay, he did not hesitate at all. His interviews with his family, and his knowledge of the popular feeling, convinced him of the utter hopelessness of his desire to bestow a crown matrimonial on the Belgian lady. He immediately discovered that he was too old to reign, but not to re-marry. He preferred resigning his crown to giving up the Countess.

The circles of society throughout Belgium and Holland were busy during the autumn of 1840 with speculations on the chivalry of this matter-of-fact monarch, who was about to descend from the throne, and "all for love!" The speculation ceased when the Proclamation of the 7th of October declared that he had accomplished that fact, but was silent as to the real causes. That document was grave and political. The paragraph which concerned the King most personally was the following:—

"After the most serious reflection, we have considered this the most fitting period for carrying into execution our long-contemplated purpose of passing the remaining days which God may please to grant us, in repose and freedom from the cares of government, under a grateful recollection of all the benefits that His kindness and wisdom have conferred upon us."

Before this had been signed, various attempts were made to induce the monarch to depart from his resolution to abdicate. There was one official more urgent than any other. The Netherlands Minister of Justice entreated the King to reconsider his decision. "I beseech you, Sire," said the minister, "to retain the sceptre. Remember that you are the first magistrate of the kingdom." "If it be so," replied the King, "I claim the immunities of the post, and solicit permission to retreat. After five-and-twenty years' service, I think I may be said to have earned it."

William Frederick took the permission which he good-humouredly affected to solicit, and he soon after privately married the Countess. The latter, from the day of the abdication, had fixed her residence at Liége, whither were removed all the furniture and valuable movables she had possessed in Holland. The correspondence between her and the King was uninterruptedly maintained till the period of their meeting and their union.

For some time the wedded pair spent their days in pleasant privacy on their estates in Germany. There was no incident of that period worth relating, nor did the period itself last long. In December, 1843, they were at Berlin. At an early hour in the morning, the Count and Countess of Nassau, as they were called, breakfasted together, and the Countess remained in the room in which the ex-King was engaged in writing. She had left it for a few minutes only, in search of a book, when his bell rang violently; an Aide-de-camp rushed into the apartment, where he found the old monarch lying senseless in his arm-chair, stricken by apoplexy. A letter was grasped in his hand. All means taken for his recovery were fruitless; the first of the Orange Kings of Holland—and he uncrowned—was dead.

There was never a crownless King who died in possession of such wealth as William Frederick. One hundred and fifty-seven millions of florins (thirteen millions sterling)

formed a pretty capital whereon a monarch might retire from the business of government. About the half of this sum he bequeathed to his son, who succeeded him on the throne. To his other children, Prince Frederick and the Princess Marianne, he left legacies, large enough in amount to prove that his paternal love had been in no wise diminished by other attachments; and a dowry of "twelve millions"—but it is not said whether of francs or florins (the latter being twice the value of the former)—enabled the captivating Countess to wear her widowhood with a dignified luxury of woe.

KINGS OF HOLLAND.

1806. Louis Bonaparte: abdicated 1810.
1815. William Frederick of Orange, abdicated.
1840. William II.
1849. William III.

The German Empire.

CHARLES THE FAT.—HENRY IV.

"Mein Haar ist ergraut, mein Auge getrübt,
Die Siegeswaffen hangen im Saal,
Habe Recht gesprochen und Recht geübt,
Wann darf ich rasten einmal?
O selige Rast! wie verlang' ich dein!
O herrliche Nacht, wie säum'st du so lang,
Da ich schaue die Sterne lichteren Schein
Und höre volleren Klang."

UHLAND: *Der König auf dem Thurme.*

AMID the ruins of the Roman Empire in the West, the city of Rome itself still maintained (in some degree) its liberty and privileges. The Franks had seized on Gaul, the Goths and Vandals had established themselves in Spain, the Saxons had fixed their abiding-place in Britain, and, followers of other tribes, the bearded Lombards had spread over the fairest parts of Italy,—founding or destroying cities, and sorely oppressing the people. Amid this general wreck, the Eternal City still stood unscathed; but at length its very existence was threatened by Desiderius, the last of the Lombard Kings, who, fancying that the ancient metropolis was moribund, made a menacing demonstration, to strike a mortal blow, and lay his plundering hand upon its countless treasures.

The Pope, Adrian I., appealed to Charlemagne for succour, and the dignity of Roman Patrician was conferred on him to whose championship appeal was thus made. But Pope Leo III. allured or rewarded the champion by a higher recompense; and on Christmas night of the year 800, all the *people* of Rome consenting, the hero "Karl" was proclaimed Roman Emperor of the West. It was thus that the Imperial dignity was obtained or earned by the Franks, with whom it remained from 800 to 912, from the magnificent Charlemagne to the broken-hearted Louis IV., under a succession of ten Emperors, when it passed to a German line. The Italians would fain have had their Emperor reside among them; but when in the tenth century they stood in urgent need of the upholding hand of Otho the Great, it was then definitively settled that the seat of empire should be no longer at Rome, but in some imperial city north of the Alps.

After the death, in 919, of Conrad I., the eleventh Emperor from Charlemagne, the imperial title was worn by five sovereigns of the House of Saxony, from Henry the Birdcatcher to Henry II., who died in 1024.

Five other 'Kaisers,' of the Salique or Franconian Line, succeeded, commencing with the second Conrad, and ending with Lothaire (who was however a Saxon) in 1137. The Fourth Imperial House, that of the Suabian Emperors, numbered also five monarchs, from Conrad III. to Frederick II., in 1250. But this period includes rival Emperors. The most celebrated was Otho IV., who was recognized as "King of Germany," only to be ultimately excommunicated and deposed.

After the long and turbulent reign of Frederick, there ensued the era of what has been called the Interregnum, when again rival Emperors ruined rather than ruled. This era was closed in 1272, with the death of Ottocar; and then arose, from comparative obscurity, that Rudolph of Hapsburg, who,—being a meek and pious man, exhibiting no ordinary

intellectual powers, having a well-earned reputation for bravery, and possessing a heart which could feel for the people, and was not greatly moved by the prospect of a throne,—appeared to be more suited for the dignity than the many powerful rivals who still aspired thereto, and whose dissensions menaced the existence of the Empire.

Rudolph was elected in 1273; but the Imperial crown was not made over as an inheritance, under the formality of election, to the House of Austria, of which Rudolph was the head. Three times five Emperors of different houses,—reckoning therefore as many as the Imperial Lines of Saxony, Franconia, and Suabia together,—reigned, from the accession of Rudolph to the death of Sigismund in 1437. "Reigned" is perhaps hardly a suitable word, for among the fifteen, stands in German annals the name of Edward III. of England, who was *named* for, but who never possessed, the dignity.

Since the death of Sigismund, the Imperial sceptre has almost uninterruptedly remained with the House of Austria. This undisturbed succession commenced with Albert II. in 1439; and his descendant, Francis Joseph, the twenty-first of the Line since the accession of Albert, now holds, at Vienna, not indeed the Imperial sceptre of Germany, but that of Austria, which he shares with the Pope, at whose feet he has flung his indignant people.

Leaving out of account one or two names which have small pretensions to reckon among the Emperors, the crown of the "Holy," as distinguished from the *elder* "Roman Empire," has been worn by threescore-and-four sovereigns, from the year 800 to 1856,—a period of a little more than ten centuries and a half, which, saving a few years, is the period during which England has been a monarchy.

In looking through the annals of the German Empire, we soon encounter a deposed monarch. We sooner still meet with one who wished to be deposed, but who, despite all the

efforts of his nearest kin to fling him from the throne of which he was weary, could not succeed. This was the second monarch of the first race, Louis the Pious. He was so meek and weak, that it suited the Papal interests that he should occupy the throne, where he remained wondering and inert, weeping, and condemned to bear his phantom dignity.

CHARLES THE FAT—who has already been noticed among the deposed Kings of France—on the other hand, not only valued the perilous dignity, but when he was compelled to surrender it, by a Diet of his people assembled at Trüber, on the plain of the Rhine, near Oppenheim, the baffled traitor and inhuman tyrant took the disgrace so to heart that he died within two months. Of the two monarchs here named, the first was unfortunate; the second, iniquitous. The field near Thann, in Alsatia, where the sons of Louis took their father prisoner, when they would fain have shorn his hair and made a monk of him, is to this day called *The Field of Liars.* The obese Charles used to excuse himself for the atrocities into which he plunged, by asserting that he was possessed by a devil;—which was undoubtedly true. In his case is again to be observed the right held and exercised by the people to dethrone a monarch who oppressed his subjects. The Germans who assembled at Trüber, in 887, made summary work of it. They passed but one resolution, and that was exceedingly brief, yet remarkably intelligible:—"Karl der Dicke ist nicht werth unsere Krone zu tragen"—Charles the Fat is not worthy to wear *our* crown! They did not acknowledge it to be *his*, but their own, held by him in trust; and having betrayed that trust, he was at once ejected from an office of which he was declared to be unworthy. In Germany however this spirit went out as pipes came in, and the Teuton land became the "Japan of Europe,—slow but very sure;" and *therefore*, as Dr. Mackay sings—

"Who'd rather be oppress'd than fight,
Low, low, low let him lie!
Let him feed among the sheep
Where the meadow-waters creep;
Growing fat till the danger's nigh.
Not for him, or such as he,
To hold council with the free;
Let him browse while the wolf is in its den,
And thank his happy fate,
When the foe is at the gate,
That he lives in the sight of men!"

They who deposed Charles the Fat declared that the deed thus accomplished would bring good fortune to the place; and the prophecy was in some respects fulfilled when Gustavus Adolphus was ferried across the Rhine, near this spot (bringing freedom with him), on a common barn-door.

In the ensuing struggles between crown and people, Kaisers and Popes, although sad or terrible was the fate of many a sovereign, we do not meet with a deposed monarch till the period of Henry IV., whose tenure of troubled greatness lasted from 1056 to 1079. He was the third monarch of the Franconian Line. The preceding, or Saxon race, affords us no instance of a sovereign member of it dying stripped of his sovereignty.

The years above-named include a period the most eventful for both the Empire and the Popedom. The father of Henry (Henry III.) had been so absolute a monarch, that when three rival Popes reigned and anathematized in Italy, he entered the country, put down the three Pontiffs, and named one of his own selection,—Clement II. The third Henry died, leaving his son a minor, and his wife, Agnes, Regent. From her hands the boy-king was stolen by the Archbishop of Cologne. The Prelate obtained the enactment of a law that, wherever the young King resided, the administration of the supreme government should be in the hands of the bishop and clergy of the district! Henry was alternately

passed from Hanno, of Cologne, to Archbishop Adalbert, of Bremen. In the former he found a hard task-master; the latter was a licentious profligate, who presided at magnificent banquets, at which Hebes of no great purity served costly wines in sacred vessels. From such pupillage, Henry issued to marry, ill-treat, but subsequently to know and to value, the incomparable Bertha, daughter of the Margrave of Susa. His independent career was one of continual violence. He had daily to defend his position against Church, nobles, or burghers; and his allies of one day were his foes of the morrow.

His most implacable foe was Hildebrand,—that Gregory VII., who not only reformed many of the abuses in the Church as energetically as any of the Emperors had done before him, but effected the greatest reformation in rescuing the Church itself, and the Popes especially, from all interference on the part of the Emperors. Henry deposed Gregory, and Gregory, in return, deposed Henry; but the latter had, for a time, the worst of it, and, finding his deposition a reality, and that he was nearly utterly deserted, he resolved to seek an interview with Gregory and obtain a reconciliation at his hands.

But let us notice here, with regard to these dissensions between the absolute Emperors and the supreme Pontiffs, that Balbo, in his 'Life and Times of Dante,' puts very clearly in contrast the respective sovereign claims of the Emperors and Popes. "The Emperors," he says, "were in part elected and crowned by the Popes, and the election of the Popes was partly confirmed by the Emperors. From these two facts, two different, or rather opposite, claims were derived; the Guelfs not only contending for the independence of the Popes, but, more or less, for the Emperors' dependence on the Popes; and the violent Ghibellines contending not only for the independence of the Emperors, but for the dependence of the Popes on the Emperors. This last is proved

by the many Popes who were either deposed or threatened with deposition."

The passages of the Alps were guarded, to prevent his progress, but Henry took a long route by Burgundy, Geneva, and Mont Cenis. It was the mid-winter of 1076–7, and the winter was the most rigorous that had been known for years. The Emperor was disguised, and on foot. He was accompanied by his faithful Bertha, who carried in her arms an infant son, and these were attended by two or three true-hearted followers. The horrors of this journey were never forgotten by those who made it. They were storm-beaten at every step, blinded by snow, buffeted by the winds, bruised by falls, and every hour in peril of their lives by the thundering descent of frightful avalanches. Some parts of the Alpine road were so slippery that the way-worn travellers were compelled to pass along on all-fours, and, where the declivities were great, to slide down, as the only method for reaching the bottom safely. At the worst part of the road, some assistance was procured for Bertha: she and her infant, both wrapped in ox-hides, were placed in a rude sledge, kept steady by a few hired peasants; but the route was so irregular, that the horses were more than once taken from the sledge, bound with ropes, and lowered over the edges of the precipices, by the attendants. The deposed Emperor and his wife, carrying the infant between them, descended the rough way, as best they might, that best being of the most painful.

Across the plains of Lombardy Henry was assisted by the friendly people; and at length he reached the gates of the fortress of Canossa, in which Gregory had shut himself up. The deposed monarch stood at the gates bareheaded, with bare and miserably lacerated feet, and attired in the hair-shirt of a penitent. As he made to enter the courtyard, he was driven back by the rude soldiers, who bade him wait outside until the Holy Father condescended to admit him to his presence. The ex-Emperor turned back, with a deep sigh,

sank down at the doorway, and there remained, three days and three nights, without food, without drink, exposed to the inclemency of the season, and the cutting sarcasm of the Papal guard, by whom he was, at last, rather dragged than led to Gregory,—when the latter expressed his will that the fallen Potentate should draw near.

The negotiations were without the result desired on either side. Humbled as Henry was, his spirit arose again in its pride when he found that Gregory was not only resolved to free the Church from the Imperial power, but also to place the Empire at the very feet of the Pope. On his return to Germany, he again appealed to arms, and not without success, for the people were weary of those "Parson Kings" and "Garlic Kings," phantom monarchs, set up by Gregory to reign in Henry's stead. In the struggle which followed, the town of Merseburg fell into the hands of Henry. Rudolph, the parson-king, had just died, and had been buried there, beneath a splendid monument. It was pointed out to the Emperor, with a suggestion that he would do well to destroy it. But he shook his head, sighed, smiled, and remarked, with a sincerity that cannot be doubted, "It is as well as it is. I only wish to God that all my enemies were as handsomely entombed!"

Henry drove Gregory into exile; and the great Pontiff died the guest of the Norman King of Sicily. The contest between the Papal and the Imperial powers did not, however, cease; and when Henry was excommunicated by Pascal II., his own son, of the same name, rose against him, assumed the crown, and declared for the Pope. After some fierce controversy, the heart-broken father referred his cause to the Diet at Mainz; and his son, promising to abide by the decision, met him at Coblentz, and, with great show of respect, escorted him on the road towards the city where the Diet held its sessions. On the way they entered the Castle of Böckelheim, to spend the Christmas night; and when the portcullis fell, Henry found himself a prisoner.

He was here visited by the Archbishops of Mainz and Cologne, and the Bishop of Worms. The old monarch, hoping to make some impression upon them, received them seated on a sort of throne, and decked in the Imperial mantle. The three ecclesiastics, beholding him thus attired, flung themselves upon him, and, seizing the mantle, tore from him, in such rude haste as nearly to strangle the fallen Potentate, the symbol of Imperial power. He was then ordered to surrender the crown jewels; and he sent for them to Hammerstein, and surrendered them accordingly, in order to purchase his life. His son again swore to protect him, and to convey him to Mainz, according to the father's request. Again, the younger Henry played the elder false, and instead of taking his sire to Mainz, hurried him to Ingolheim, where he kept him in strict confinement till the latter acknowledged by his sign-manual that the crown was indeed not *his*, since it had been taken from him by the Pope. As the Archbishop of Mainz saluted the younger Henry as "King of Germany," he added, by way of comment to the salute, "Take good heed of the Church, or it may happen to thee as it has done to thy father."

So little heed was taken of the uncrowned Henry, that he was enabled to effect his escape. He fell, however, into such abject poverty, that, on one occasion, he was compelled to sell his boots in order to buy bread. He was willing even to work; and he applied to the Bishop of Spires, of whom he had been the benefactor, to grant him a lay prebend in his church. The ungrateful prelate treated the prayer of the penniless and vagrant ex-monarch with scorn. "Nay," said Henry, "I have studied, I know how to sing, I may be of some help to you." The Bishop dismissed the applicant with as little ceremony as if he had been a common beggar. He would not even give, he said, ground for a grave to one who was under the ban of the Church.

It is pleasant to be able to record that, in Bishop Otbert

of Liége, Henry found a more practical Christianity. That Bishop gave him a home, although it was but a humble one. While the fallen monarch sat meditating therein upon his past trials, his amazing grandeur, and his terrible fall, some friends of his endeavoured to retrieve fortune for him in the field. The contest was not carried on for a lengthened period. One evening, Henry V., in arms against those who were his father's friends, was sitting in his tent, when there appeared before him his father's faithful body-servant, the valiant Erchenhold. "What now?" said the son, as he started to his feet, in full armour. Erchenhold said not a word, till he had laid at the feet of the monarch the golden head-band and the sword of his master;—and then he said, "This was all that your father, at last, possessed. God keep his soul! his heart was broken, and his dying request he has sent you through me; namely, to spare the friends who were true to him in adversity, and to see his body placed in the grave, by the side of those of his father and grandfather, in the great church at Spires."

But the excommunication was not raised, and the body of Henry IV., who died at Liége in 1106, was denied Christian burial. For some time it remained on an island in the Maas, near Liége, watched by a hermit. After some time had elapsed, it was carried, by a few who loved a man whom adversity had rendered wise and virtuous, to the Chapel of St. Afra, on the north side of the Cathedral of Spires. The Bishop, nevertheless, steadily refused to open the Imperial vault to a body yet cursed by Papal ban. Five years passed away before the ban was taken off, and then the corpse was carried, with some solemnity, into the tomb of the Emperors, where it was deposited by the side of his best and truest friend, his wife Bertha.

For above five centuries and a quarter it lay, with its once illustrious fellows, in undisturbed repose. But in 1689, when the French were in the Palatinate, among the smaller

outrages which they committed was the plundering of these Imperial graves, and the scattering of the bones of those who had so long and so quietly been there sleeping. Of the fragments gathered after the French had passed, no one could decide which belonged to one potentate, or which formed part of another, and the relics of several Cæsars were consigned to a common grave.

The misfortunes of Henry were greater than his faults. He had to contend against a too powerful priesthood, a divided country, a superstition ever directed against his person and projects, and, most terrible anguish of all, hostile children. It is questionable if he merit indeed such high eulogy as has been awarded him by Sir James Stephen; but the eloquent praise of that brilliant essayist is only a little below the deserts of the grandest and the most abject of the German monarchs.

In the reign of Henry V. the respective positions of the Pope and Emperor, their rights, privileges, and duties, were clearly defined and agreed upon. On the death of Henry, the electors chose Lothaire of Saxony for Emperor; and when his short reign had come to an end, then commenced the career of the Suabian Line—the great House of Hohenstaufen. The English reader can nowhere more profitably or pleasantly study the history of the eventful period, during which Germany was governed by this race, than in Mrs. Busk's recently published volumes.

Young Count Büren, who built the castle of Hohenstaufen, was once standing by the tomb of Charlemagne, when some one whispered, or something suggested, that the Imperial crown would one day be in possession of his poor house. It was well earned by the generous aid which the family gave to Henry IV. The struggle for empire which followed on the death of Lothaire, ended in the triumph of Conrad of Hohenstaufen. His friends assembled at Waiblingen, between Heidelberg and Stuttgart; and as they were opposed

to the Guelphs, who supported the candidate for empire who favoured the Papal interest, the friends who met at Waiblingen were called Waiblingers—a name which the Italian historians have converted into Ghibellines. These names indicate an era and a struggle, into the details of which, however, it is not necessary to enter. The era was that of Guelph and Ghibelline; the struggle, however, was, as of old, whether Pope or Cæsar should have the supremacy. In this struggle, none of the five Emperors died deposed, but some of them were more than once under excommunication. The Empress Beatrice, wife of Frederick Barbarossa, was indeed once in the condition of a sceptreless sovereign lady, having been captured in a sally made by the Milanese, when Frederick was besieging the city. The Milaners treated Beatrice with great lack of gallantry. They hoisted her on a donkey, with her face to the tail, and in that absurd position conducted her through the streets in mock triumph. Frederick made them pay dearly for the insult, when he got possession of the town. He summoned the magistrates to assemble in the market-place. In front of them stood a donkey, beneath whose tail was a fig; and this fig each magistrate in turn was compelled to draw out with his teeth, and then replace it, for his next colleague to accomplish the same feat. To this day, it is said, an allusion to figs is accounted insulting by the Milanese.

The second Frederick kept all his crowns,—and he possessed seven of them, imperial, royal, and ducal,—in spite of the excommunications from Rome. Gregory IV. was never weary of directing these weapons against the Emperor. "We devote his body to the devil," said the Pontiff, "in order that we may save his soul!"

After the extinction of the Hohenstaufen race, towards the close of the thirteenth century, it is difficult to determine who was, or who was not, rightful Emperor. How the sceptre was valued may be seen in the circumstance told of

Richard of Cornwall, brother of our Henry III., namely, that when he was a candidate, he bribed electors and archbishops, with thousands of marks. Wherever he went, say the chroniclers, thirty-two waggons followed him, drawn by eight horses, and laden with a hogshead of gold. He was not the only offender in this way; and how the nobles were demoralized is hinted at by the satirical Reinmar of Zwieter, who says, that—

"When the men of Venice heard
The crown was to be sold,
They sent right trusty messengers,
With bags well-filled with gold.
Nay, had th' accursed Antichrist
His coffers opened wide,
Full many a Prince, and Counts enow,
Had voted on his side."

Little need be said of the interregnum Emperors,—that is, before a "decent" order of succession was observed, by the election of a man who was a stranger to all factions, and objectionable to none. That man was Rudolph of Hapsburg. Before the period of his accession,—the commencement of the greatness of the House of Austria,—we sometimes meet with three Emperors and three Popes at the same time. Some of these were unceremoniously set aside, but it is not necessary to follow them into their uncrowned privacy. Not that there are not startling incidents to be met with. The ex-Emperor Wenceslaus, for instance, when residing at Prague, where he reigned as King of Bohemia, after his ejection from the Imperial throne, exhibited no chastened spirit under his affliction. He once punished a cook, who had sent up to him an ill-dressed capon, by roasting him on a spit before his own fire. The story might be held to be groundless, were it not that, of petty German potentates, there are many similar stories told, which are well authenticated.

A more amusing incident is recounted of Sigismund,—

who, it may be mentioned by the way, had, as Elector of Brandenburg, elected himself to the Empire, on the ground that he could judge of no other person so well, and that he felt he was equalled by none in suitable qualifications. Sigismund's arrogance and ignorance were further shown, at the opening of the Council of Constance, when, in addressing the members, he used the words, "Date operam ut *illa nefanda schisma* eradicetur." "*Schisma*," humbly whispered a Cardinal, "is neuter." But this correction seemed to Sigismund like displacing him from authority, and he haughtily exclaimed, "Ego sum Rex Romanus, et super grammaticam"—I am a Roman King, and above the rules of grammar.

Sigismund, however, does not belong to our list of Deposed Sovereigns, although his claim to be recognized as Emperor was long disputed. The next example of a dethroned monarch of the German Line brings before us the holder of many crowns and the alleged willing yielder-up of all.

CHARLES V.

"Not always actions show the man; we find
Who does a kindness is not, therefore, kind.
. . . . . .
Nor therefore humble he who seeks retreat:
Pride guides his steps, and bids him shun the great."

POPE.

CHARLES V. was the fourteenth in descent from Rudolph of Hapsburg. He was the grandson of the great Maximilian. His father was a German; his mother, Joanna, was a Spanish Princess. He was born in Flanders (in 1500), was educated by a Dutchman, espoused a Portuguese lady, and, had he chosen to accept the offer (made to him when a widower) of the hand of Mary Tudor, he might have added England to the many territories which his House had gained by marriage treaties rather than by conquest.

Charles was a quick and intelligent boy. He acquired the living languages with facility, but Adrian Florens failed to make of him a tolerable Latin scholar. He led a dissolute life when young, but he early showed great capacity for business. He was yet in his teens when he became King of Spain; (he had Ximenes for his regent;)—and he was scarcely out of them when he was crowned at Aix-la-Chapelle, King of the Romans.

He enjoyed, or endured, royal and imperial greatness, rather more than thirty-six years. The spectacle of his resignation of both was one that astonished the world, although it did not come altogether unexpected. Early in

the married life of Charles he had agreed with his wife, Isabella of Portugal, that when their children should be grown to adult state and capacity, they themselves would retire from the world, he to a convent, and she to a nunnery. Charles had already learnt that disappointment and uncertainty were connected with the most brilliant of positions. Should an overwhelming reverse ever overtake him, his retirement to a monastery would assume the appearance therefore of a voluntary step, rather than an inevitable and unpleasant consequence.

His reign belongs to the general history of Europe. His figure is conspicuous in various groups, but it appears small in many. He was mixed up in mighty enterprises, and achieved some brilliant triumphs; nevertheless he is not seen equal to his reputation. He was more than once repulsed by enemies whom he despised, and easily beaten by foes whom it would have been lasting glory to vanquish. With less ambition he might have gained more renown. Had he possessed more steadiness of principle, he would have incurred less reproach. He fancied he could create opportunity, and did not know how to profit by it when it presented itself. He might have been greater than Charlemagne, but he preferred to be the German Diocletian. Finally, had he possessed the sagacity attributed to him by his admirers, and the sincerity which neither friend nor foe ever ventured to attribute to him, he might have so guided the Reformation as to have made the movement worthy of that name; and have secured for the world the blessing of one united Christian Church, whose members might have rendered willing homage to a spiritual sovereign enthroned in Rome.

The great opportunities were lost; nevertheless Charles, after six-and-thirty years of rule, affected to conceal his disappointment beneath expression of the conviction that he had accomplished his mission;—and then the report first

began to pass from mouth to mouth, that the great Emperor was about to lay down the sceptre, and to pass from all his thrones to a cell in a convent among the Spanish mountains.

His quarters there had long been preparing. On the day that his son Philip agreed to marry our Mary of England, Charles signed directions for the construction of his retreat at the Jeronimite convent of Yuste, or St. Just. When it was known that these directions had been fully attended to, Charles made solemn resignation of empire. The hereditary estates of the House of Austria he made over to his brother Ferdinand, who succeeded him as Emperor. The Netherlands, Spain, Naples, and the newly-discovered South American Colonies, he yielded to his son Philip. After the "hollow peace" of Augsburg, in 1555, this was probably the wisest course left for Charles to follow.

On a September day, in 1556, he set sail from Flushing, with a grandeur of circumstance that ill-accorded with his new condition of a private gentleman. The flotilla consisted of fifty-six ships, at the head of which was his own Biscayan of 565 tons, the 'Holy Ghost,' commanded by Bertendona, —whose name is sometimes taken for that of the ship, bearing to his destination so renowned a guest.

For the especial service of that guest, who had renounced the pomps and vanities of the world, one hundred and fifty persons were in attendance. A further state was maintained by the presence of many noblemen and their followers; and two dowager-queens of France and Hungary, sisters of Charles, swelled the train and gave it additional importance.

A weary time and a perilous way the voyagers had of it. During a great portion of both, Charles lay in his suspended bed, draped with green curtains; and he was not the least rejoiced of the company to step ashore at Laredo, the Santander of these modern days. The wayfarers had not been expected, and there were no preparations for their welcome or comfort. Many of them fell seriously ill. Some seven

or eight died. For the sick there were no physicians, for the dying no priests. It was some days before the illustrious travellers were decently lodged and provided for. When this had been accomplished, Charles, after making gifts to the Church, set out upon his journey by land.

He travelled in a horse-litter, or, where the ways were rough, in a chair carried by stout bearers. Three litters and two chairs were provided to meet the possible exigencies of the route. The progress made was little, and that little slowly effected. It amounted to but twelve miles a day, for four days, and then an entire day's rest,—at Medina di Pomar. The discontent of the officials, the infirmity of Charles, and the tardiness of pace, gave an air of reluctance to the entire expedition;—and indeed it may be doubted if there was a single sincerely willing, acquiescing individual among the whole of the travellers. The dignity of some was sorely offended by the presence of a few shabby Alcaldes with a dozen or two of shabbier Alguazils, who served for "escort." The officers of the household of Charles declared that the travellers looked like a company of thieves in custody of the police. The ex-Emperor laughed at the idea; and its novelty reconciled him to that, against which attempt was made to excite his disgust.

After the repose at Medina, interrupted by courtly visits, audiences, and receptions, the party proceeded to Burgos, which they reached in three days. The Spanish Government had so arranged, that nothing now failed them on the road. At one resting-place, Charles found a supply of provisions and preserves. With his usual selfishness, he appropriated the whole of the latter to his own use; and he wrote very urgently for a daily supply of melons,—a fruit fatal to more than one Kaiser who had eaten thereof to excess. The Imperial appetite, however, was so sharpened by travel, the bracing autumnal air, and the uncertainty of supplies, that a dish of flounders was on one occasion enjoyed with a de-

light that had long been unknown to a palled and fanciful appetite.

Six days were consumed in travelling between Burgos and Valladolid; but, to the delight of the smaller men of the company, the Alcaldes and Alguazils were replaced by an escort of cavalry. The most remarkable visitor whom Charles received in the last-named city was his little grandson, the ill-fated Don Carlos,—who, after being assassinated by his own father, has been mis-represented by great, and murdered by small, poets. The boy, attracted by the beauty of a gold chafing-dish held by the ex-Emperor, asked for it as a gift. Charles, who never loved any children, hated this boy almost as fiercely as the poor boy's own father did;—and he bade him wait: "You may have it," he said, "when I am dead."

It was at Valladolid that he may be said to have finally taken leave of all political business. He bade farewell to the ladies of his officers, at a ball; he wrote letters of counsel to his successors, and addressed a note against the unlucky Carlos, to his father Philip. In better mood, he even bowed to a court buffoon. "Why a bow to me?" asked the licensed jester. "Because," answered the ex-monarch, "a simple courtesy is all I have now to give."

Charles was little delighted with the state maintained during the fortnight he sojourned at Valladolid; and still less with the boyish comments of his grandson Carlos, on his flight from Innspruck. The Imperial irritability was ill-concealed beneath an affected smile. With joy then he dined, for the last time in his life, in public. This ceremony he had not often observed after he had entered his fiftieth birthday; and the loss of his teeth made the performances of so large a feeder more painful to the actor and unpleasant to the spectator.

Nine days, averaging four leagues a day, were spent in passing from Valladolid to Xarandilla. There was more inconvenience felt, than incidents encountered, by the way. On

the very first day, Charles was so incommoded, probably by his state dinner at Valladolid, that his attendants were compelled to carry the agonized glutton into a private garden by the way-side, where they relieved his pain by applying hot cushions to his aching stomach. At the end of the second day, he was received, at Medina del Campo, in the house of a money-broker, Rodrigo de Dueñas, who, in honour of such a guest, filled his chafing-dish, not with charred vine-tendrils, but with cinnamon. The homage was not agreeable to the ex-Emperor, for he disliked the smell of the bark. Charles would not allow his host to kiss his hand; and on leaving, in the morning, he paid for his fare, as though he had been at an ordinary inn.

The abdicated monarch experienced the greatest delight when traversing the wildest country. He exulted that ceremony could not there meet him; and on entering the last pass that lay between him and his destination, he remarked, with complacency, that "only one other lay before him—the pass of death." His care for creature comforts, however, was exceeding great; he heard with pleasure of the supplies of anchovies, potted, and fresh fish forwarded to him on his route; and he accepted gratefully the eider-down cushions sent to him from Madrid, remarking that they would cut up into warm jackets, and that he should like dressing gowns of the same material. He already suffered extremely from the cold; and the chafing-dish was seldom from between his hands. Still his health and vigour were wonderfully well sustained; and after one of the roughest and rudest of his days' progresses, he was well enough to go out and witness the taking, by moonlight, of the trout upon which he afterwards supped with voracious appetite. The rest which offered itself at the end of his ninth day's journey was, nevertheless, most grateful to him and his weary followers; and when Count Oreposa received the travellers, in his house at Xarandilla, there was not one of them who did

not feel grateful at the prospect of the three months' sojourn which lay before them.

The convent was near, on the hill beyond the valley; but the preparations for the reception of the ex-Emperor were not complete. It was hid from him by constant heavy fogs and drenching rains; and, as usual, the household were more deeply discontented than the master. The damp and cold affected him; but he made light of both, and turned his eider-down cushions into jackets, and was so defended against either. The grumblers suggested that at Yuste the damp and cold would be still worse than at Xarandilla. Charles rode over, inspected the place, gave some directions, and on returning, remarked, like the Cid, "that the lion was not so ferocious as he had been depicted."

There was still some formal state, and there was much courtly etiquette, yet maintained at Xarandilla. Charles there received many noble gentlemen, learned scholars, gallant soldiers, and ecclesiastical dignitaries, who came to pay him homage. He seems to have given most welcome to the ex-Duke of Gandia,—that Francis Borgia who, after dazzling and perplexing the world, left it for the cloister, where he observed a discipline that only narrowly escaped from being suicidal. The monk treated Charles as Emperor, and the ex-monarch treated Francis as Duke. Their converse was of old times, old projects, and later disappointments or realizations. Each, however, had an object in view. Francis was a Jesuit, and hoped to induce the Imperial recluse to take a confessor from among the Society. Charles hated the Jesuits, and expected to be able to induce Borgia to become a Jeronimite. Each kept his own course, and neither blamed the other.

Parting counsel, like maxims uttered by the dying, was despatched by Charles to the occupiers of the various thrones now held by his successors. The affairs of the table continued to engage his attention not less than the destinies of men.

Tributes of fish, flesh, fowl, and Flemish sausages, made as his mother of blessed memory used to make them, were forwarded to him from all quarters and from all classes. Some ladies sent silver saucepans, wherein to carry on the more delicate processes of cooking; others laid at his feet rich scents, in exquisitely carved flasks. The Duchess de Frijas presented for his acceptance a packet of gloves. "She should have sent me," said Charles, "hands to wear them."

These were in a pitiable state, with great chalk-stones, and running sores. Charles, though he could allude to their condition himself, ill brooked reference made to them by others. Just after his abdication from his Flemish authority, when the absurdities of Brusquet, the famous French buffoon, excited such merry uproar in the church, that Philip II. was obliged to grasp the altar, that he might not fall by excess of laughing, Charles asked the jester if he recollected the Battle of Spurs. "I remember it well enough," said Sir Fool, "the better that it was there you got those pretty rubies and carbuncles which you wear on your hands."

These honours, however, had been gained not in the field, but through abuse of appetite everywhere. The Imperial morning draught was cold beer, and plenty of it. This was less safe than grateful to the stomach of a man who not only rivalled the God whose proof of divinity lay in his consuming much meat, but who at each nightly feast had his face in the wine-pot much oftener than any other man at the board, and who never drew back till he had swallowed a full quart. His gastronomic excesses brought on intense suffering; but experience did not persuade, nor pain compel, him to moderation. With few teeth, and very imperfect digestion, he continued to eat from as many dishes, and to empty as many flasks, as in the days when his powers were great, his health flourishing, and his exercise regular. In this respect, he had never been lord of himself. He was now less so than ever. His medical men were his abettors; with the excep-

tion of Dr. Mola, they allowed him to satisfy every appetite, without attempting to restrain him. They were content to provide palliations, rather than establish a preventive course. Least of all, would Charles surrender his darling beer. It was suggested to him that he must either change his *régime*, or give up the idea of living in this part of Spain. The only remark of the intensely sick epicure was, that he was bound by no vows to remain there or anywhere else. And so he went on in his excesses, and became more frequently crippled by long and debilitating attacks of gout and fever.

At length it was announced to him that all was ready for him in his residence in the convent-grounds of Yuste; and he cheerfully commenced the work of his departure. On the 3rd of February, 1577, after diminishing his train by a hundred followers, affecting them to tears by the tenderness of his leave-taking, and causing affliction no less bitter to those who found themselves compelled to continue their service, he set out in a mule-litter for the convent. It was then three o'clock in the afternoon, and there was a two hours' march before them ere they could cross the valley and ascend the hill on whose flanks lay the Jeronimite convent. When his escort of halberdiers drew up to offer their last service, they broke their pike-staves, in token that military honours were not assorted with the circumstances of the scene. One authority intimates that with the breaking of their staves ended their duty; a second states that weaponless they escorted the monarch who had descended from the throne. The difference is of little moment. Charles had still faithful, though not delighted, servants about him, and with these he arrived, at five o'clock, at the portal of the church of the convent of Yuste. The edifice was illuminated in his honour, the bells rang out a welcome, and the brotherhood stood at the portal, contemplating a spectacle which they could never have believed that they would live to see. The ex-Emperor was lifted from his mule-litter,

and carried in a chair to the high altar,—the monks singing *Te Deum Laudamus* as he was borne along; and Charles addressing a few words, by the way, to the Count of Oropesa, who was on his right, and the indefatigable Quixada, who walked on his left.

At the conclusion of the service the Imperial guest held his first ecclesiastical levee. Every monk was presented to him, and they all appear to have maintained a quiet self-respect, except the Prior, who got confused, addressed the Emperor as "Your Paternity," and was corrected by a brother, who told him that "Your Majesty" was the proper form to be employed. The ceremony concluded, Charles retired to his own apartments, to forget at supper the observation of his physician, or of a more humble servant, that he would have little acquaintance with the gout if he would only keep his mouth shut something more than was customary with him.

And such was the way by which the great Charles V. passed from the highest condition of human greatness into retirement. On leaving Flanders he had prophetic knowledge of what was to follow; and his own conviction was that he had flung the great events of his reign to the mercy or chances of fortune. The Venetian Ambassador already said of him, that his reputation had gone, or rather, as the Legate added, nearly gone. He compared it to a ship which, in a dead calm, is moved by rowers towing it in a boat ahead, and which, after the oars are shipped and the towing-rope is cast loose, still moves for a moment or two before it brings up. To this latter motion, so soon not to exist, did the Venetian compare the reputation of Charles V.

The retreat of the Emperor bore no resemblance to that chosen by Diocletian, after he had deposited the Imperial mantle, and laid upon it the splendid sword which the Emperors wore as a symbol of their rank. It was a residence for a gentleman of refined tastes, and who had regard for

his comfort. It was a pleasant house, communicating with the church of the convent, situated in a pleasant garden, and in the midst of a pleasant, but not of a paradisiacal country, such as the Spanish writers have described it. It was an eight-roomed dwelling, the upper four rooms of which were appropriated to the exclusive use of the abdicated monarch. The walnut-tree which shaded it still survives; beneath its shade was often to be seen the man from whose reign dates the discovery of the Peruvian gold-mines, and therewith the decadence of Spain.

The house in the garden was comfortably furnished. The kitchen was good, the cooks accomplished, the viands abundant. Even on meagre-days the formal fasting was merely a change of much meat for superabundance of fish and dainty dishes not disallowed by the Church. The apartments were appropriately hung with dark cloth, on which many a picture—cunning work of some glorious craftsman—challenged the readily-paid admiration of the sombre-looking epicure, who gazed at them from his easy-chair. The bedroom suited the profession and condition of the worn-out warrior. It was simple, but complete, in its arrangements; and if the weary soldier were too ill, or not disposed to rise from his bed, he could see from it the priest at the altar of the church, and so follow the celebration and observances of the Mass. His toilet-table was covered with miscellaneous articles, like that of Charles of Burgundy, and there was as much variety in its drawers: gold ornaments and jewellery did not lack, and mixed up with these were bezoar-stones against the plague, cramp-rings from England, to protect his swollen fingers from agony, and lying about on every "coign of vantage," in every room, many dozen pairs of spectacles, ready for use whenever the old monarch required them.

The religious community possessed several members who were men of intellectual attainments,—travellers, scholars,

soldiers, artists, musicians,—and with these Charles loved to converse or otherwise amuse himself. The best vocalists among the brotherhood attuned their voices, a little to the glory of God, but very much more for the Imperial gratification. They sang with diffidence before an exquisite judge, who not only winced at a false note, but could at once detect the very throat from which it issued, and who never spared the unlucky offender. Pains too were taken to provide for him the most able preachers; several were attached to the church, and if any happened to be travelling in the vicinity, there was sure to be despatched to them a summons, which they were as sure to obey with alacrity. Finally, he had a household of sixty servants, and a library of only thirty books.

This contrast might seem to warrant a sneer, but in truth the sneer would be ill-founded. The servants were perhaps more than were needed for either dignity or comfort; but the volumes, if few, were excellent of their sort; and, as it proved, the thirty were more than enough for a man who had not thirty months to live. Among them were the works in which he most delighted,—his favourite Fathers, the most esteemed divines, the choicest historians, and a selection of poets,—a few of each; and one philosophical work, which is said never to have been absent from the library of any well-read gentleman of those days,—the well-known work of Boethius, 'on Consolation,'—that salve for bruised minds, which Madame Roland says is never wanting to the virtuous; which Vauvenargues placed in religion, and which Voltaire divided between friendship and study, giving the first place to friendship.

The Imperial recluse could very well fill up his day. Infirmity, rather than nicety, rendered his toilet long, and the religious service which followed was frequent and not brief. With the exception of innocent and not undignified pastime, his hours were passed either at table or at the altar.

Even after his midday meal he was read to sleep by means of a homily, from which he was aroused to attend the ordinary afternoon services.

But perhaps the happiest hours of the declining years of Charles were spent with the great mathematician and mechanician, Giovanni Torriani. The ex-Emperor had always experienced infinite enjoyment in the study of works of mechanism. When he entered Nuremberg, of all the phases of the form of welcome which he there encountered, none pleased more than the artificial eagle which flew to meet him. When the fly, invented by Jean de Montreyal, flew round him in the air, and ended by alighting on his arm, the feat delighted an emperor and inspired an indifferent poet. The esteem of Charles for Torriani was gained by that marvellous clock, projected but not completed, which was to give record of a score of things besides passing time, but which never even told the hour with strict correctness. Charles had a passion for clockwork. When his diseased appetite refused to be pleased with the artistic preparations of his renowned cook, the latter great man expressed both his peevishness and contempt, by remarking that he supposed the only dish his master would look into with pleasure, would be a pie stuffed with timepieces. In the construction of such pieces Charles and Torriani consumed many an hour. Louis XVI. had a similar taste; and these illustrious personages worked much to the same end. They endeavoured to make many clocks observe an exact and invariable conformity in marking the time. They of course failed. Charles is said to have impatiently observed, under his disappointment, that since he could not make two clocks strictly agree in a matter so simple, it had been folly in him to imagine that he could compel many men to be of one mind. It may be doubted whether Charles ever made so foolish an observation, for certainly none knew better than he the difference of conditions;—and yet it may be admitted, that, great poli-

tician and tolerable workman as he was, he did not know how to rectify in some degree the variations that will be found among pendulums of different lengths, and among people of diverse faiths and nations.

In the pursuits of Charles and Torriani at Yuste, there was a mixture of the great and the trivial. After dinner, while a brother was reading some pages from St. Augustine, the Italian mechanician would place on the table before Charles, figures of knights armed and mounted, who tilted at each other with as much energy as foes who had as little cause for hostility. Another day, it was a mimic drummer, who beat the point of war, or a trumpeter who furiously blew his little charge; and finally, small troops of chevaliers would cover the circumscribed plain, and, levelling their lances, rush through each other's ranks with imperturbable regularity. The Superior of the Convent was one day present at an exhibition of Torriani's skill. On the occasion in question, the artist sent a flight of birds into the dining-room; and these so closely imitated nature in every respect, that the astounded Father declared that the devil had to do with it;—and Torriani was contemplated by him with an evil eye.

It was only the hours which the weary gastronome required for his painful digestion that were devoted to the enjoyment of these laborious trifles. There were other seasons, when the brain was not obscured and the stomach was less oppressed; and then, beneath the porch which caught the rays of the sun in which Charles loved to bask, or in the study of Torriani himself, the attention of master and disciple was given to the solution of great and useful problems. Among others, mention is made of a bold and gigantic project, which was duly accomplished, but not till after the death of Charles, when it was achieved by Gianello, and which consisted in raising the waters of the low-lying Tagus to the heights—the truly thirsty heights, as they might be called

without affectation—of Toledo. Bourgoing says that the remains of this ingenious machine are still to be seen on the high rocky peninsula occupied by the city; and, near them, "ruins still more ancient, which must have formed part of an aqueduct designed to convey water to the height of the Alcazar, from springs seven or eight leagues distant,—a legacy at once useful and magnificent, by which the Romans have marked their residence in more than one place in Spain."

With spring flowers, clear skies, and softer breezes, the sojourners at Yuste experienced a greater measure of content and an improved condition of health. Therewith Charles concerned himself more than ever, touching the troubled condition of politics, and the gloomy aspect of things in general. He made the whole world sensible that he had not really laid down the Imperial mantle, but that he was merely adjusting it ere he fell,—and meanwhile he claimed and obtained obedience. The Diet did not make legal acceptance of his resignation till May, 1558. Down to that day, he designated himself "Emperor," named and received ambassadors, and had crowds at his garden-gates,—noble and simple, true men, impostors, and intriguing women, seeking audience and assailing him or his secretaries, with prayers and petitions.

The income appropriated for his use did not amount to much more than fifteen hundred pounds sterling, per annum. He had a reserved fund at Simancas, which he would not touch,—nor allow to be touched, when the poverty of the Spanish government, in spite of all its golden revenue, compelled them to ask him to disburse a little of the hoard, for the public weal. Charles showed a vicarious generosity in pointing out wealthy churchmen whom the supreme authority would do well to despoil of a portion of their treasure. The Government went even further than this. They seized on the gold belonging to private proprietors, which

had just been brought from America by the bullion fleet. The owners, not liking the terms offered, boldly attacked the officials who held their property, and went off triumphantly with their gold. Charles could not tolerate in others the unwillingness to lend pecuniary aid to the Government which he felt himself; and he declared that he would have those disloyal recusants punished,—ay, although he "held death in his teeth." And indeed the offence was not expiated without a taste of the torture and the hangman.

At this period, however, it was, that Death began to close his jaws upon the Emperor. The latter was, it is true, so stirred by public news from beyond his retreat, that men began to speculate upon the probability of his again appearing in arms, to pursue his enemies, by the last argument of Kings. It was a foolish speculation, for he who had been so perfect an equestrian that men said, had he not been born a King, he would have become the prince of light horsemen, was now so infirm that, after being assisted to cross the saddle on an Andalusian pony, he tumbled out of it, through mere giddiness. But there were younger persons in his vicinity who were suffering from a worse vertigo than that which springs from old-age and an abused stomach—the vertigo of famine. Great and dreaded as he was, the hungry peasantry of the vicinity forgot their respect for him, in their sufferings. They stripped his kitchen-garden, plundered his orchards, impounded his cattle, drew the fish from his ponds, and waylaid and rifled his mules, which traversed the hunger-district, laden with dainties.

The ex-monarch chafed under these petty vexations; and he allowed even smaller troubles to unnecessarily vex him. He loved his two sisters, the dowager-queens of France and Hungary,—the first especially. But he loved them none the more that their residence in his vicinity, when they paid him a visit, caused meat to rise to the exorbitant rate of $2\frac{1}{2}d.$ a pound. Neither to these, nor to any visitor, however illus-

trious, did he ever extend the hospitality of a place at his table, or a bed beneath his roof. Francis Borgia formed the only exception to this rule,—but the Jesuit was of a profession to establish such exceptions; and in fair weather Charles would take a repast with him beneath a spreading tree, and the Ducal monk was even known to have slept or watched a night through, within the cottage-palace in the garden at Yuste.

That they were not all honest men there, or that dishonest men could find means to penetrate therein, is proved by the fact of the theft of eight thousand ducats. The impossibility of discovering the thieves showed, perhaps, that the Castilian principle of honour among this class was not different from that which is proverbially said to prevail among similar practitioners in other nations. However this may be, the attention of Charles was soon drawn from minor trials to matters of more moment. The autumn brought mists, fevers, and catarrhs. Charles indulged his appetite more, and resisted the effects of indulgence, less. He suffered mentally and bodily, in consequence. His favourite sister, Eleanor, Queen-dowager of France, unexpectedly died. Charles felt this blow acutely. "She was fifteen months older than I," he said, "and in that period I shall rejoin her;"—and he helped the fulfilment of his prophecy, by following a diet that would have destroyed the powers of a younger stomach.

A settled gloom began to gather around him. It was dispersed for awhile by the little festival, in the open air, which marked the anniversary of his arrival. The master of the novices is even said to have put aside his gravity, and to have jokingly alluded to the termination of the year's noviciate, and to the "profession" to be made by the new brother. The pleased Emperor followed up this joking vein, by inscribing his own name first in a new register of the brotherhood,—a register which travellers loved to look at,

but which disappeared when the armies of a monarch mightier in his power and more humbled in his fall—the armies of Napoleon—visited and devastated the spot made famous by the residence of Charles.

The health of the latter was now rapidly giving way; but there was life in the old man yet. On Ash-Wednesday, he did not fail to stand on the steps of the altar in the church, to see that every one of the members of his household, from Quixada to the very scullions, approached to communicate. In Lenten processions he carried the symbolic light, symbolically extinguished it, and then scourged himself with most unselfish severity. The religious festivals were his gala-days. His only difficulty was in fasting. This seemed to a man of such appetites the first of duties; but he only observed it by changing his diet,—not reducing the quantity, or mortifying his inclination. His most joyous day was that of St. Matthias. He would then put on the old Jupiter, and appear at the window of his room which looked into the church, in as much of the imperial glory as he had by him to assume,—his robes, his orders, and his ineffable air of majesty. It was the day on which he was born, crowned, and married. It was the anniversary of more than one victory; and it was the birthday of his illegitimate son, Don John of Austria. For these and all other blessings he returned grateful thanks on the festival of a Saint, under whose further favour he hoped to die. At one or two minor festivals, too, he exhibited much graciousness, and even once dined with the friars; but he liked not their fare. At this time his ulcerated fingers could no longer hold a gun; but he looked after the onions in his garden, watched his flowers, and altogether (and always excepting his heavy hours at table) he lived so refining and chastening a life, that it is impossible not to feel surprise at his forbidding the approach of women to the convent, under a penalty of two hundred lashes.

The truth is, and it is a most melancholy truth, that the more ceremonially pious he grew, the more irritable and the less charitable and tolerant he became. Amid his own acute pains, the horrors of his indigestion, and his anxieties touching the future destiny of the Empire, of Spain, of the Netherlands, and of Christendom as opposed to the Moslem power, he never ceased to urge, earnestly, incessantly, imploringly, imperiously, that one practice should not be allowed to fall into disuse—the burning of heretics. For these he had no bowels of mercy, were they his own friends, or the most faithful of his followers. Burn them, destroy them, curse them and their memories, seemed the burden of his dying song. If there were one thing in him that took the shape of sin, and seemed to him past chance of forgiveness, it was that he had not burned Luther, when he had the Reformer in his power. It is true that he had pledged his word for his safety. The Imperial honour had been the warranty for Luther's safety; but what was such honour, he now thought, in comparison with the inestimable benefit he should have conferred on the Church and Christendom by breaking his pledge as King, Knight, and Christian, and burning Luther to ashes before the eyes of the whole world? Charles never ceased to regret his foolish good-nature, and his censurable fidelity in this respect. He groaned and wept at the thought that he had not led Luther to the stake, and consumed him and his doctrines, if that were possible, in the same flames.

Meanwhile the fire of fever began rapidly to consume himself. The heat of his stomach, gout, weak sight, and his inflamed and itching legs, kept him in a continual state of irritation. His impatience and his obstinacy were terrible. To ease his burning and itching limbs, he would sleep with his legs uncovered. Chills were the inevitable consequence, and therewith fever. But he preferred the latter to being tortured by cutaneous irritation. The cold was, at

all events, grateful to him for a time;—though he could burst into fury at it when he found that the autumn frost had been severe enough to kill the melons in his garden. He poured cold beer into his heated stomach, slept with doors and windows open, and dashed his inflamed legs into cold water. Day by day he grew worse. He was weaker,—*so* weak that he was unable to rid himself of the phlegm in his throat, which threatened to choke him. Robertson speaks of the decay of his intellectual faculties; but trustworthy authorities followed by Prescott, Stirling, and Mignet, and the more full and admirable 'Charles Quint' of Amédée Pichot, attest that, however feeble he became in body, his mind preserved its strength, brightness, dignity, and courage to the very last. When most feeble in body, and most acutely suffering, he neglected no religious duty; and, helpless as an infant, he was aided by his faithful and attached servants to perform all the prostrations, even as the most vigorous among the monks. Their hands let him gently fall to the ground, and as gently raised him, and placed him in his seat. It was a touching, rather than a contemptible, spectacle; for no doubt, fiercely uncharitable and grovellingly superstitious as the moribund monarch may seem to us, he was sincerely religious according to the instruction he had received, and the conscience by which he was guided. There was something sublime in the way in which he cast himself down before the throne of mercy, acknowledging his sins, and imploring with earnest voice the benefits of a redemption—from which he would very heartily have kept that accursed Luther who had crossed his path, and the arch-heretics who accepted the Reformer's doctrine.

The spectacle of the ex-Emperor celebrating his own funeral service, has been divested of much of its apparent absurdity by the simple statements of eye-witnesses, and modern writers who have reproduced their statements. It was a solemnity however on which even Charles did not

venture till he had received ecclesiastical permission. He did not attend it in his shroud, nor lie down in his own coffin. There were the ordinary ornaments which the Romish Church uses at the usual services for the dead, and nothing more. The only exception to the ordinary service was when Charles, extinguishing the light which he held, surrendered it into the hands of a priest, in token of yielding up his life, and his immortal spirit, to the will of God.

The excitement of the scene however was too much for his shattered nerves. The following day he was in his garden, too ill to walk. In obedience to his expressed desire, the portrait of his first wife was brought out to him, and he sat and silently gazed at it, in deep meditation, for a considerable time. His thoughts were then with the past, but his infirmity soon recalled him to the present. He was borne into the house, and carried to his bed, never again to issue from either alive. About three weeks he thus lay, surely though slowly dying, and very sincerely regretted by his faithful attendants. The details of his illness are given with the regularity of a bulletin, in the recently published accounts of his cloister-life, but there is nothing sufficiently striking in them to call for their reproduction here. Suffice it to say, that on the 21st of September, 1558, the once lord of many thrones, and the victor in many fields, died, in the fifty-ninth year of his age. His last expressed wish was to be entombed with his dear first wife; and among those who heard the wish was his illegitimate son, Don John of Austria, whose presence there was a smart practical comment upon the conjugal fidelity and affection of Charles the Fifth.

In the garden in front of the house, there was a lily, which, in the month of May previous to the Emperor's decease, had two buds. Only one of these flowered in the month named. The other remained closed, but fresh, and it continued in that state till the night on which Charles died; when it suddenly opened, putting forth one single leaf.

There was something so unusual in the circumstance, that the flower was exhibited on the high altar, and its condition was taken as a happy omen for that of the deceased ex-monarch. One consequence of his infirmity merits also a word of record, as it passed into a fashion. He suffered so intensely from headache, that he had his hair cut close, and thence arose the mode of wearing it short.

The bodies of father and illegitimate son were re-united in death, but not till long after the peasants of the Vera of Plasencia had forgotten the boy whom they used to pelt with stones for despoiling their cherry-trees. The corpse of the ex-Emperor remained, till the year 1574, shut up in a rude chest, which was deposited in the chapel, where it may be yet seen, empty. The corpse was transferred, at the date above-mentioned, to the Escurial, where it lies among those legitimate and illegitimate loves which most affected the living monarch. The monks of Yuste were reluctant to lose a sacred deposit which brought them many visitors and acceptable fees. They addressed Philip II. for some compensation, under the circumstances; but Philip, who had made spies of half the household of his father, and received from them full and regular details of his sire's designs and opinions, very untruly told the poor brothers that it was not at all likely that they had among them, for so many months, so great a monarch, without well "feathering their nests."

Doubtless, if it were a satisfaction to the *manes* of Charles V. to be laid by the side of his consort, there was not less content when by the remains of the sire were placed those of the illegitimate son,—the great hero of Lepanto, the victim poisoned in Flanders, and first buried in Namur, as those may remember who have passed that way, and whose thoughts have not been exclusively devoted to "My Uncle Toby."

How the body of the gallant warrior, Don John, was taken up, disboned, carried piecemeal in a courier's wallet to Spain,

there strung together again by wires, covered with the ordinary dress of the living Don John, and, truncheon in hand, so presented to Philip II. at a private interview, has been told in another work. When the interview was over, the gaily dressed corpse (with a crown on the brow, intimating the Irish crown, it is said) was unrobed and committed to the silent company of the paternal Charles. The mystery touching the mother of Don John has led to one hideous and "impossible" tradition,—as unfounded as the more agreeable fourteen mistatements which Von Platen has contrived to insert in one sonnet, "Der Pilgrim von St. Just."

If the causes which led to the abdication of Charles, and the manner of life which he led after surrendering the crown, be compared with the reasons which drove earlier monarchs into cloisters, and the course of life to which they were condemned, the examiner will not fail to discern that, powerful as the Church had grown in later times, the State—that is, the monarch—had grown even more potential in proportion.

In primitive times, the rude King, worn out by opposition, or terrified by attempts at assassination, was often rejoiced to be permitted to plunge into a cell, and there find oblivion and safety. It is certain that some of our deposed Saxon sovereigns lived very much at their ease among their cowled brethren; but this was an exception rather than a rule. There are instances where the ex-monarch was reduced to the condition of a menial, and, like Carloman, milked the cows of the sacred community. They were monks in deed as well as in name, and were bound by their vows of obedience, to submit to all the directions of their spiritual superiors. It was far otherwise with Charles V. If circumstances of public pressure and personal health compelled him to surrender his crown, the accomplishment of the act had a voluntary aspect. Then, he was among the monks, but he was not of them. There was many a poor joke about his being a "brother," but he was only so in jest.

He never ceased to be Emperor; he retained as many Imperial privileges as furthered his enjoyment of life, and got luckily rid of those which did not agree with his pleasures or his health. He indulged in luxurious living; and although he laid the scourge lustily on his own back, no churchman dared to order him to do so, and he could pause whenever his loins began to ache. He was the most impetuous of penitents; and the director of his conscience was not bold enough to go beyond his pupil's own suggestions. This confessor, indeed, was in some sort a very slave. Juan Regla had risen from the condition of a shepherd-boy to be one of the first of theologians. It was with great reluctance, however, that he undertook to keep in the fold so precious a lamb as the capricious ex-Emperor. He blushed to sit in presence of Charles; and the latter was not sorry to see this sign of diffidence in a man who was supposed to have the Imperial salvation in his keeping. The Imperial recluse styled him "master," but he was really the ward. Regla one day took the liberty of going over from Yuste to Plasencia, without first asking the Imperial permission. Charles despatched a messenger, with an express order to the confessor, to return immediately. "Look you here," said Charles to his spiritual director, "let it in future be a well-understood matter that you never leave the convent without my being first informed of your intention; for it is my desire that you never leave me for a single instant." The monk was affected at this burst of displeasure; and after that time he never crossed the boundary of the monastery till Charles had breathed his last. This training fitted him for the post which he afterwards filled, that of confessor to Philip II., in the Escurial.

Charles was never more despotic and irresponsible than when at Yuste; and he consequently never regretted the resolution which had brought him thither. Sovereign in all essentials, he could very well dispense with those attributes

of royalty which Mr. Stirling classes under the head of "pageants, guards, and gold-sticks." Even after the Diet had accepted his resignation, and Charles had designated himself as "a private man," he was still addressed under the the courtesy title of Emperor;—and with the courtesy there was still much substantial power. His seal no longer bore crown, golden fleece, or eagle; but what was under the seal lacked nothing of emphasis or influence, because these outward signs were wanting. The only memorial now existing of the residence of the ex-Emperor in this place, is in an inscription, surmounted by the Imperial arms, in the corner of the garden. It is to the following effect, and is of that mendacious quality which led the Ephori to forbid the use of epitaphs. "In this holy house of St. Jerome of Yuste, ended his days, he who spent the whole of them in defence of the faith and in support of justice, Charles V., Emperor, King of Spain, most Christian, invincible. He died on the 21st September, 1588." The monks had no other profit from his residence among them than the honour resulting therefrom. Quixada cleared the house of all valuables; the French injured the dwelling; silkworms have been reared in the Emperor's room, and some of the Imperial vases were carried off by an apothecary to decorate his shop at Xarandilla.

Fifteen Emperors and one Empress succeeded to the responsibilities of government, and nearly three hundred years elapsed before Germany again saw the spectacle of an Imperial abdication. Charles voluntarily laid down the trappings rather than the substantialities of sovereign authority, in 1556. Ferdinand, Emperor indeed not of Germany, but of Austria, was prayed, persuaded, and pushed from his uneasy seat, in 1848. Before we touch upon his story, let us render it somewhat more intelligible, by briefly noticing the Kaisers by whom he was preceded; some of whom were virtually deposed, although they wore the crown.

When the dominions of Charles were divided, Austria and

the Imperial crown fell to his brother, Ferdinand I.,—a man who compassed the murder of Martinizzi, that he might oppress Hungary, and who rendered the elective crown of Bohemia hereditary in his family, without consulting the feelings of the Bohemians. A better fame attaches to him, as having established the great fact that Papal coronation was unnecessary to render valid the possession of the Imperial crown. *Obsequium*, and not the stereotyped *Obedientia*, was henceforth the tribute to be paid by Austria to Rome.

The Kaiser of our days has gone back to worse than the old slavery, and Austria has been surrendered by the boy Emperor, bound hand and foot, gagged and throttled, to the Pope.

Ferdinand was a pupil of Erasmus, and, like his great master, he could recognize the errors of Popery without thereby feeling any the more warmly in behalf of the Reformation. He had almost banished his son Maximilian from his country, for daring to retain a Lutheran preacher in his service; and he was not indisposed to force upon the Reformers his conviction of the naughtiness of the Reformation, by having Protestants publicly whipped through the streets. The obstinate fellows remained unconvinced, in spite of the weight and smartness of the argument. The Reformers hailed the accession of Maximilian with joy, and indeed they found him an equitable master. He was emphatically a "knight and gentleman;" and it is said that he never purchased an article of jewellery for his own adornment. The Reformers looked for halcyon days through him; but he left the education of his children to his bigoted wife, Mary of Spain, and when she, as a widow, saw her fiery son, Rudolph, Emperor, she thanked God for *that;* and, repairing to her native country, she further blessed Heaven that she was again in a country where no heretic could remain and live. The son ruled as the mother had taught

him, and his Protestant subjects passed through an ordeal of fire and blood. He brought the kingdoms over which he reigned, and the empire wherein he governed, to the very brink of ruin. He died, as he deserved, crownless and abhorred. Apart from the questions of religion, Rudolph, besides being accomplished in all abstruse sciences and modern acquirements,—besides being grave with Tycho Brahe, and merry with a professional jester,—was the gayest and most gallant of cavaliers. He was so fond of horses that his Ministers were often compelled to disguise themselves as grooms, that they might obtain access to the permanent refuge he had taken in his stables; and there, by the side of rack and manger, more weighty questions were discussed than ever troubled the Duke of Parma and Thomas Ward, stud-groom to the Duke, and regent of the Duchy.

The succeeding reigns of Matthias and Ferdinand II. were almost exclusively occupied by wars. It was the age of Wallenstein, of Tilly, and Gustavus; and the Reformation in Germany had well-nigh been suffocated in blood. Ferdinand is infamous for the number of Protestants he destroyed, and for the multitude of monks whom he pensioned; for Reformed churches which he burnt, and for the innumerable convents which he built. And yet, despite all he did for Rome, a single agent of that power foiled his most ardent desires; and when this took place, he exclaimed with a groan, "A Capuchin friar has disarmed me with his rosary, and covered six electoral caps with his cowl." His favourite and second son, Leopold, was a singular character. Men called him "the Angel." His prayers were believed to have an intercessory power. He was fond of rearing beautiful plants; but he refrained from smelling them, on a principle of mortification! He held that such abstinence would be accounted to him for righteousness. The eldest son succeeded to the Empire, and he healed many of the wounds inflicted by his father. Ferdinand III. reconciled

Protestants with Catholics; but Pope Innocent refused to ratify the peace. Ferdinand was weak of constitution; and his death was caused by a singular accident. As he lay indisposed in a room in his palace, a fire broke out in the apartment of his infant son. A guard, who had secured child and cradle, rushed so impetuously with them into the Emperor's room, that he struck the cradle with such force against the wall that it was dashed to pieces. The child rolled out unhurt, but the Kaiser died of the fright.

Ferdinand had basely offered to hold Hungary as a fief of the Porte. His son, Leopold III., was worthy of so mean-spirited a sire. When the Turks had swept through Hungary itself, and appeared in force before Vienna, Leopold ran away from the capital, amid the execrations of his deserted subjects. The capital and country were saved by the chivalrous and henpecked Sobieski, King of Poland. When the Turks had been routed by that king among knights, and the danger had ceased, Leopold returned to his palace. His gratitude, like his courage, was small. He made difficulties as to the reception by him, an apostolic Emperor, of one who was only an elective King. The terms were arranged for the meeting as though the rescued Emperor was conferring a favour on his deliverer. They met on horseback before their troops. Leopold bowed coldly, and stammered out a few meaningless words. Sobieski smiled, shrugged his shoulders, wheeled round, and galloped back to his men. And so the debt of gratitude was paid; and yet this Leopold was called 'the Great.' The Jesuits, of whom he was a pupil, and of whose society he was at one time a member, had made this man a sanguinary persecutor. His domestic life is illustrated by an anecdote told in connection with his recluse habits. An Imperial chamberlain, once seeing a little dark figure in one of the corridors, asked him if he knew where the Emperor was. A hollow voice replying, "I am he," nearly frightened the official to death.

It is a fact that, saving to a select few, with whom he could be sprightly enough, Leopold was a stranger to the inmates of his own palace. That he had some sense was exhibited in his giving his son Joseph other tutors than the Jesuits. The fruits thereof were manifest in Joseph's toleration of the Protestants. But there was good reason for it. Joseph had to thank Marlborough for the preservation of his dominions. The Jesuits, who hated Sobieski, perfectly detested the English general; and they impressed upon the Emperor that to be saved by a heretic was not to be saved at all. Joseph could not recognize any logical conclusion in such an argument. That it was a good one was doubtless clear to Jesuit speculation, by the Emperor's being retributively attacked with smallpox in the thirty-third year of his age. All that art could do to save him was tried, but all in vain. His physicians hermetically closed his apartments, kept up a blazing fire, gave him strong drinks, and even swathed him in twenty yards of English scarlet broadcloth. In spite of these well-advised remedies, the patient died, and doctors wondered wherefore.

Joseph was too modest to allow his Laureates to praise him in their odes. "I want to hear good music," he said, "and I detest flattering eulogy." At his death, his brother Charles was in Spain, endeavouring to fight his way to the Spanish crown, which Louis XIV. had so cleverly contrived to fix on the brow of his grandson Philip. Charles proceeded to Germany, through England, and was Queen Anne's guest at Windsor. He remained at Court three days, and, though well pleased with all he saw, was not observed to smile once during the whole time. The light-hearted circle were as glad when he had gone as if they had got rid of a gentleman-vampire. He was slow in moving towards the greatness that awaited him; and he was not excited to greater activity by a remark of General Stanhope that "King William, Sir, entered London in a coach with a

cloak-bag behind it, and was made King not many weeks after." Charles was inordinately fond of finery, particularly of jewellery. His reign was one long war, in which the fortunes of his House appear to have departed with Marlborough and Eugene. The Jesuits compelled him to dismiss all his Protestant generals, and to enter on measures which threatened to ruin England, whose blood and treasures had been lavishly poured forth for his advantage. He will be ever remembered as the author of that puzzle to schoolboys, the "Pragmatic Sanction." His father Leopold had settled the succession of the Austrian dominions on Joseph, and, failing male heirs of Joseph, on Charles. Should both die without male heirs, the daughters of Joseph were to succeed in preference to the daughters of Charles. The latter, on becoming Emperor, induced Joseph's daughters to renounce their rights, and he fixed the succession, having no sons, upon his daughters. This was the "Pragmatic Sanction." By virtue thereof, Maria Theresa, the eldest daughter of Charles, inherited the Austrian provinces. France and Prussia supported the Elector of Bavaria, as Emperor (Charles VII.), but after three years (1745) Maria Theresa became Empress of Germany through her husband, Francis of Lorraine, the elected Emperor; but she ruled as monarch *de jure*, and her consort was little more than first gentleman of her chamber. Her father, who died in 1740, of overfeeding on mushrooms stewed in oil, when suffering from indisposition, was a strange compound. When war was raging, his country falling into ruins, and his Court receiving the bribes of his enemies, he composed an opera. The parts were filled by noble amateurs. He himself led the orchestra. In the ballet which followed, his daughter enacted the principal characters, and danced in flesh-coloured tights and very brief muslin.

In Maria Theresa the dramatic propensity was very strongly developed. On receiving intelligence of the greatest of the victories gained by her army over that of Prussia,

she manifested her gratitude to Heaven by getting up a chariot-race, in which she herself appeared, drove six fiery steeds abreast, and scoured through the sawdust of her Hippodrome with a mimic fury that would have delighted the experienced eyes of Mr. Ducrow. She *was* a heroine: it is not to be disputed; but she was a most ungrateful woman. To maintain her in her position, we gave her annual millions, and furnished her with successive armies. But when we added a little sound advice, she averred that England had never done anything but injure her, and that all our service was based upon selfishness. Finally, she coalesced with our most inveterate enemies, and united with France in order to destroy England, which had stood between France and her when, without our aid, she would have been driven into exile and destitution. To effect the alliance, Maria Theresa addressed the French King's mistress, Madame de Pompadour, as "ma chère cousine;" but she did worse than this:—when she told our Minister, Mr. Keith, that she would sign no treaty with France which could injure England, her signature had just been affixed to just such a treaty.

Her husband, Francis, played ever a secondary part. Once, at a levee, when the Empress-Queen was giving audience, he withdrew from the circle, and took a seat in the retired corner of the apartment, among some ladies, who rose as he approached. "Sit down, I pray," was his remark, "for I shall stay till the Court leaves."—"But while your Majesty is here, here is the Court." "Tut, tut!" said Francis, "I am but a poor cavalier; the Empress and my children are the Court." He was kind-hearted, gentle, and brave; and when he died, Maria Theresa made with her own hands the shroud that was to cover his body. Her own last words to her son Joseph, who was persuading her to try and sleep, were, "Joseph, when God is calling, who dares sleep?"

This Emperor Joseph is thus described by one of his bio-

graphers:—"His toilet is that of a common soldier; his wardrobe that of a sergeant; business is his recreation, and his life perpetual motion." A Grenadier in the Bavarian war said of him, "Why should I complain of dangers, when I see the crown of my sovereign as much exposed as my own cap?" Joseph said of himself, in the epitaph he wrote for his own grave, "Here lies a Sovereign, who with the best intentions never carried a project into execution." Frederick of Prussia said of him, "His head was a confused magazine of despatches, decrees, and projects." His fixed idea was to give one faith, one language, one system of government, throughout his diversely constituted dominions; he thought it was possible to allow unrestrained liberty, and yet compel every man to think as he did. He was infinitely superior, however, to his brother and successor, Leopold, whose private life was licentious, and who was bewailed by his wife, at his death, only because she then lost the unlimited rule which Leopold had allowed her in the affairs of government. In 1792, Leopold's son, Francis, ascended the throne. He was the last sovereign of the Elective Empire of Germany; the first (in 1804) of the hereditary Empire of Austria, wherein the third heir now holds the sceptre, and yet not by direct inheritance. The annals of the House show that none of its princes ever reached power but when war or insurrection was raging, or was imminent. The first Emperor of Austria, indeed, died when peace blessed the nation, but his heir, Ferdinand, dropped the sceptre amid the flames of revolution; and the young prince who picked it up, holds it under the tutelage of a nobility who are said to make little of the Emperor, in order to make the more of themselves. Let us now look at the Kaiser whom he displaced, and who is now resident in the Hradschin, at Prague.

FERDINAND I. OF AUSTRIA.

"The monarch quits his throne, and condescends
Humbly to court the favour of his friends."—CHURCHILL.

FERDINAND the First, of Austria, was born in the year 1793. In his early years he was kind-hearted, and has throughout life been weak of mind and infirm of body. He was thirty-two years of age when he succeeded to the crown; and during the thirteen years it was worn by him, he may be said, according to Vehse, to have done little, but, in the closing years of the period, and particularly in the double flight from Schönbrunn to Innspruck and Olmütz, to have suffered much. He reigned, under the simple illusion that he governed; but he really did neither. His *cretinism* rendered him incapable, but his imbecility concealed from him his want of capacity. Vehse adduces two illustrations of his weakness of mind; and that lively writer sarcastically calls them "touching." When Ferdinand was yet in the Imperial Palace, at Vienna, he remarked, "I once very readily paid a visit to one of the theatres in the suburbs; but I don't know,—I can't make out whether they wanted me or not." He thought he was there to put his signature to some document, and he was puzzled as to whether he had been asked to do so, or not! At Prague, when he was at issue with the patriots or rebels in his chief capital, he asked the Commandant in Bohemia, Count Clam Gallas, how matters were going in Vienna. The latter replied, that they were coming round to the condition in which they had been under his Imperial Majesty. "Ah!"

exclaimed poor Ferdinand, "we really did make our people happy;—but it was a dog's life, after all!"

When Ferdinand ascended the throne, he found that his father had left him the old minister Metternich, as a legacy, which he was compelled to accept. When he unwillingly took that minister by the hand, Metternich bound him tightly in swathing bands; and from that day, Ferdinand was a mere puppet, who made motions as the Minister pulled the strings. The object of the Minister was to keep things as they were, and to prevent their being changed by a successor. One of the greatest of minds was thus devoted to the least possible of objects.

Ferdinand, ever sickly, indifferent, and imbecile, was moreover completely under the "government of the slipper." His consort, and his sister-in-law, the Archduchess Sophia, held powerful sway over his weak mind. Influences scarcely less powerful were exercised over the Emperor by one of the ladies-in-waiting, Catherine Cibbiai. She was a favourite with Ferdinand, for two especial reasons; she could play with him on the piano,—the only thing he himself could do tolerably well; and in his epileptic fits, no person attended him with such zeal and success as this lady. Between the ministerial oligarchy, who made the Court as well as the people their servants, and the female Camarilla, who followed the instructions of the oligarchy, Ferdinand was paralyzed. The people recognized his want of capacity, even had he been free, to save them from bitter oppression, and the nation from anarchy. Things went on from bad to worse, until May, 1848, when an insurrection broke out in the capital, and Emperor and Court took their flight from Schönbrunn to Innspruck.

The details of the revolution; the course by which a good cause was ruined; the ministerial changes; the Diet held at Krunsler, and the residence of the Imperial Court at Olmütz, —these subjects are of too recent occurrence to require narration here, even were there space for them. It must

suffice to say that to every man but the Emperor it was manifest that no progress to a good end could even be commenced till a new monarch was at the helm, with a ministry between him and the people, who could respect the one and help the other. Bohemian Countesses, in loyal and limping poetry, in vain sang of Jellachich "reseating the Kaiser on his victorious sabre;" and Prince Windischgrätz fruitlessly penned documents in which the spelling was nearly as loose as the syntax, and the logic so ferociously absurd that the Westminster Epilogue might have extracted more from out of him than it did. All the world saw that not only must the old mummies be swept away, but that the chief, the most unconscious, and the least blamable of all, must be swept away with the rest. The difficulty lay in bringing about the consummation delicately.

In very early days, monarchs who were "in the way" were very easily got rid off, by the road of cloister, prison, or more violent means. The method by which Ferdinand was deposed shows the changes which had come over society. The Church, indeed, effected it, but the influence applied was well concealed. Recourse was had, by those who were desirous of soon accomplishing the end in view, first to the conscience-keepers of the chief Court ladies; and when those ecclesiastical gentlemen had been fittingly instructed, the well-intentioned plotters betook themselves to Empress and Archduchess, bewailed the desperate condition of the Empire, implored them to ask frequent counsel of Heaven, and directed them to the ghostly aid which could best serve all parties. The result was exactly that which was looked for. The Emperor was convinced that Heaven demanded of him the surrender of his throne. In bringing about this result, the Empress (a Sardinian Princess) was less influential and less interested than the clever, intriguing Archduchess Sophia, who is not clear from suspicion of having promoted the revolution itself. The Archduchess is a Bavarian Princess,

and she has skilfully turned events to the advantage of her House. She ejected her brother-in-law from the throne, and placed thereon her own son. In the early days of her marriage with Prince Francis Charles, she was remarkable for her pride and beauty; exacting homage from all, and making but haughty acknowledgment in return. In these later days, says the author of 'Bilder aus Oestreich,' she may be sometimes seen on the Esplanade, at Ischl,—a tall woman, unsteady in gait, her head bent forwards, but with traces of beauty in her face. Near, and generally behind her, walks a meek-looking gentleman, his head inclined on one side, and whom a painter might be well justified in taking as a model for the figure of the St. John Nepomucene. The gentleman is Prince Francis Charles, and the lady is taking him to church. In ten months, intrigue and anxiety have added ten years to her appearance; and liberal as she is, there is not more love for her in Ischl, than in the Viennese suburb of Gumpendorf. No more official respect is paid her than custom requires; but for mere popularity she has a contempt. She is not without great qualities, but she has the defects of little minds. One of her faults is want of tact, and rudeness in betraying it. When the National Guard of Ischl greeted her with a serenade, and began to play as she was engaged in reading a despatch, the Archduchess, angry at being thus interrupted, sent word to the musicians, through Count Wurmbrand, that "the band, with its accursed piping and blowing, might go to the devil!" Many other stories are told of her; and in the matter of the abdication of Ferdinand, she is felt, if not seen, to be a more prominent character than the Emperor himself.

Although Ferdinand was told that Heaven willed his resignation, he had no will, in that direction, of his own. The plot however was admirably managed, and on the 2nd of December, 1848, even Vienna was almost surprised to hear that Ferdinand I. of Austria had ceased to reign. The

ceremony of renunciation of the throne took place in presence of an illustrious assembly, in the coronation hall of the Archdukes, at Olmütz. The scene was not acted through with a joyous aspect. Poor Ferdinand, who had no convictions of his own at all, protested that he was convinced that the necessity of the times required an Emperor of younger blood and wiser head! and he whose intellect was so weak as to be a matter for jest to his own subjects, asserted that he had been "repeatedly convinced" that his nephew Francis Joseph, then eighteen years of age, had come to the maturity of his intellect;—which, indeed, after-events have shown to be true, for the new Imperial intellect has not improved since the day Ferdinand pronounced it "mature." Francis Joseph, too, had his convictions. He was convinced, he said, of the necessity and value of free institutions; and he solemnly declared that he would rule on a compound basis,—the basis of liberty,—of equality of all citizens, whatever their creed, before the law,—and of the right of each citizen to equally partake in the representation and legislation of the country. He has deliberately, wilfully, and wickedly broken his sacredly pledged word to all parties, —not only to his people, but to his allies; and the youngest of Cæsars stands forth before the world, the most obnoxious to a charge of shameless mendacity.

But the outgoing Emperor was not inferior to his nephew and successor on the day of abdication. When Ferdinand laid down the sceptre, he declared that he did so "from calm and sincere conviction, unswayed by any influence whatever!" But these were written words, to which he subscribed his signature, perhaps without examination. That he knew the force of the document and the consequence of his own deed, is clear enough from his own unprompted remark to his Imperial nephew, after the ceremony: "I have been surprised and taken unawares; but since it is for your sake, I have made renunciation with goodwill."

Dr. Vehse asserts, in his 'Geschichte des Oestreichischen Hofs und Adels,' that the termination of his presumed burden of government was a true deliverance for Ferdinand. "He now resides at Prague," adds the doctor, "where he has more money than he ever had before, invites many ladies to dinner, and is much happier than in the olden time." As a *vir idoneus puellis*, or "a lady's man," as Mr. Riley cleverly translates the well-known phrase, Ferdinand has never made himself acceptable by his wit. Many a story was told of him in this respect, when he was nominally Emperor, in Vienna. The simple-minded Ferdinand, it was said at every ball, put regularly the same question to the Princess Lory Schwartzenberg,—if she had got her cloak with her for going home in? Just as regularly he was accustomed to ask the Princess Bertha Lobkowitz, whether she remembered the great storm to which they had both been exposed some years before. Whether this was a storm in which he played the Æneas to the Bohemian Dido, is not worth inquiring; but the wit cited is very like those specimens of Imperial humour given by Suetonius, and which afford so miserable an idea of the wit of the Cæsars. Such as it was, Ferdinand was the true heir and possessor of the Imperial prerogative to make indifferent jokes.

With the Emperor abdicated, so to speak, the Archduchess Sophia. She had deposed Ferdinand, had induced his weak brother, her husband, to renounce his right of succession, and had placed her son on the throne. Her part was played out when Ferdinand retired into privacy at Prague. "Her motherly ambition," says the admiring author of the 'Bilder aus Oestreich,' "is satisfied, and she has withdrawn exhausted from her gigantic labour, to *enjoy* in rest and peace the ingratitude of the world. She is still popularly looked upon as the brewer of storms. To her diplomatic art will be ascribed the tempests and shipwreck by which Austria is threatened. Were she to die now, people would say it was

a mere report got up between the Court and the police. 'She lives,' they would say; 'she has shut herself up in a cloister, where she is engaged in making Ligorian nets, and fabricating eternal darkness.'" However this may be, one thing is certain, namely, that numerous as are the ladies who give life to the otherwise dull household of the fallen Cæsar at Prague, the triumphant Archduchess is not among those who find welcome at the Hradschin. Ferdinand is not likely to forget that she it was who most iteratively hissed into his ear the query, like that singular-sounding one in *Britannicus*:—

"Prince, que tardez-vous? Partez *en diligence!*"

Bohemia.

THE WINTER KING.

"Well did he write, and mickle did he know,
Who said, 'This world's felicity is woe,
Which greatest states can hardly undergo.'"—HEYWOOD:
Downfall of Robert, Earl of Huntingdon.

IN connection with Austria, some brief notice may be made of the crowns of Bohemia and Hungary, and especially, but still briefly, of those who lost their crowns. The old country of the Celtic Boii had been governed by Dukes of the invading Slavonic race, from A.D. 550 to A.D. 1061, when in the latter year the title of King was conferred on Duke Wratislaus by the Emperor, Henry IV. The Bohemian Kings were vassals of the Empire; but they at length refused to do homage to the Emperor for the crown held by right of popular election. This refusal caused King Ottoacre to be attacked by the Emperor Rudolph with success in 1281; but it was not till 1648 that the crown of Bohemia was secured to the Austrian family by treaty.

Of the Kings who meanwhile were of more than ordinary renown for good or evil, the chief were the good Wenceslaus III., and the as evil Wenceslaus IV., who was deposed and slain for his vices, A.D. 1305. Forty-one years later, John, the blind King of Bohemia, who was Count of Lux-

emburg at the period of his election, fell fighting against the English at Crecy. Seventy years subsequently, the Emperor Sigismund, the betrayer of Huss and Jerome, lost the Bohemian crown, and the Imperialists were driven from the kingdom. During more than a century, the crown was worn by Austrians or Poles. In 1527, the Emperor Ferdinand I. married Anne, daughter of Louis, the late King, and thus obtained the crown. The intolerance of his namesake, Ferdinand II., drove the Bohemians to rebellion; and as these had never surrendered their claim to elect their own King, they made choice of Frederick, Prince Palatine of the Rhine, and husband of the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of our James I., A.D. 1620.

Frederick had been married two years when the crown was thus offered to him. He was a young man of mild manners and weak judgment; was more gifted in languages than any other science, knew little or nothing of the art of war, was a rigid Calvinist, and believed in astrology. He felt great reluctance to accept the crown; but his consort urged on him that it was his duty to make her the wife, as she was the daughter, of a King; and she added that, for her part, she would rather starve under a crown, than be rich beneath an Electoral hat. On the other hand, King James supported the "divine right" of Ferdinand; and his Danish Queen laughed at the ambition of "Goody Palsgrave," her daughter.

Frederick, at length, signed his acceptance of the crown, but he did so with tears in his eyes, and with heavy forebodings of evil to come. Nevertheless he was vain of his position, titles, and privileges, and his entry into Prague cost the impoverished city fifty thousand florins in congratulatory festivals. During the few months of his reign, he was childishly pleased in making progresses from town to town, in order to see repeated the ceremonies of greeting him as King, and to enjoy the festival by which those occa-

sions were illustrated. This proceeding showed the infirmity of his character. His despoiling the churches of their best pictures, and bringing them to the capital, exhibited his avarice. The gallant Bohemians had evidently made a mistake in electing their monarch. They hated "King Stork" at Vienna, and they began to despise "King Log" whom they had with them in Prague.

But they had to defend *him* and themselves. Tilly and the Duke of Bavaria, at the head of Imperialists and Bavarian troops, were approaching, to recover the kingdom for the Emperor. The Bohemians entrenched themselves on the "White Mountain," near Prague. The day was the 8th of November, 1620. While the battle was being fought the churches were open, and in one of them, Frederick heard read the Gospel which contains the injunction to "give unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's." To a superstitious man this must have been at once startling and depressing.

The battle was adverse to the Bohemians. Their rout was complete. Little, but bravery, had been provided for a victory, nothing was prepared to soften a defeat. There was no "rally." The Bohemians were scattered in all directions; and the helpless Frederick asked for four-and-twenty hours, for consideration. The Duke granted him eight. Before they had elapsed, the "Winter King" was flying in all haste, and hardly knowing whither.

He had offended the Bohemians by sending away his son and heir before the battle, and he gained their contempt by his precipitate and undignified retreat. So precipitate was it, that he lost his decoration of the Garter, as he hurried along. The Imperialists, since their weapons could not reach him, assailed him with their wit. A Hue and Cry, from their hand, was posted on the gates of Prague. It promised, "that a great reward would be bestowed on any one who could give any tidings or intelligence of a certain runaway monarch, in the flower of his youth, of a complexion

inclining to the florid, diminutive in stature, with a beard entirely juvenile, and eyes squinting a little; of himself, a well-conditioned and worthy young man, but seduced by evil-minded and seditious advisers." Harte says that this was the first Hue and Cry after a King that he remembered to have met with in ancient or modern history.

And yet there were many persons in the Palatinate who loved him even after his fall. In his hereditary dominions, Frederick was long affectionately remembered for his mildness and justice. "Friend," said a Spaniard to an inhabitant of the Palatinate, into which the Spaniards had penetrated, "what makes you adhere so pertinaciously to an exiled and nominal sovereign?" "Just for this reason," was the reply, "that when Frederick presided over us, he raised fewer taxes in a year than you extort from us in the space of a month;"—and a very excellent reason it was.

Frederick reigned scarcely one "season,"—a circumstance which gained for him the title of "Winter King." He had the honour of opening (by proxy) the Thirty Years' War; and then became a poor fugitive. Ferdinand placed him under the ban of the Empire. His electoral dignity was transferred to Bavaria, in 1622; and, more grievous still, his famous library, rich in manuscript and printed works, was carried from Heidelberg to the Vatican.

The ex-King found an asylum, now in Silesia, now in Brandenburg, subsequently in Holland. He and his family were frequently reduced to great straits, and many an empty project did he form for the maintenance of a suitable dignity. This was only indifferently maintained upon a pension from Holland of 10,000 guilders: it was hardly the pay of a respectable head clerk in a Dutch counting-house.

Years wore on while Frederick, by various aids, kept modest house in Holland. He hunted, fished, looked feverishly towards Germany and Gustavus Adolphus, lived the life of a country gentleman, and saw his family increase to the number of thirteen.

Gustavus Adolphus was the champion of the Protestant cause, Christian of Brunswick was the especial champion of Elizabeth; but by neither champion, gallant as was each, was cause or Queen triumphant.

Frederick was not used to triumphs. He had seen three armies lost in three battles within nine weeks. He had stood by the side of Mansfeldt, who could not however carry him back to Prague, and he dismissed an army, thinking to conciliate the Emperor. When disarmed, he was only the more hotly persecuted by his enemies.

His chief dexterity was exhibited in passing in disguise through hostile countries, to the head-quarters of the Protestant champions, and in returning also in disguise to his home in Holland;—a home made additionally sad to him in 1629, by the loss of a son. Father and child were together in a packet-boat which was run down by another vessel, Frederick saved himself by swimming; and, strong swimmer as he was, his boy perished in his sight, and screaming to him for succour.

When the victories of Gustavus Adolphus augured well for the dearest objects of the Winter King, the latter joined the head-quarters of the glorious Swede. Together they passed in triumph into capitals whose lords were hostile to their cause; and in these localities they behaved rather as benefactors than as enraged conquerors. But the splendid achievements of Gustavus brought Frederick no nearer either to his throne or his Palatinate. The hopes of the Winter King were altogether blasted when the great Gustavus fell at Lützen, in 1632. This catastrophe killed the poor ex-King of Bohemia: his heart-strings snapped at the intelligence, and he survived Gustavus only a few weeks.

The Peace of Westphalia restored the Palatinate to his family, in the person of his son, Charles Louis. His grandson, George I., son of his daughter Sophia, succeeded to a more glorious throne than that of the Winter King. His consort,

Elizabeth, the ex-Queen of Bohemia, ultimately found a home, perhaps a husband, at Hampstead Marshall, built expressly for her reception by Sir William, first Earl of Craven,—a man who served her with as much affectionate fidelity as Christian of Brunswick. The ex-Queen died in Leicester House, in the north-east corner of Leicester Square, when her nephew, Charles II., reigned in England.

"She seems a very debonair but a plain lady," writes Pepys, when he went to kiss the ex-Queen's hand, on her arrival in England, in May, 1660. The throneless lady often attended the theatrical representations of the day. When Davenant's comedy of 'The Wits' was played, in 1661, Pepys makes the record that "the Queen of Bohemia was here brought by my Lord Craven;" and on the 13th of February of the following year, the very concise entry that "last night died the Queene of Bohemia," shows that she survived the loss of her crown more than forty, and that of her husband nearly thirty years. Leicester House had been to her a less splendid but a more tranquil home than that she had had, for a not much briefer period, in the Hradschin, overlooking Prague.

THE FOUR DEPOSED KINGS OF HUNGARY.

" *Goddwyn.* Whatte wouldest thou wythe the Kynge?
Harolde. Take offe his crowne;
The ruler of somme mynster hym ordeyne,
And sette uppe dygner than I han pyghte downe."
CHATTERTON.

Down to the fourth century of the Christian era, the Romans ruled in ancient Pannonia. They were driven out by the Vandals, who, themselves migrating, made way for the Goths, and these, in their turn were ejected by Attila and his Huns, in the fifth century. Hungary formed a portion of the German Empire, under Charlemagne, but it secured its independence in the tenth century (997). Stephen, Duke of Hungary, having established the Roman Catholic religion, the Pope conferred on him the title of "Apostolic King," which is still borne by the Emperors of Austria, as sovereigns of Hungary.

During four centuries, from the accession of Stephen, this fine but unhappy country was subject to many calamities, not the least of which were the devastations committed by Poles, Tartars, German Emperors, or its own Kings. The national misery was at its highest in 1382, when King Mary, as her title ran, married Sigismund, Marquis of Brandenburg (who subsequently became King of Bohemia and Emperor of Germany). The tyranny of these sovereigns drove the Hungarians to seek assistance from the Turks; and these allies became as oppressive as if they were foes. For three centuries (during which time the elective throne had passed

into the power of Poland, and in 1437 to Albert of Austria, who thereby laid the foundations of the power of his House) the kingdom was exposed to war and other miseries. The great Bajazet vanquished Sigismund in 1389; and the issue of the battle of Mohacz, in 1526, seemed to place Hungary at the mercy of Solyman II. Buda, Slavonia, Temeswar, Transylvania, successively fell into their power; and it was not till the Duke of Lorraine carried Buda by storm in 1686, and Prince Eugene recovered Temeswar, in 1716, that the Turkish power in Hungary was seriously shaken.

In the year 1526, there were two candidates for the throne left vacant by Louis II., who was drowned at the battle of Mohacz. John Zapoyla was elected by the Hungarians, and supported by Solyman II.; but his rival Ferdinand I., King of Bohemia, and brother of Charles V. of Germany, established his claim; and since that period Hungary has been annexed to the Imperial dominions.

The succession of the Hungarian Kings, from the reign of Stephen to that of Ferdinard I., who became Emperor of Germany, stands thus:—

HOUSE OF ARPAD.

A.D.
997. Stephen, great-grandson of Duke Arpad.
1038. PETER I., twice deposed, then blinded.
1047. ANDREW I., deposed.
1061. Bela I., killed by the fall of a tower.
1064. SOLOMON, deposed.
1075. Geisa I.
1077. Ladislaus the Pious.
1095. Coloman.
1114. STEPHEN II., surnamed "Thunder," died a monk.
1131. Bela II., the blind King.
1141. Geisa II. 1174. Bela III. 1205. Andrew II.
1161. Stephen III., poisoned. 1196. Emeric. 1204. Ladislaus II. 1235. Bela IV. 1270. Stephen IV.

1272. Ladislaus III., murdered.
1290. Andrew III., the Venetian, son of Stephen IV. and a Venetian lady; poisoned.

ANJOU, LUXEMBURG, AND AUSTRIA.

1309. Charles Robert, son of Mary (daughter of Stephen IV.) and Charles, Prince of Salerno (son of Charles of Anjou).
1342. Louis the Great, his son.
1382. Mary, daughter of Louis.
1392. Mary and her husband Sigismund.
1437. Albert of Austria (their son-in-law), and Elizabeth.
1440. Vladislaus I., also King Vladislaus VI. of Poland.
1444. Interregnum; period of Huniades and Corvinus.
1453. Ladislaus IV., posthumous son of Albert; poisoned.
1457. Matthias Corvinus, son of Huniades, late regent.
1490. Vladislaus II., also King of Bohemia.
1516. Louis II. (I. of Bohemia), drowned.
1527. Ferdinand of Austria, husband of Anna, sister of the late King.

From this period the succession may be seen under the Empire.

The first deposed monarch of the Hungarians was Peter, the nephew of Stephen, who was called "the German," chiefly because he employed Germans in all the high offices of the kingdom. This led to an insurrection, which carried a Stephen Aba temporarily to the throne. Aba forthwith began by ameliorating the condition of the peasants; but this gave such offence to the nobles, who had no idea of liberty for anybody, and wanted only "license" for themselves, that they invoked the fatal aid of Austria. Peter, after a dethronement of three years, was restored, and Aba was got rid of by assassination.

The nobles however failed to find under Peter the

"license" which they required. The restored monarch declared his intention of holding his kingdom as a fief of the Empire, and he even sent a crown and lance to the Emperor in token of subjection. Exasperated by this, and also by Peter's renewed patronage of Germans, to the exclusion of Hungarians, they now not only deposed, but imprisoned him. They shut him up in the gloomy fortress of Stuhlweissenburg; here his eyes were put out, and in this prison he passed the remainder of a miserable existence.

Peter's cousin, Andrew, was raised to the throne on conditions which he entirely disregarded. The blind captive Peter could hear from his cell the rejoicing shouts which hailed the crowning of his successor. In the same fortress where the one lost his eyes, and was immured in darkness, the other gained a crown, and grasped a sceptre, which he used as a weapon to strike down liberty.

Andrew lost what he had thus gained and grasped. His tyranny drove his subjects to rebellion; but it was a family quarrel which finally cost him his throne. He had associated his brother Bela with him, as governor, with the title of Duke (and promise of the succession) over a third of the kingdom. Andrew however became father of a son, Solomon, whom he caused to be recognized as his successor. The King nevertheless evinced his continual jealousy of Bela, whom he at length summoned to his presence. Bela found Andrew on a couch; at his feet lay a crown and a sword. The elder addressed the younger brother. Andrew acknowledged that the inheritance of the crown belonged to Bela, but that the interests of the kingdom demanded that the young Solomon should succeed. "Notwithstanding this," said Andrew, "I leave the decision to yourself. If you would be King, take up the crown that is at my feet; if you prefer to remain Duke, take up the sword." Bela had been privately instructed that if he chose the crown, his life would be forfeited. He accordingly took up

the sword, and retired, with a determination therewith to cut his way to the throne. In the insurrection which ensued, Andrew was deposed and slain. The unsceptred monarch fell in a great battle near the Theiss; and Bela occupied his vacant seat. It is probable that the new King himself was got rid of by the partisans of Solomon, and the friends of paganism. The one could not forgive him his usurpation; the other could not pardon him for abolishing the old forms of religion, to which the Hungarian nobles clung with great tenacity. Bela was one day sitting in judgment, as was his custom, when the building suddenly fell upon him, and he was buried in the ruins. Nothing more is said of the catastrophe, in which there must have been many participators; but as it was followed by the accession of Solomon, we may conjecture that there was in it less of accident than design.

Solomon was deposed, at the end of a reign of eleven years, chiefly on the ground that he had engaged to hold Hungary as a fief of the Empire, and to place six of the fortified towns in the possession of the Emperor, as a guarantee of his good faith. The fate of this deposed monarch belongs to the region of romance. The Pope adopted the cause of Solomon, on hearing that Ladislaus, the successor of Geisa, by whom Solomon had been dethroned and banished, had given refuge to that Boleslaus II. of Poland, who had killed a bishop at the altar. The course of events, however, placed Solomon in the power of Ladislaus, who confined the deposed King in the fortress of Visegrad, near Waitzen. From this prison Solomon was freed, in honour of the canonization of King Stephen, by Pope Gregory. He could not, however, be happy with simple freedom and a fixed revenue. Solomon attempted to regain his lost crown, but the fortune of battle drove him across the Danube. In an attempt to make his way through a thick forest, he became separated from his followers, and was never again seen of man, or even heard of.

Soon after this period, however, a pilgrim was observed constantly at the shrine of the canonized King, St. Stephen. His face was ever concealed, his garb was of the humblest, and there was a corresponding humility in all his actions. The solitary man only left the shrine to repair to a remote cell, where he spent his remaining days as a hermit. As people looked on this mysterious being at the shrine of the royal Saint, or passed by the rude hermitage, within which he might be seen at prayer, some whispered to the others, "There kneels one whom men once knelt to; the meek man there was once the fierce Solomon who wore St. Stephen's crown."

Meanwhile the Hungarians rejoiced that he wore it no longer, and that it had been transferred to Ladislaus. The excellence of this latter King is shown in the fact that when he died, the kingdom went into mourning for him, for the space of three years. In wisdom, however, he was exceeded by his son Coloman. In the twelfth century this enlightened monarch forbade the persecution of persons described as 'witches,' on the ground, he said, that there were no such persons; and that supernatural powers belonged to the Divinity alone. When we reflect that, according to the estimate of Barrington, 30,000 witches were executed within two hundred years, in England; that 3000 were executed under the Long Parliament; that Sir Matthew Hale burnt two persons as 'witches;' that several suffered at the stake during the last century, under a similar accusation, and that the sanguinary English laws against the so-called witchcraft were not repealed till 1736, we may feel a little ashamed at the enlightenment of King Coloman, who reigned in a 'barbarous' country, in 'barbarous' times.

There is an incident connected with Coloman's successor, "Stephen Thunder," which deserves to be noticed. The gay and noisy court of Stephen was the refuge of every King in Europe who happened to be in difficulties, and of every

"Prinz Schnapps" who was suffering the consequences of having pledged his honour, and who had forgotten to redeem his pledge. To restore a worthless Russian Prince to his place of power, Stephen led an army into Russia, and sacrificed nearly the whole of it, in a vain attempt to reduce Vladimir. Stephen ordered a last assault, but the reply of the chief Magyars shows the spirit which animated those troublesome subjects:—"The city cannot be taken but at enormous cost of our blood; and it could not be kept, if it were taken. If you want it, take it yourself; we will not assist you; and let us tell you, that if you prefer these foreign expeditions to quietly governing your own country, we will return home, elect another sovereign, and declare you to be deposed."

This speech was so clear and circumstantial, that Stephen put away his own "Thunder," and reigned meekly as long as he had power even to do as much as that. Infirmity however overtook him, and he made it his excuse for assuming the habit of a monk, under which character he died, in the year 1131.

If Stephen saved himself from deposition by his docility, Emeric, some years after, gained the same end by his courage. His brother, Andrew, was at the head of a large force, intent upon dethroning him. The friends of Emeric, deeming his cause lost, advised him to fly. Emeric, on the contrary, stripped off his armour, laid aside his sword and lance, and placing the crown on his head, walked alone to the camp of the insurgents, and demanded if there was any one there who dared to dip his hand in the blood of their King. They to whom he spoke, shrank back from him. Unmolested, he went to the tent of Andrew, and with his own hand led him away a prisoner. By this bold act, the rashness of which finds apology in the result, Emeric saved himself from deposition.

In England, an insult offered to a young maiden once

nearly cost the King his crown; a similar insult nearly led to the deposition of Charles, the first Hungarian King, of the House of Anjou. This King had, for his third wife, Elizabeth, sister of Casimir of Poland. Casimir escorted his queenly sister to Hungary; and at her court there, once grossly insulted a beautiful maid-of-honour, daughter of the magnate Felician Zacs. The latter, hearing of the wrong done to his child, rushed to the palace with a drawn sword, and followed by an infuriated crowd. Felician sought everywhere for Casimir, and grew the more enraged as his search was unsuccessful. In his ungovernable fury, he encountered the Queen herself, and, with one sweep of his sabre, he cut off four fingers of her right hand. He then assailed the King; but by this time the friends of the latter had assembled; the growing insurrection was bloodily suppressed, and Felician was captured. The vengeance inflicted on the latter and on his innocent family was fearful. The defender, or avenger rather, of his daughter's honour was cut to pieces, by executioners; his son was dragged to death at a horse's tail; his injured daughter was paraded through the capital, with her nose, fingers, and lips cut off; a second daughter was beheaded, and her husband was starved to death. The remainder of the family was banished or reduced to serfdom. In such-wise did Charles Robert, whose general humanity is often eulogized, take vengeance upon a father rendered mad by an outrage offered to his child.

One more incident, more closely connected with the subject of deposition, must close this section. It refers to the reign of Mary, granddaughter of Charles Robert. The Hungarians disliked being governed by a young female "King," and they had little love for her youthful husband, Sigismund, of Bohemia. They consequently favoured the attempt of Charles of Naples to gain the crown, and even elected him King of Hungary. His brief tenure of authority is known as that of Charles the Little. After this election, he found

himself powerful enough to compel Mary to consent to pronounce her own abdication. It was only with reluctance, and under the influence of the old Queen, Elizabeth, that Mary could be brought to consent to this step, in the absence of Sigismund, who had fled to Bohemia. At length, she formally stated that the burden of government was too heavy for her, and that she was willing to resign the crown. Charles, in return, declared that he looked upon Mary as his sister, and Elizabeth, as his mother. He insisted on the presence of both these royal ladies at his coronation, in Stuhlweissenburg. "The imprudence of this step," we are told by an anonymous author, "was soon manifest. The ungenerous conduct of the new King appeared the more glaring, beside the beauty and patient endurance of Mary. The hearts of the people were touched; and when, during the ceremony of the coronation, the Queens prostrated themselves, in tears, on the grave of King Louis, the nobles repented having abandoned them for a foreign monarch. Fatal omens attended the accession of Charles: the banner of St. Stephen was rent as he left the church; and, a few days later, a storm and earthquake destroyed part of the palace."

Elizabeth was a strong-minded woman, and her observation was as acute as her intellect was strong. She profited by the desire she had detected in the nobles, to recover the throne for Mary. In her presence, one of her attendants felled the usurper with a blow, which failed to kill him. His person, however, was in her power, and, flinging him into a dungeon, she declared him deposed, and ordered him to be strangled. Mary, by this stringent process, recovered her throne.

The government of the native princes of Hungary presents examples enough of insurrection against it, but no more incidents that can fairly come within the scope of this Work. That native government ceased with the accession of Ferdinand I., the first of the regular line of the House of Haps-

burg. Since that period the struggle has been between foreign despotism and the friends of constitutional monarchy. In this struggle Austria has been hitherto the victor, but at a terrible cost, and leaving the final issue deferred rather than decided.

Bavaria.

LUDWIG, "THE LOVER."

'And Kings in wit may want discerning spirit."—POPE.

THE Royal family of Bavaria are Guelphs and Saxons by descent. The first Duke of Bavaria was Henry Guelph, who was raised to that dignity by the Emperor Conrad II., in 1024. The Electorship was first conferred on the Great Duke Maximilian, in 1597. The Ducal Line gave, as elected Emperors, to Germany, Louis IV., in 1314, and Charles (VII.) Albert, in 1742. The last of the Ducal Line was the simple-minded Duke and Elector, Maximilian Joseph, who in 1805, six years after he had succeeded as Duke, was named King of Bavaria, by the Emperor Napoleon.

Maximilian Joseph reigned twenty years, and was succeeded, in 1825, by Louis I., a poet-King, who, in his leisure hours, not only wrote verses, but printed them.

"Ludwig," as he is more familiarly known in Germany, was born in 1786, the year in which the great Frederick died. His mother, Caroline of Baden, was a Protestant, and remained so after her marriage. Her sister, Louisa, married the Czar Alexander I., and changed her religion for a crown, only to meet with misery and disappointment.

The maternal influence had much to do with the education of Ludwig. It taught him, at least, to be bitterly hostile

towards France. Ludwig married, in 1810, Theresa of Hildburghausen, a plain but exemplary Princess, whom he treated with shameless infidelity. Ludwig himself had no personal beauty to boast of. Nostitz described him, in his eight-and-twentieth year, as having a mouth without teeth, and a face without expression.

Ludwig, at his accession, in 1825, found his capital, Munich, a quiet, moral, somewhat dull, and unattractive city. He recalled the monks, restored them their property, became the patron of artists, added a city of palaces to the new city, restored all that was worth restoration in the old, and rendered Munich, by his example, one of the most immoral cities in Europe. At sixty years of age he openly took under his protection the notorious woman, Lola Montes. He created her Countess of Landsfeldt, and insulted his wife by intimating his intention to have this Countess presented to her, at Court. To this outrage, however, the Queen, who had endured in her presence many other favourites of the King, would not submit. The foolish old man consoled himself by submitting, in his turn, to the ridiculous pretensions of Lola. The whole capital burst forth into an expression of its indignation. Their hatred of the dancing-woman was only equalled in intensity by their contempt for the King.

Lola took advantage of political difficulties, and sought to gain partisans by intriguing against the Jesuit party, upholding the Liberals, and advocating the cause of the Protestants. But the Jesuits disregarded her, the Liberals would not accept her co-operation, and Protestantism declined to take the proffered arm, and walk with such a woman in the face of day.

All parties detested her; but after all, it is thought that her fall would not have been so speedy and so sure, but for the ladies of the Court, who looked on her as an interloper, and felt a special interest in seeing Bavaria rid of a

woman who could attract the admiration of their wicked old monarch.

It was difficult of achievement. The influence of Lola was equal to her impudence. On one occasion, we are told by Vehse, that, as the King lay ill, and the Queen came to visit her sick husband, Lola fastened the chamber-door, and prevented the approach of the royal consort to the bedside of this sample of the lion in love.

The degradation through which this woman dragged her royal lover is inconceivable. There was scarcely a folly which he did not commit at her bidding. For her sake, all order of government, rule of police, and social regulations were overturned. She insulted the noblest in the land, and she was herself insulted and howled at in the streets, by the lowest of the people. She defied such outrage against herself, and showed that she could use her hands and whip as vigorously as she could her tongue. A multitude surrounded the palace, and angrily demanded her dismissal. Ludwig's daughter-in-law went on her knees and, with tears and prayers, besought the wretched simpleton to "send the lady away." Ludwig "sighed like furnace," and, in a copy of ardent verses, declared that life without the lady was intolerable.

The mob repaired to the lady's superb *maisonnette* in the Barer Strasse, and threatened to pull it to the ground. When the tumult was at its highest, the King arrived, accompanied by a single officer. He was unassailed by anything but rough truths: with these he was well pelted as he entered the house. The mistress thereof appeared in the balcony, carrying a knife; she flung a dog among the crowd, and is even said to have thrust her tongue in her cheek at the people, who behaved with wonderful patience till Ludwig took his departure, but then their rage knew no bounds. They were assured that the King had spoken to her for the last time, but they seemed determined upon having her life. In the midst of the tumult she dashed through

the crowd in a carriage, and was hotly pursued by that part of the mob not engaged in the destruction of her house. She had the shamelessness to drive to the royal palace; but she was repulsed by the sentinels, and she passed the night in a suburb of the city. On the following day Lola appeared in the streets in male attire; but she found it impossible to renew the attack on the sexagenarian heart of the poet-King. She was compelled to leave the kingdom; but she carried with her some royal spoil, and withdrawing to Switzerland, she found there an English friend, younger than Ludwig, but twice as foolish.

The wretched woman dragged with her, in her fall, the wretched King. The position of Ludwig had become what is called "impossible." Overcome by shame and vexation, he suddenly abdicated, in 1848, in time to prevent worse consequences; and withdrew to Aschaffenburg. Since that time, he has lived a better life and written worse verses. As a private individual, he has become one of the most amiable of men. He occasionally appears at the Court of his son, the reigning King Maximilian II.; and there his presence is marked by so much that is pleasant, intellectual, and generally delightful, that he is treated with a consideration which almost throws his successor altogether in the shade.

His happiest hours, however, are those which he passes at his palace of Ludwigshöhe, in the Palatinate. Among the memorials of the past there collected, the most cherished is not a memorial of his royal time, but one of his infancy, when his father, then only Prince of Zweibrücken, was the commander of an Alsatian regiment, in the French service, at Salzburg, where Ludwig was born in 1786. In honour of his birth, the soldiers of his father's regiment presented the infant with a velvet-covered mattress stuffed with their beards and moustaches, which they had cut off for the express purpose. Ludwig calls this a truly military mattress; and on it his uncrowned head often finds repose.

There is something in his downfall which will remind the classical reader of the causes which led to the catastrophe which concluded the reign of Pyrenæus, King of Thrace. One rainy night, the Muses, their hair wet and their robes draggled, arrived at his palace and asked for hospitality. The King took them in, welcomed them to supper, and delighted them by his gallantry. But as this began to take a form which was rather startling to the reserved daughters of Mnemosyne—although Terpsichore called her sisters prudes—they spread the wings which they occasionally wore, and took to flight. One or too lingered a little, to be caught alone; and in pursuit of these, Pyrenæus having put on pinions of his own invention, boldly dashed out of his own window, and the next moment lay, crownless and senseless, on the ground. The fate of Pyrenæus is a poetical rendering of the more prosaic destiny of Ludwig of Bavaria, who entertained the Muses at a sore cost to his people, and who fell headlong from the tower of popular regard, in his ignoble pursuit of Lola Terpsichore.

THE GERMAN EMPERORS.*

The Roman Empire in the West terminated with Augustulus, in the year 476. It was restored by the Popes, under the title of the Holy Roman Empire in the West, in the year 800. Although the term German Emperor may not be applicable to all the Sovereigns enumerated below, it is so far so as to indicate the monarchs of what is now understood as the German Empire.

* The divisions are adapted from Zedler, and also the dates down to the death of Charles VII.

A.D.	
800.	Charlemagne.
814.	Louis, the Pious.
840.	Lothaire I.
855.	Louis II.
875.	Charles II., the Bald.
877.	Louis III.
877.	Carloman.
880.	Charles III., the Fat.
887.	Arnulphus.
899.	Louis IV.

Saxon Line.	
911.	Conrad I.
918.	Henry, the Fowler.
936.	Otho I.
973.	Otho II.
983.	Otho III.
1002.	Henry II.

Franconian Line.	
1024.	Conrad II.
1039.	Henry III.
1056.	Henry IV.
1106.	Henry V.
1125.	Lothaire, the Saxon.

Suabian Line.

1138.	Conrad III.
1152.	Frederick I.
1190.	Henry VI.
1198.	Philip.
1208.	(Otho.)
1212.	Frederick II., deposed and restored.

The period which followed was that of the Interregnum, during which time the following were more or less titular Emperors :—

1250.	Henry.
1250.	Conrad IV.
1250.	William of Holland.
1256.	Richard.
1256.	Alphonso X. of Spain.
1856.	Ottocar.

After the termination of the Interregnum, the following Emperors (of different Houses, Hapsburg, Luxemburg, and Franconia) were elected :—

1273	Rudolph of Hapsburg.
1292.	Adolphus of Nassau.
1298.	Albert I.
1308.	Henry VII.
1314.	Louis V., and
1314.	Frederick of Austria.

1347. Charles IV.

1347. Edward III. of England, Frederick the Strong, Gunther of Schwarzburg, nominal Emperors.

A.D.		A.D.	
1378.	Wenceslaus.	1410.	Jodocus, or Jossus.
1400.	Rupert.	1410.	Sigismund.

HOUSE OF AUSTRIA.

1438.	Albert II.	1637.	Ferdinand III.
1440.	Frederick IV.	1658.	Leopold I.
1493.	Maximilian I.	1705.	Joseph I.
1519.	Charles V.	1711.	Charles VI.
1558.	Ferdinand I.	1740.	Maria Theresa.
1564.	Maximilian II.	1742.	Charles VII.
1576.	Rodolph II.	1745.	Francis I.
1612.	Matthias.	1765.	Joseph II.
1619.	Ferdinand II.	1790.	Leopold II.

1792. Francis II. became Francis I. of Austria, 1804.
1835. FERDINAND, abdicated.
1848. Francis Joseph.

Poland.

THE EARLY ABDICATIONS.

THE crown of Poland was the least enviable of the circlets of royalty that ever adorned or tortured the brow of a wearer. The troubles which accompanied it are well illustrated in stories of more than one Polish King, whose names however have not come down with the legends. However they are happy in their application. Of an unnamed sovereign (Boleslaus II.?) we are told that he suddenly disappeared during the chase, but that he was discovered, some days afterwards, in the market-place of the capital, disguised as a porter, and carrying on that laborious office. He was entreated to return to the vacant throne, but he obstinately refused, declaring at the same time, that he had carried no weight on his shoulders, since he had been porter, half so heavy as that which had nearly crushed him while monarch. He had slept more, he added, in four nights, than during all his reign before; had good health and appetite, no cares, was king of himself, and did not care a doit who was King of Poland. It is said that when search was made for a successor to this philosophic ex-monarch, one was found only with extreme difficulty. He was elected against his will, reluctantly promised to undertake the kingly office, and when the sceptre was placed in his hand, as he was seated

on the throne, he groaned forth a declaration that he would sooner "tug at the oar," than occupy such a place.

Few are the Kings of the Poles who might not have given utterance to the same sentiment,—whether they were of the country, or, as was so often the case after Casimir, obtained from foreign lands. It was the boast of the Polish nobility that they held their Kings, and were not holden by them. In the four goodly volumes of the works of Stanislaus Leczinski, King of Poland,—volumes published as those of a "beneficent philosopher," but in which the philosophy is not profound, and the beneficent quality of a very mild and harmless nature,—in those volumes there is one solitary anecdote to be found, which bears upon this question of Kingship, as it was in Poland. A French nobleman remarked to a young Pole, "*Vos Poloni non habetis regem.*" "*Imo,*" was the answer of the ready-witted Polander, "*nos habemus regem, sed vos rex habet,*"—which is a very happy distinction; but it had very little beneficial effect on the people at large, of either country.

Till the last year of the tenth century however there was no King in Poland. The earliest rulers appear to have been Dukes, or leaders of troops. Subsequently, a revolution placed a single Palatine, Cracus, the founder of Cracow, at the head of the government. During two centuries of alternate tranquillity and anarchy, we distinguish among the rulers of "the country of the plains," the beautiful maiden sovereign Wenda, who drowned herself to get rid of her responsibility. Przemislaus, by his defeat of invading Hungarians, was raised to the dignity of sovereign Duke, under the name of Lesko I. At his death the Poles were so perplexed upon the selection of a successor, that they at last settled the difficulty by allowing it to be determined by a horse-race! In addition to these names may be mentioned that of Popial II., a tyrant who, with his family, was devoured by rats.

Again were the electors troubled in their choice of a successor; but ultimately (in 830) a peasant named Piast was elevated to the dignity of supreme ducal chief. He lived to the age of one hundred and twenty years, and ruled so wisely and so well, that every *native* King of Poland, in subsequent times, added the name of Piast to his own appellation. The Piast dynasty of Dukes is said to have been hereditary. However this may have been, the dynasty was not Christian till about the year 970, when Duke Miecislaus I., struck by the beauty of a Christian princess of Hungary, abjured Paganism in order to gain her for his bride. It was his son Boleslaus (Chrobry, or the Lion-hearted) who, in 999, was created King by Otho III., Emperor of Germany.

Russ, Tartar, Bohemian, and Hungarian by turns, were the enemies of the new kingdom. Many were the triumphs of the latter, but vast also were her calamities. Her desolation was complete; but in the eleventh century arose Casimir the Restorer, whose name, indicative of his services, is still dear to the Polish heart. His son and successor, BOLESLAUS II., ranks among deposed monarchs. He was a generous soldier, but a merciless King; and so impatient of counsel, that when Archbishop Stanislaus was bold enough to offer him sage advice, Boleslaus assassinated the prelate. The sovereign was deposed, and was probably shut up in a monastery in Carinthia. Some accounts speak of him as a wanderer over the earth; others, that he was torn to pieces by his own pack of hounds; while a third class speak of him as living in disguise among a labouring people, and only revealing his identity when at the point of death. However this may be, it is certain that, subsequently, for more than two hundred years, the title of "King" of Poland was not acknowledged by the Popes.

More than one "Duke" who reigned within that period suffered deposition; among them, Lesko the White and Vladislaus; and several were celebrated for stupendous de-

bauchery, and for the ostentatious piety which they practised by way of "set-off." The title of "King" was restored at the end of the thirteenth century, in the person of Przemislaus. Towards the conclusion of the following century, Hedwig, Christian King of Poland, married the handsome heathen, Jagellon, Duke of Lithuania. The barbarian husband added his dukedom to the country of which he now became King, was baptized by the name of Vladislaus, and founded that illustrious race of Jagellon, which was not extinct in the male line till the decease of the liberal Sigismund Augustus, in 1571.

Three-quarters of a century of misrule, intrigue, and disaster followed. Foreign princes were elected to the crown, several of whom, previous to their deaths, implored the nobles to abolish the elective system, if they would not see the kingdom ultimately perish. The system however was preserved; and therewith, added to traitors within, and foreign enemies—particularly the Russ—from without, the country was brought to the brink of ruin. In 1649, the celebrated John Casimir stripped off his Cardinal's suit and was elected King. After nineteen years of rule, he withdrew from the throne. A sketch of the singular career of this singular monarch will be found in a succeeding page.

The glory of the country grew fainter with each succeeding reign, exception being made of that of Sobieski, who however, bold as he was in the field, was the abject slave of a proud and exacting wife. The crown was virtually put up for sale, and the degradation of Poland was complete when Augustus, Elector of Saxony, entered Poland, and was crowned at Cracow, amid a Saxon army, in the year 1697.

Charles XII., of Sweden, only temporarily displaced the Saxons, and carried to the throne that Stanislaus Leczinski, of whose unsceptred condition ample notice will be found below. There only remains to be added here that in 1763 Russia, whose capital had once formed part of the Polish

territory, forced Stanislaus Poniatowski on the Poles as their King. In the following year, the Czarina, for herself and her heirs, published a solemn declaration, renouncing all claim and pretence to any portion of the Polish territory. Eight years after this solemn declaration, Stanislaus Poniatowski was dethroned, and Russia, Prussia (great part of which had once belonged to Poland), and Austria, which had owed its salvation to a Polish King, seized on the country, partitioned it between them, and each illustrious plunderer entered into a treaty, guaranteeing to his confederates an uninterrupted enjoyment of their booty!

Previous to noticing the principal Kings of Poland who have laid down or been deprived of their sceptres, it may be interesting to trace the fate of the descendants of Sobieski. They will be found in connection with another race debarred from ascending the throne.

Sobieski died on the throne, but the sceptre fell from his family. His widow was anxious to secure the election for her favourite younger son, Alexander; but finding that failure was certain, she denounced her older son James as incapable, and successfully implored the Diet to pass over the Sobieski family if they would not bring ruin on the kingdom. This conduct led to the election of Augustus of Saxony. After the defeat of the latter monarch, at Klissow, Charles XII., of Sweden, offered to raise James Sobieski to the Polish throne. James accepted the offer with grateful delight; but the Saxons contrived to seize his person as he was out hunting with his brother, Constantine; and both princes were immured within the Castle of Pliessenburg, near Leipzig, in 1704. They passed more than two years in captivity, before they were enlarged by the treaty which dethroned Augustus, for a time, and elevated Stanislaus Leczinski to the throne.

A daughter of Sobieski, Theresa, married the Elector of Bavaria, afterwards Charles VII., Emperor of Germany. Her granddaughter, Maria Antoinetta, married into the Electoral

family of Saxony, and through her, the *royal* family of Saxony trace their descent from Sobieski. Of the sons of the great Marshal and Monarch, Alexander and Constantine died childless; and as James died (in 1737) without male heirs, the name of Sobieski became extinct. James had two daughters. Mary, the elder, married the Duke de Bouillon, and had issue, a son and daughter; the latter espoused a Rohan. The younger daughter of James, Clementine, married (in 1719) James Edward, the old Pretender. Their children were Charles Edward, "Count of Albany," and Henry, Cardinal of York. The former married the Princess of Stolberg, who, when a childless widow, gave her hand to the poet Alfieri,—a gift which could not increase the intimacy which had long existed between the poet and the Princess.

The Stuart family held a mortgage on several estates in Silesia, for money lent to Austria by James Sobieski. When the King of Prussia seized Silesia, in 1740, he confiscated the estates as Austrian, and the Stuart holders of the mortgage were plundered alike by Prussia and by Austria. The first robbed them of their securities, and the latter refused to compensate them for what they had lost.

JOHN CASIMIR V.

"J'ai vu monter, j'ai vu descendre,
J'ai vu l'aube et l'ombre en mes cieu
J'ai connu le pourpre, et le cendre,
Qui me va mieux."—V. HUGO.

A BRAVE and honest King was Casimir V. He was the second son of Sigismund III., by a second marriage, with Constance of Austria. He was twenty-four years of age, in 1633, when his widowed mother urged him to endeavour to secure his election to the throne. Casimir, aware that his father had expressed a desire that his elder son Vladislaus should succeed him, disregarded the ambitious promptings of his mother, zealously promoted the election of his brother, was the first to render him joyful homage as King, and having done so, enrolled himself in the Imperial armies, where he performed the duty of a soldier with the greatest *éclat.* Although he loved peace better than war, he was rash in his bravery, and led many a cavalry charge headlong to almost entire destruction. But, if he was the first *in,* on such occasions, he was not also the first *out;* and he did not leave his men to suffer all sorts of privations while he was luxuriously cared for by his cooks and valets.

If he was often unlucky in war, he was not less so on his diplomatic missions and in his naval enterprises. In 1638, he was the Imperial Legate chosen to conclude a treaty with Spain against France, and to command a fleet, with the object of destroying French commerce in the Mediterranean.

The military-diplomatic admiral embarked at Genoa, and was soon after wrecked on the shores of Provence. He was recognized, captured, and suffered a light imprisonment for two years, during which he charmed the ladies by his gallant behaviour, and the men by his urbanity.

Casimir owed his liberty to the intercession of his brother, the King; after personally thanking whom, he set out on his travels. He visited Loretto, on his way; and he no sooner beheld the miraculous house, when he was seized with a desire to lead a holy life, and thereupon he became a member of the Order of Jesuits, in 1643. After a three years' trial, he grew weary of the life, but the Pope rewarded the attempt by conferring on him a Cardinal's hat. Just at this period he heard that his brother's son was in a hopeless state of health; and Casimir, reflecting that this opened to him a prospect of the throne, sent back the hat to the Pope. The Holy Father received it with reluctance; but Casimir found the act justified, on hearing of his brother's death, the next year, and on being elected to the throne, in spite of the opposition of his younger brother, the Bishop of Breslau, and of the Czar himself. The Pope even hastened to grant him the necessary dispensations, and my Lord Cardinal succeeded to the throne of his brother.

John Casimir did more than this,—he succeeded to the possession of his brother's wife, that famous Marie de Gonzague, who is the heroine of the 'Cinq-Mars' of De Vigny, and who was never in the least degree like the tender young lady in the charming novel of the French Academician.

John Casimir enjoyed no luxurious life on the throne of Poland. Cossacks and Tartars assailed him. He beat both separately, only to meet them in arms again as vigorous as ever. The former, when they found themselves unequal to cope with him, united with Russia, and the King was speedily bewildered by the number of his enemies, the loss of his great cities, and conspiracies in his very capital. Faction

within was as fatal as the former without; and the deliberations of the Diet could at any time be disturbed and suspended by any single member pronouncing a *veto* against further discussion!

Disaster, however, could not render the King humble. On the abdication of Christina of Sweden, he raised pretensions to her throne, then occupied by her cousin, Charles Gustavus. The latter punished these pretensions by desolating Poland and capturing Warsaw. Casimir fled into Silesia, and formally placed his kingdom under the protection of that Virgin to whom he was in the habit of promising endless festivals in her honour, if she would only crown his arms with victory.

Meanwhile Swede, Russian, and Transylvanian overran Poland with fire and sword. Ultimately, the patriotic people drove out a part of their invaders, and made terms with the remainder. The Treaty of Oliva, signed in 1660, restored Casimir to his unstable throne, with the loss of some fair portions of his dominions.

To secure the favour of Our Lady he oppressed the Socinians. To gratify his wife, he proposed that the Duke d'Enghien, son of the great Condé, should be elected his successor. Prince Lubomirski boldly told him to his face that he would not be permitted to do for his own brother what he proposed to do for the son of a foreigner.

The patriotic speaker escaped death, by flight, but his property was confiscated. He appeared at the head of an armed force and conquered Sobieski, who was commissioned to destroy him. The high-minded victor refused to profit any further by his victory than by exacting the reversal of his sentence and the promise of the King to claim the right of naming his successor. Lubomirski then went into voluntary banishment at Breslau.

Again was Poland assailed by foreign enemies; but Casimir sent Sobieski to encounter them, and the Grand Marshal

accomplished his mission effectually. The King now hoped for tranquillity, but he soon found intestine divisions as inimical to his peace and safety as foreign invasion. Thence arose a secret desire to lay down the burden of government, and prepare himself for a better world than this on earth. This desire had been especially strong in the King since the period of the decease of his wife, in 1667. A rumour to this effect had got abroad; but it was discredited, rather because the popular sentiment wished for the preservation of the King, than that it was ready to admit the possibility of losing him.

The report was realized, however, when a summons was issued for the assembling of the States at Warsaw, in 1668. At this meeting, Casimir, in modest costume, sat in presence of the nobles while the trembling Pro-Cancellarius read aloud the motives which impelled the King to resign a load he could no longer carry. This document produced a double effect. It was so touching in its truthfulness that half the assembly burst into tears. The other half, however, uttered cries of indignation, so exasperated were they at the idea of a Casimir laying down a sceptre which they had vouchsafed to confer upon him. The serene King smiled gratefully on the weeping, and looked calmly on those who shouted. Both parties were silent while he explained his motives for descending from the throne, pleaded that they were well-founded, and almost implored permission to abdicate, yet also declared his determination not to be turned aside from his resolve. If he made vast sacrifices himself, he did not spare his hearers. He showered on their heads a cataract of wholesome but disagreeable truths. He painted the Poles as they were; censured them for their disunion, rebuked them for their selfishness, and crowned all by these remarkable words, which served to establish John Casimir on the roll of royal prophets.

"I foresee," he exclaimed, "the calamities which menace

my country; and would to God that I were a false prophet! The Muscovite and the Cossack will unite with the people who speak the same language with themselves, and will appropriate to themselves the Grand Duchy of Lithuania. The frontiers of Great Poland will be opened to Brandenburg, and Prussia herself, will one day, by power of treaty or by force of arms, invade our territory. In the midst of this dismemberment of our State, the House of Austria will not fail to take advantage of the opportunity to seize upon Cracow;"—and in this strain the King continued, till his auditors were weeping tears of rage or sorrow at the vaticinated downfall of their nation. The sorrow at losing a King who, foreseeing the coming peril, might also be able to divert it, increased rapidly. No persuasion, however, could induce Casimir to depart from his resolution. In a burst of grief and explosion of gratitude, the assembly voted him a pension of princely character, with regard to amount,—which was paid him grudgingly for awhile, and which ceased altogether at a subsequent but not distant period.

The ex-King rode away from the scene in which he had consummated his voluntary abdication, in a plain chariot, and amid the sighs of a mourning people. After the expiration of a brief delay, he turned his steps towards France, where he was received with all the cordiality that Louis XIV. could show to such a welcome guest as an uncrowned King. He took up his residence in the pleasant Abbey of St. Germain-des-Prés, where the community saluted him with the title of "Your Majesty." Casimir felt that such a salutation was now an epigram, and he would playfully pull the ear of any priest who presumed to render such homage to a "poor brother." The King of France, however, made him something more, and put him at his ease with regard to pecuniary matters, by elevating him to the headship of the community, and bestowing on him a similar dignity in the Abbey of St. Martin of Nevers. John Casimir led

a very pleasant life in these retreats. He changed his residence according to the seasons, looked out at the world from the "loop-hole of his retreat," and learned to consider contemporary history with as little of partisan feeling as if it was the history of by-gone times. The cell of the Royal Abbot was by no means a repulsive locality. It was not, indeed, splendidly furnished, but it was a comfortable refuge from the cares of the world; and many a gossiping party assembled therein, and talked wonderful things touching their own wisdom and the folly of the world. When the gossips were gone, or when the ex-King was in Paris or Nevers, he was not necessarily alone. Casimir indulged in the great and exhaustless luxury of reading, and not a little in correspondence and composition. He "wooed the Muses," and wrote Latin odes which flattery thought would have made old Horace blush with envy, but which the modest author only accounted of as the pastime of an ex-King who had turned monk, and who cultivated his taste and scholarship from morn till eve,

"Then talked of virtue till the time of bed."

Neither was the recluse alone in other respects. He was visited by the most brilliant nobles and ladies of the day, who remembered his consort, Marie de Gonzague, when that clever lady was at the head of the gayest society in Paris. These, however, were not the visitors he most ardently welcomed. There often came one alone who was more welcome than all. This was a lady, of fair looks, bright wit, and a gentle yet sprightly nature. She was of some celebrity, and was no other than that famous Marie Mignot, who was the daughter of a washerwoman, and the widow of two noble gentlemen of France. The conversation of Marie charmed the last years of the regal Abbé, who, Abbé as he was, and stoutly as he had declared, when first a widowed King, that he would never wed again with another, was said

to have privately married the laundress's pretty daughter. And why not? There was no derogation in espousing the child of a hard-working woman. The mother of the Imperial Romanoffs had stood over the tub, and not one of the good woman's descendants has equalled her in virtue.

Much was said of the little private household of John Casimir; but nothing worse could be said of it than that the parties were probably married and were certainly happy. Whatever the condition of this household, it did not long endure,—only three months. John Casimir fell ill, suffered a brief while, and died at Nevers, at the close of the year 1672. Wedded or not, Marie Mignot, now relict of a counsellor of Grenoble, the second Maréchal de l'Hôpital, and of a King of Poland, regretted the demise of a fallen monarch, around whose last days her presence had shed a charm for which Casimir was grateful. He had been submissive to the will of his first wife, but Marie Mignot was too happy to fulfil only his own.

France kept of this royal Abbé only his heart. For three years, indeed, his body was deposited in the church of the Jesuits in Paris. It was ultimately taken to Cracow, but the heart was first extracted, and placed within a ponderous tomb, which bore as ponderous an inscription, in the church of St. Germain-des-Prés.

Bishop Zalerski, in his massive volumes 'Epistolarum historico-familiarum,' speaks touchingly of the death and funeral of his old King. "Tristis nuntius" he calls the messenger who brought the intelligence of the demise of Casimir. The *exequiæ* of the last male descendant of the Vasas were performed, in the Basilica of St. John, with a ceremony worthy of so "modest and pious a Prince." *Cecidit corona capitis nostri!* is his mournful funeral song: "The crown has fallen from our brow!" It was no dissembled sorrow, he says, that was witnessed at the side of the royal grave; but some of it seems to have been caused by the memory of

the calamities which had fallen on Poland. "Nullus honor erat," adds the Bishop, "quem non illi publica benevolentia non præstiterit, quem non ei et Senatûs et Regis auctoritas detulerit." In such wise, amid honours contributed by present King, Senate, and People, the ex-Jesuit, ex-Cardinal, ex-Legate, ex-General, ex-King, and ex-Abbé, ending so very nearly where he began, descended to the tomb. His body still rests in peace. His heart was trodden into dust amid the riot of the first French Revolution.

Marsy sculptured the monument beneath which the heart was deposited, in the church of St. Germain-des-Prés. That heart lay in good royal company,—of Childerics and Chilperics, and their spouses with more barbarous names, and royal children of early and barbarous times. The most conspicuous object there, however, was the white marble statue of Casimir, in royal robes, kneeling, and offering his crown and sceptre to heaven. The effigy thus knelt upon a tomb of black marble, around the base of which was a bronze bas-relief, the work of one of Casimir's monks, a certain John Thibaut, who was a most cunning caster of metals. The bas-relief represented barbarian captives chained to trophies of arms, thereby signifying the triumphs of Casimir over Turks, Tartars, and Muscovites.

Another brother of the house, more of a scholar than an artificer, Brother Francis Delfau, honoured the memory of John Casimir by composing the inscription for the tomb. Its length precludes its reproduction here; but its chief assertions were, that John Casimir was a King who had been especially designated "the orthodox" by Pope Alexander VII., that he had traversed all the pathways of glory and the virtues, and that this scion of Vasa as well as of the Jagellons was celebrated for his courage, learning, and piety. "Ever invincible," says Brother Francis, who admits however that he lost one battle out of seventeen, in which he led the way to dismal glory. He subdued, we are told,

not only by strength of arm, but by sweetness of disposition, before which even "Cossacks and other rebels" dissolved into allegiance. "Truly," says the poetic brother, in thundering Latin, "this man, who overcame fortune by his virtue, had his hall behind his fortifications, his palace in tents, and his public spectacles in triumphs and ovations. For the death of the children of Casimir, Brother Francis assigns a curious reason. Had they lived, he says, to be greater than himself, *he* would not have been the greatest of his race; and had they been inferior to him, it would have been said that his line had degenerated! And then, says the enthusiastic author, "he fought for heaven as well as for the throne;" in proof of which we are told how he built monasteries, destroyed the chapels of the Calvinists in Lithuania, and expelled the Socinians from Poland. For, adds the Brother, in reference to this last achievement, "John Casimir would not allow *those* to have Casimir for a King, who would not have Christ for their God." He had, we are then informed, exhausted the list of glorious actions to be done, and, finding nothing more to be performed, he laid down the sceptre! This very act caused the first tears which he had ever made to flow from Polish eyes; for his subjects "wept not only because of a departing King, but also because of a departing national glory." At length he died, wounded mortally by a fatal disease,—knowledge of a reverse which had fallen on Polish arms; and so, affection for his country killed a monarch, who left his heart to the Abbey of St. Germains; "and we have buried it here," says Brother Francis, "weeping as we performed the pious office!"

Never was epitaph so highly pitched as this. This must strike all who remember the irresolution of Casimir, how thoroughly he was "hen-pecked" by his (and his brother's) wife; and that he gave up the crown, not because there were no more glorious deeds to be performed, but because he was worn out by national and domestic dissensions. He lost all

his melancholy when he became an Abbé *in commendam*. He was far from episcopal jurisdiction; felt some pride that he was not the first King who had been Abbot of St. Germains; spoke gravely of the charge he had of the body of the great Saint, and of those of the Saint's parents; looked smilingly on the relics in his church, the tunic of St. Vincent (brought by Chilperic from Spain), the crown of thorns, one of the very many arms of St. George, one of the fingers of St. Peter, and a leg of one of the Innocents, whose name was, unfortunately, not known. Then there was the actual chin of St. Margaret, given to the church by Marie de Medicis,—at sight of which the wits grew speculative touching the hue of the lips and cheeks which were once in connection with it. But above all, Casimir was proud of that girdle of St. Margaret which devout married ladies used to put on in the church, in the hope that the wearing it would help to deliver them from a world of unpleasant trouble. On all these matters, and on the traditions of the abbey, the old questions of servitude, and the arrangements which had to be made when a woman within the jurisdiction of the Abbey desired to marry with a man within the limits of the authority of another abbey,—on these questions the "orthodox King" could talk pleasantly, albeit that his heart broke at hearing bad news from Poland!

And yet how small a sensation was caused by his death among the gay and gossiping people of France! Madame de Sévigné was, at the very time, in plentiful lack of incidents to communicate to her daughter. While Casimir lay dying, she wrote the most delicious nonsense, but said, perhaps knew, not a word about the moribund King. But this pleasant lady was a very selfish person; and a month before the death of Casimir she had dismissed all thoughts of the downfall of Lauzun with the complacent phrase, "Voici un beau pays pour oublier les malheureux!"

STANISLAUS LECZINSKI.

"Pologne! le plus doux des Princes
Cesse aussi de regner sur toi ;
Il t'en reste encore l'espérance. . .
Sois son asile, heureuse France,
Séjour des Rois dans leurs malheurs!
S'il perd des sujets trop volages,
Tu lui remplace leurs hommages."—GRESSET.

STANISLAUS LECZINSKI was a descendant of the old Royal family of Bohemia, one of the Princesses of which married a Polish Duke, and settled at Leckno. Of this marriage Stanislaus was a descendant. He was born in Red Russia, in 1682, in the town of Lemberg. His celebrated father, Raphael, was the author of a phrase which gained the warm eulogium of Rousseau;—"Malo periculosam libertatem quam quietum servitium"—*I prefer a dangerous liberty to quiet slavery.* Stanislaus was reared like a young Spartan, and educated as though it had been intended to make of him a miracle of erudition. He studied, travelled, became a courtier, held high office at Court, and was created Palatine of Posnonia by Augustus III. By the leaning of the latter monarch towards Peter I. of Russia, he incurred the hostility of Charles XII. of Sweden. The result of the active hostility and the no less active intrigues of the latter, was, that the Poles declared the throne vacant, to which Stanislaus Leczinski was elected in July, 1704. Objection was subsequently made to this election, that it had

taken place on a Saturday, the "unlucky day" for Poland, and that the accession of Stanislaus had been proclaimed after sunset. Some fighting and hostile intriguing followed, but Stanislaus was solemnly crowned in October, 1705, in presence of the Swedish King, whose armed force had rather irregularly helped him to ascend the throne. For several years he was maintained there by the power of the sword of his great ally; but the enemies against whom he had to contend were powerful, and Poland was devastated by the ferocity of the united Russians and Saxons. The fortune of war was however favourable to Stanislaus. Augustus was compelled to surrender all pretensions to the crown; and to a letter addressed to him as Elector of Saxony, in which he was officially informed of the accession of Stanislaus, he made due reply, in his Electoral character. For a brief period Poland acknowledged the wise rule of the most beneficent of Kings; peace however was not a blessing the country was permitted long to enjoy. It was swept by the scourge of war, and suffered dreadfully, even in its victories. The result of the fatal day of Poltowa deprived Stanislaus of his Swedish ally. In the absence of the latter, the King of Poland, although driven from his own dominions, gallantly defended those of Charles. Convinced of the hopelessness of resistance, he sent messengers to the royal Swede, who was then at Bender, imploring permission to resign the Polish crown. Charles bade him be resolute, promising soon to be at his side to give him succour and lead him in triumph to Warsaw. As a last resource, Stanislaus proceeded in disguise into the Turkish dominions, and entered Jassy in November, 1712. Being challenged by the commandant of the place, he simply announced himself as being a French officer in the Swedish service. "*Major sum*," he added, to the commandant. "*Imo*," said the latter, who had recognized him, "*Maximus es*." During many months Stanislaus, after being conducted with much cere-

mony to the quarters of Charles, was detained in a species of splendid captivity; nor did he finally leave Bender till the year 1714. The intervening time had been passed in hot discussion with Charles and the ministers of the Porte, and in abortive attempts to defeat the intrigues of Russia. Stanislaus, previous to his departure, declared to Charles that he would never draw his sword again for the sake of keeping or gaining a crown. "Then I will draw it for you," exclaimed Charles, "and will carry you triumphantly to Warsaw. Meanwhile I put you in possession of the Duchy of Deuxponts."

To this Duchy Stanislaus withdrew in disguise. He there was joined by his family,—his mother, wife, and two daughters. He enjoyed there but little repose, for plots were made to seize his person, and an attempt to assassinate him was attributed to the ministers of his rival Augustus. Added to this, the death of Charles, in 1718, deprived him of his refuge in the Duchy, which was occupied by the new heir. After some delay the Regent Duke of Orléans gave him a stately asylum at Weissenburg, in Alsace, and offered him a guard. Stanislaus replied, that he had sufficient protection in the honour of the King of France, and the hearts of the French people. He lived here the happy life of an accomplished country gentleman. Russia and Saxony, jealous of his felicity, and utterly disbelieving the extreme disinclination of Stanislaus to re-assume royalty, demanded his extradition. The demand was haughtily refused by the Regent. The great enemies of Stanislaus next attempted to deprive him of life, by means of poisoned snuff. The attempt failed; but the crime so affected the gentle King, that he earnestly besought permission to resign the crown. The French Government would not yield consent, and the health of the refugee-monarch began to give way. It was in some degree revived by an intimation conveyed to him by the young Louis XV.; the nature of which may be judged by the fact

that one morning he entered the bedroom of his daughter Maria Leczinska, and, saluting her with unwonted formal ceremony, he joyfully exclaimed, "My child, you are Queen of France!" Not the least happy portion of his life was that which he passed at Chambord, near the royal residence of the youthful and married sovereigns, in whose society he spent a part of nearly every day. He himself had fain hoped that he had done with crowns for ever; but the death of Augustus, in 1733, plunged this most unwilling pretender into new difficulties. The hostile Powers had insisted on the Polish Diet proceeding to a new election. France and the Polish friends of Stanislaus urged him to proceed to Warsaw and assume the crown. "Alas!" said the poor Prince, "I know that the Poles will acknowledge me; but I am quite sure that they will not support me." Overcome by the almost commands of the French Government and the entreaties of his friends, he contrived to enter Poland, in spite of the watchfulness of Russian and German spies to catch him on his way. So discreetly did he travel, that those very spies often helped him on his road, and never were more surprised than when they heard of his safe arrival within the Polish frontier. Three days after his arrival, on the 11th September, 1733, he was once more elected King by his enthusiastic subjects. What followed however showed the correctness of the foresight of Stanislaus. The Poles failed him when the overpowering armies of Russia were sent against him. His partisans had nearly dispersed, but they made him magnificent promises; and it was to await the result that the Polish King sought safety within the fortified walls of Dantzic,—a free city, which enjoyed the sovereign protection of the Kings of Poland. The Russians besieged the city, and pressed it so closely, while demanding the surrender of Stanislaus, that in order to save it from annihilation, he resolved to leave the city in disguise, in order to enable the citizens to capitulate. This they had

resolutely refused to do as long as the King required their protection. The narrative of the escape was written by the hand of the royal fugitive himself, in a letter to his daughter, the Queen of France. The illustrious writer informs her that he quitted the city in the night of Sunday, the 7th of June, disguised as a peasant, and accompanied by General Steenflieth, and four men hired for the occasion. The party embarked in two small boats, and hoped to reach the Vistula by rowing through the floods. They were unable to accomplish this end, and were compelled to pass the night in a hut in the midst of the waters, and exposed to be searched by the enemy. Monday was passed in this refuge, from which Stanislaus could see the bombardment of the city. At nightfall, the party again embarked. They had to row through reeds and shallows, and to drag the boat over the marshes into the ditches, where the water was of greater depth. After a night's incessant toil, during which the King was separated from the General, Stanislaus was once more compelled, at daybreak, to seek shelter in a hut, near the dyke of the Vistula. The fugitive King was concealed in a garret, where he tried to sleep upon some straw; but the hut was filled below with Russian soldiers, whose noise and dangerous vicinity kept him awake. For a whole week did this sort of life last; the King lying concealed by day in places which scarcely promised him security, and paddling about at night through the dark marshes and watercourses, making but small progress in many hours. On the Thursday, Stanislaus consulted with his rough companions as to the course it would be most advisable to take, to escape from this labyrinth of waters. "Our consultations," he says, "were regulated by a great bottle of brandy, which the ambassador had ordered to be put into a hamper, with a bottle of Tokay, to which I may justly affirm I owed my subsistence, during the vagrant life I led for seven days. I was obliged to proportion the quantity of brandy; for

when my peasants had taken but a sup, they would be faint-hearted, and cry that they did not see how we could go forward, and that they were afraid of being taken and hanged; but when they had drunk deeper, they would have taken me through the enemy's camp." The Thursday night was passed in scrambling along the dykes and through the marshes, on foot or on horseback, the cowardice of the escort threatening to betray the King, whenever they came near an enemy's post. The party succeeded however in finding a boat, and in crossing the Vistula. On the other side, a rude calash was procured, into which one of the peasant escort was tumbled in a state of helpless drunkenness, while the other acted as coachman. Through various difficulties the royal fugitive continued to make way, his greatest dangers arising from the drunkenness and stupidity of his guides; but Stanislaus crossed the Nogat in safety, and on Saturday night, the 3rd of July, found rest, protection, and General Steenflieth, in the friendly city of Marienwerder. Prussia treated the fugitive King with great distinction; but Stanislaus remained still a fugitive, till the end of the war, in 1738. At that period, Germany, against which France had declared war, on account of the Emperor's conduct with regard to Poland, was reduced to accept the terms imposed by France. It was therein agreed that Stanislaus should abdicate, but that he should retain the title and honours of a King; and that he should be put in possession of the duchies of Lorraine and Bar, which, at his death, should be annexed definitively to the French crown.

From this period, Stanislaus became a happy uncrowned King. The sovereign Dukes of Lorraine, descendants of Charlemagne, and connected with the Imperial House of Austria, had been, for the most part, beneficent rulers, and the inhabitants of the Duchies looked with some distrust upon the new ruler who was now set over them, a "King and no King." But Stanislaus was a man of good common

sense, and of a naturally kind disposition. He resolved, therefore, that his new subjects should find in him the chief source of their happiness; and he well knew that such a resolution was, in itself, the best policy. He did not, however, realize all he resolved, nor always act as if he knew that his best policy lay in such a resolution.

The last Duke of Lorraine, Francis, was no loser by the treaty which gave his duchies to Stanislaus, and ultimately to France. He obtained in exchange for them the hand of Maria Theresa, the Grand Duchy of Tuscany, and, with his wife, the Imperial Crown.

The first step taken by Stanislaus, was to invite around him those great artists, such as Duval, the mechanician Wayringe, and Chamant, the architect, who had adorned the old Ducal court in past times. But these men had heard the proclamation read at Nancy, amid the curses of the enraged people, surrounded by French troops, which destroyed their old nationality, and the artists followed into foreign land the fortunes of the old Ducal family. Stanislaus consoled himself by welcoming as his visitors, at various times, Voltaire, Maupertuis, Helvetius, and the philosophers of their school. He was kind, pious, and enlightened, but he was also an epicurean of the first order. He taxed his ingenuity on this point with great success. He invented many a new dish, vastly improved the style of cooking, and astonished the Lorrainers by eating his sauer-kraut raw, and by having served up at his table dishes of meat with fruits, both of which had been cooked together. Geese which had been plucked when alive, then whipped to death and *marinées*, were set down in his bill of fare as foreign birds; and after a somewhat similar fashion, turkeys were metamorphosed into *coqs de bruyères*, and were brought to table buried under the strong-smelling herbs of Lorraine. One year was remarkable for the entire failure of the fruit, but Stanislaus would not be deprived of his *dessert*. Composi-

tions of sugared vegetables, and especially of turnips, proved the ingenuity of the uncrowned King, turned confectioner. All these dishes were popular during his lifetime; and even now the Lorrainers dip their *babas* (or cakes in which there are *raisins de caisse* and saffron) into their wine, and think pleasantly, the while, of the royal inventor.

On one occasion, there appeared on the hospitable board of Stanislaus, a huge pie; the guests were admiring its dimensions, beauty, and odour, when suddenly the almond cakes which covered it flew in all directions, and from beneath them leaped up Bébé, the ex-king's favourite dwarf, armed like a knight. The whole table was in a roar of delight, except indeed one noble gentleman, whose nose the dwarf had pricked with his lance, and who vowed mortal vengeance for the two or three drops of blood which fell in consequence. Stanislaus loved his dwarf so well, that he provided for his security by putting him under the care of two soldiers of his bodyguard.

The Duke of Lorraine, who had made way for Stanislaus, became, among other things, by right of his wife, King of Hungary, and every year he forwarded to Nancy a little cask of Imperial Tokay. Stanislaus received the present with grateful ceremony, and the joyous cask entered the gates of his palace under an escort of grenadiers, and beneath the shadow of the flags of Hungary, Austria, and Lorraine.

But little casks will soon run dry if the spigot be often turned, and when the Tokay was out, Stanislaus would sigh for more. He was not well able to purchase it, for the produce was small, and, moreover, Imperial property. He bethought himself, however, that he might imitate it. Forthwith he girded on an apron, and after various trials, he succeeded, by means of amalgamating Burgundy with ingredients known only to himself, in composing what he thought might pass for Tokay. A droll thought inspired him when he first rejoiced in the invention. He kept it a secret; and

when the annual small Imperial cask arrived (it contained but a hundred bottles), he made presents of his own Tokay to his courtiers, while he kept the genuine wine to himself. The lords of the Court were delighted at the favour conferred on them; but when they came to compare notes, and discovered that his ex-majesty had distributed in gifts not less than six hundred bottles, they thought of the readiness of his concocting hand, and laughed at the trick he had played them. The Stanislaus Tokay was not consumed so quickly as the imported wine, but it rose in value with its years, and within the memory of persons still living in Nancy, a single bottle of it has fetched the exorbitant price of forty-two francs. It was indifferent wine, but an ex-King made it, and the price was paid not merely for the liquor, but for the name of the composer.

People at a distance had little idea of the splendour and cost of the household of Stanislaus, till the details were published at his death. It was then found that the court of this monarch, who had withdrawn from active life, consisted of five grand officers, sixteen gentlemen of the chamber, five gentlemen in waiting, eight stewards, seven chaplains, four private secretaries, ten medical men, twelve *valets*, and ten *domestiques de chambre*, three *maîtres d'hôtel*, twenty-four cooks, three treasurers, eight "personnes à l'office," seven persons to superintend the roasts, four confectioners, five cellar and pantry men, seven table-deckers, six *fourriers*, twenty-six footmen, seventeen servants in *petite livrée*, two runners, three chairmen, thirty-one porters, ten masters of the horse, thirteen postilions, eleven helpers, five chaise postilions, eighteen grooms, eight muledrivers, eight Heiduques, sixty-three instrumental and vocal performers, seventeen architects, painters, marble-workers, etc., forty-one gardeners and gate-keepers, and twenty-two other functionaries of different style and title. There were also four or five dozen of pensioners on the list, and the "appointments"

of all these individuals cost 57,964 livres 12 sous, or about 2400 pounds sterling per month. Never was retired monarch (save Diocletian) so magnificently served, and never was so much magnificence had at so small a cost. The list of pensioners presents a curious admixture of names and personages. Goudichaud, the horse-keeper, is set down for 12 livres 10 sous, between the Princess de Talmont for 2000 livres, and the Marchioness de Boufflers, who passed for the King's very particular favourite, but who figures on the list for the small sum of 625 livres, or 25 pounds a month!

One of Walpole's pleasantest anecdotes is told of this celebrated lady, in a letter to Mann, dated 1764. "I love," he says, "to tell you an anecdote of any of our old acquaintance, and I have now a delightful one, relating, yet indirectly, to one of them. You know, to be sure, that Madame de Craon's daughter, Madame de Boufflers, has the greatest power with King Stanislaus. Our old friend, the Princess de Craon, goes seldom to Luneville for this reason, not enduring to see her daughter on that throne which she so long filled with absolute empire. But Madame de Boufflers, who, from his Majesty's age, cannot occupy *all* the places in the palace that her mother filled, indemnifies herself with His Majesty's Chancellor. One day the lively old Monarch said, 'Regardez quel joli petit pied, et la belle jambe! Mon Chancelier vous dira le reste!' You know this is the form when a King of France says a few words to his Parliament, and then refers them to his Chancellor."

Stanislaus could be just as well as witty. Voltaire presented to him his History of Charles XII., and expected to be overwhelmed with compliments. The ex-King, after reading the book, humiliated the philosopher by demanding, how he dared to present to him, an actor in the scenes described, a book in which veracity was outraged a thousand times over?

Stanislaus not only entertained nobles, but artists and philosophers, at his well-laden table. He was himself an accomplished musician, and he painted *pastels* almost as charmingly as Howell of Huddersfield is now said to do. Letters and the arts celebrated gratefully, in return, the virtues of their magnificent Mæcenas. He was the most courteous of hosts, but very far from being the most gracious of masters.

Stanislaus was a King without a sceptre, and a Duke without a Duchy. He was merely nominal Duke of Lorraine. The administration of affairs was in the hands of his Chancellor, M. de la Galaizière, who acted for the King of France, and exercised all real authority. Stanislaus had the less responsibility, and enjoyed all the more the two million crowns which were annually forwarded to him from Versailles for his support.

His household was composed chiefly of Poles and French. There were few Lorrainers on the establishment. The consequence was, that, for some time after the arrival of the King, neither Pole nor Frenchman could go abroad without fear of outrage. One or two were even murdered, and the Lorraine priests were said to have had voice or hand in the matter; but these outrages soon ceased, and Stanislaus won some degree of popularity by employing the workmen.

He became a huge demolisher and builder. Churches, chapels, ducal palaces, castles, towers, and town-houses—he swept away dozens, in order to raise others, and antiquaries at least owe him little praise for his destructiveness. His greatest glory, according to some, is that brilliant church of Notre Dame de Bon Secours, which no one leaves Nancy without visiting, and in which he and his consort, Caroline Opzinska, were entombed. But antiquaries see in this building the ex-King's greatest crime; for in order to construct it, he demolished that famous old church of the same name, erected by René II., Duke of Lorraine, in gratitude for the

great victory over rash Charles, Duke of Burgundy, in 1477, —won on the very spot. An honest pewterer, who lived in sight of the old church, was so indignant at the profanation, that he walled up his windows, that his eyes might not be offended by the continual sight of what was going on. Stanislaus built all his edifices in an entirely modern style, and rendered their interiors entirely unfit for the decorations, the pictures, arms, or tapestry by which the original edifices had been once adorned. His grand triumphal arches, his Italian façades, his broad yet light edifices, are indeed full of beauty; but they impressed me, even very recently, as wearing an 'impertinent' look, when compared with even the few remains of the old feudal Nancy which still exist. The fact is, that Stanislaus entirely changed the face of the city. He may be said to have nearly rebuilt it, but not at his own cost. The citizens were heavily taxed, the French Government contributed largely, and Stanislaus himself added small sums, as advances were needed. The city authorities became plunged in debt, but their King-Duke dined gaily, and his banquets were none the less costly because of the city's discontent. When the city suffered, or when the Duchy generally was in distress, Stanislaus was compassionate enough to suggest to others to make sacrifices in order to alleviate the misery. At last he supplied considerable sums from his own treasury, —and published the details of his own charity. His courtiers called him the "Benevolent," and Stanislaus caught at the title, and wore it with much complacency.

His public works have been highly praised; among them is the great road between Nancy and Toul. The old road was, so to speak, broken in two by a valley; this valley Stanislaus filled up, not at his own cost, nor by the remunerated labour of the peasantry: it was effected by that ante-revolutionary imposition called the *corvée*, by which every peasant was compelled to construct, or keep in repair, a certain length of road in his own district. The farmers were as little cared

for as the labouring men. Stanislaus kept up a truly royal state in his preserves, chases, and forests. He took great pride in his deer, and these were so numerous that the harvests were often ruined by them,—so destructive were they to the crops. The amiable monarch is praised indeed for having reduced his hunting establishment, and opened his preserves for cultivation. He certainly did this,—but it was not till he was too old to mount a horse or hold a gun. Before that, if a hungry man snared a hare, he was sent to the gallows. During the twenty-nine years that Stanislaus reigned in Lorraine, he was rather the munificent patron of artists than the father of his people. And yet there is much difference of opinion on this subject; and this difference is not to be wondered at. Stanislaus spent freely where he was entirely his own master; but where his Chancellor, M. de Galaizière, held the control, Stanislaus exercised as much of his will as he could, and paid no more than he was compelled to do.

Among the warmest of his admirers was Frederick of Prussia, who was so delighted with the report made to him, by Maupertuis, of the way of life of Stanislaus, that Frederick addressed to the latter, notes full of admiration and praise, neither of which was unacceptable to Stanislaus. The latter had as great a eulogist, at one time, in Voltaire, who was often the guest of the Pole at Nancy, Luneville, or some of the country residences of Stanislaus. The King visited the philosopher in his chamber, as another sovereign did Titian in his studio; and Voltaire acted without ceremony towards his host and the rules of the household. There was no man more irregular in his habits than the philosopher. He had an utter contempt for the fixed hours for meals, and often required his own to be served to him, alone, in his own apartment. It might be considered that this especial irregularity could not very seriously have troubled the routine of so well-mounted a house as that of our pensioned monarch. Never-

theless it offended the latter, and M. Alliot, the Controller of the establishment, intimated to Voltaire that he would henceforward be required to dine at the table of the gentlemen of the chamber. Voltaire chose to consider this as a monition that his presence was no longer required at the palace; and *he* who had been the chosen companion of the King in his visits to Versailles, now quitted him in dudgeon. The hospitality of Stanislaus was, however, too welcome to Voltaire to be for ever renounced; and the philosopher, suppressing his anger, again rejoined the motley circle, where free-thinking philosophers sat by the side of the most bigoted of priests and the most rabid of Jesuits. Stanislaus was strangely attached to the "Society of Jesus," and when the edict for its suppression was sent abroad, he would not permit it to be published in his Duchies. The architect of Stanislaus once turned the ex-King's predilection for the Jesuits to official account. Stanislaus complained of the inconvenience he experienced in his library from the smoking of the chimney. "That would be cured," said the architect, "if your Majesty would set a Jesuit at the top of it. The Jesuits draw everything towards themselves." And again, when the ex-King was granting pensions to ex-Jesuits, M. de Tressen asked him if he would do nothing for the family of Damiens (the Jesuit-prompted assassin), which was in the deepest distress. Stanislaus was more troubled at the persecution of the Society than he was at the perils which threatened him when France supported the claims of the Elector of Bavaria to the Imperial crown, against those of Maria Theresa, and the forces of the latter approached so near to Lorraine as to threaten his safety. Stanislaus, rather precipitately, took refuge behind the ramparts of Metz, nor did he return to Nancy or Luneville till all danger was over.

He possessed more equanimity in contemplating the vacancy of and succession to his own old throne. When his rival Augustus died, the Czarina procured the election of

Stanislaus Augustus, Count Poniatowski. This latter nobleman, before his accession, was glad to eat a poor dinner at Dolly's Chop-house, at the expense of the son of a dethroned King, and he lived to be a sceptreless monarch himself. Meanwhile, Walpole says of him, in a letter to "Sir Horace," dated 1764, "Count Poniatowski, with whom I was acquainted when he was here, is King of Poland, and calls himself Stanislaus the Second. This is the sole instance, I believe, upon record, of a second of the name being on the throne while the first was living, without having contributed to dethrone him. Old Stanislaus lives to see a line of successors, like Macbeth in the Cave of the Witches."

Twenty years before this, Stanislaus entertained Louis XV. The French King had left Paris for Alsace, to defend France against the Imperialists. He was seized with smallpox at Metz, and the loyal people entered into a solemn engagement that if Heaven would cure him, they would manifest their gratitude in an extraordinary way. Louis recovered. Metz has perhaps the finest Gothic cathedral in France. The grateful citizens covered its Gothic west front with a Grecian portico; and when one remembers why it was placed there, the wish will arise that Louis had died of the malady under which he had laboured.

When Stanislaus heard that the daughters of Louis—Adelaide and Victoria—had suddenly set out from Metz to Luneville, to visit their grandfather, the ex-King ordered magnificent preparations for their reception. His steward hinted that so much splendour was not needed for his "petites-filles." But the ex-King said, with a smile, "Mes petites-filles sont plus grandes que moi." For a moment however he was himself uneasy at the idea that he might exceed his means by giving the young Princesses a more gorgeous welcome than was necessary. Walpole alludes to this unexpected visit of "Mesdames his granddaughters;" and adds that Stanislaus "was so disturbed for fear it should derange

his finances, which he thought were not in advance, that he shut himself up for an hour with his treasurer, to find resources, was charmed to know he should not run in debt, and entertained them magnificently." Indeed there was something princely in his character, and, as the writer last quoted observes, "Not only the court tables were regularly and nobly served, but he treated and defrayed his old enemy's (Augustus II., King of Poland) granddaughter, the Princess Christina, on her journey hither (to Paris) to see her sister, the Dauphiness."

There were two of the children of this Dauphiness who frequently corresponded with Stanislaus. They were the boys who were afterwards known as Louis XVI. and Charles X., and both of whom died stripped of their crowns. When their father, the Dauphin, died, a funeral oration on the event was delivered at Nancy. A copy of the speech was previously shown to Stanislaus, who, much to his surprise, found in it a warm eulogium on his own virtues. "Strike out that passage," said he calmly, "and keep it unsaid till after my death."

Wraxall, in the gossiping 'Memoirs of his own Time,' in describing the royal residence at Luneville, says that "Stanislaus, during the last years of his life, withdrew to rest every night at nine o'clock, and his departure constituted the signal for commencing Faro. All the persons of both sexes comprising his court and household, then sat down to that infatuating game, which was continued, without intermission, to a late hour. But a circumstance seemingly incredible is, that the rage for it became such as to attract by degrees to the table all the domestics of the palace, down to the very turnspits or scullions, who, crowding round, staked their *écus* on the cards over the heads of the company. Such a fact," adds Sir Nathaniel, "proves the relaxation of manners which prevailed in the Court of Lorraine under Stanislaus."

Although he was, even after passing fourscore years of age, of robust health, he looked forward to his own demise as a circumstance which could not be very remote. One day, in the year 1765, he drove from his Château of Malgrange to the Church of Notre Dame de Bons Secours, in Nancy,—and remained, long after the service, alone in his "tribune" near the altar. When he came out to his expectant attendants, he remarked, "I have been kept there by the thought that very soon I shall probably be lying three feet lower than where I was then kneeling." Some courtier-like words of encouragement were officiously murmured around him; but he observed, "I am the most aged King in Europe; what then is to be expected? I have endured, too, as many hardships, and encountered more accidents than most men. Except being burned, I do not know what I have *not* suffered. Of new mischances, there is really only some catastrophe by fire that could befall me."

And by that catastrophe he perished. His daughter, the Queen of France, had visited him in 1765, and she banteringly reproached him with the shabbiness of the thin *robe-de-chambre* in which the octogenarian passed his days. On her return to Versailles, she despatched to him a wadded dressing-gown, of much finer quality. The old King had it on on the morning of the 5th of February, 1766. He had just risen from his prayers, and had drawn near to the wood-fire on the hearth, in order to light his pipe; he went closer than usual, to look at the dial on the chimneypiece, and while he was trying with his feeble sight to make out the hour, the lower part of his robe caught fire. He stooped to extinguish it, but in doing so lost his balance, and fell forward. His face struck against a point of the brass "dogs" which supported the burning wood, and his left hand was plunged into the midst of the burning mass. He attempted to cry aloud, but he speedily became senseless, and knew no more, for the present, even of pain.

The Guard who kept watch outside the door from which the King's room was separated by an antechamber, soon "smelt fire," as he said, and opened the door of the anteroom, to warn the attendants. There were none at hand. He was certain that the fire was in the King's apartment, but his orders forbade him to enter, and his excellent discipline accelerated the King's death. The sentinel however shouted lustily, until a dozen idle lacqueys rushed up, and with them one who was privileged to enter the royal chamber when he would. This official's name was Sister; he was an old Pole, who had been a follower of Stanislaus since the latter was only a Starost, or judge, in Poland. Sister burnt his own hands severely in drawing his unhappy master from the flames. Stanislaus was dreadfully burned from the left temple to the knee; but when he recovered his consciousness, he bore the pain with philosophical patience. He improved slightly, but fever supervened, and all hope was lost. The suffering old man of eighty-eight did not however lose his own gaiety of spirit. His old gown had been made of material that was not inflammable; but he wrote to the daughter who had presented him with the new *robe-de-chambre* which was so fatal to the wearer,—"You thought, my love, to keep me warm; but I have been much warmer than you intended." A lady had audience of him, as he lay ill; she was herself suffering from an accident to her left arm, the ruffle of which had caught fire. The gallant old monarch could not forbear a compliment to the fair, even in the arms of death; "Ah, Madam," he faintly exclaimed, "we are consumed by the same flame!"

By some writers, his death is said to have been accelerated by the fact, that the pious King wore a silver girdle with points inside, next the flesh, and that these being heated, and pressed into his body, when his attendants were endeavouring to extinguish the fire, produced wounds, the suppuration from which caused exhaustion. As Lady Mary

and Mr. Churchill were standing by his bedside a day or two previous to his death, he spoke of his strange life, and added, "There only wanted a death like this, to close the career of an adventurer like me."

He lingered on during eighteen days. For a great portion of that time, the churches of Nancy and Luneville were crowded with citizens, who eagerly joined in the prayers for his recovery. When public announcement was made, on the 23d of February, that Stanislaus of Poland had breathed his last, crowds of his old subjects rushed into the palace with exclamations of sorrow, and cast themselves on his body. They honoured the man, although they had suffered under an administration which they knew was forced upon him by France. Stanislaus, says Grimm, could not have a more touching funeral oration than this testimony of the popular affection. "His subjects are in despair," writes Walpole, "for he was a model of goodness and humanity uniting, or rather creating generosity from economy." He bequeathed, according to the same writer, 600,000 livres and a life-annuity of 40,000 crowns to his daughter, the Queen of France. His other daughter had died early. "His buildings, his employment of the poor, his magnificence, and his economy were constant topics of admiration." The funeral oration of Stanislaus is emphatically declared by Walpole to be "a noble subject." Grimm is of much the same opinion; but the correspondent of the Duke of Saxe-Gotha adds, "Stanislaus has not cared to preserve the name of 'the beneficent,' after his death. He has left a pension to nobody. His benevolence to the officers of his household, great and small, is limited to allowing them a full year's salary." Grimm hinted that the liberality of Louis XV. would make up for the want of it in his father-in-law, whose death, nevertheless, is described by Grimm as an irreparable loss for Lorraine.

As I recently stood by the tomb of Stanislaus, in the

church of Notre Dame de Bon Secours, at Nancy, the recollection of the extraordinary career of the man was forcibly impressed upon me. He found compensation for his own fall, in the thought that he had founded a dynasty in France; but his daughter's son, the Dauphin, died before he could enjoy his great inheritance, and the Dauphin's three sons, Louis XVI., Louis XVIII., and Charles X., the great grandchildren of Stanislaus, endured a worse fate by succeeding, for a time, to the inheritance unenjoyed by their happier sire. There is still one male heir of the line of Stanislaus—the exiled Bourbon Prince who, in his retirement at Frohsdorf, is known by the title of Henri V., and whose chance of recovering the throne once occupied by Louis XV. and Maria Leczinska might be considered small indeed, were it not that, according to the old saying, "tout arrive en France!"

On the right-hand side of the altar, in the church at Nancy, is the tomb of Stanislaus. He is represented, semi-recumbent, attired in the *robe-de-chambre* in which he was so fatally burned at Luneville. Beneath the figure is a half-concealed globe, signifying perhaps that the *demi-monde* went in mourning for the gay yet pious old Prince. Beneath the globe is the genius of Lorraine, busily occupied in engraving the name of Stanislaus on the tablet of memory. On a line with the busy genius, is a large Charity; she looks sleepy, sick, and maudlin; and a hungry baby is tugging at her breast, in apparent disgust at the inefficiency of his attempts. Exactly opposite, on the other side of the altar, is the monument of the wife of Stanislaus, Catherine Opzinska, who, after an unobtrusive life, died in Lorraine, in the year 1747. Her graceful effigy is being led heavenward by a still more graceful angel, who leaves below, on earth, a magnificent testimony of the worth of the departed Catherine. Among the fair things said of her is (I quote from memory) that she was "Supra modum admirabilis magno animo quo

prospera tulit et adversa"—worthy of admiration for the greatness of mind with which she bore both prosperity and adversity. The heart of their daughter, the wife of Louis XV., was deposited in the vault beneath; but in the fury of the first Revolution, neither mortal remains, nor the monuments beneath which they were entombed, were spared. At the restoration, Stanislaus and his family recovered their tombs, which continue to be among the great attractions of all visitors to Nancy.

The statue of Stanislaus has been erected on the "*Place*," which bears his name, by "grateful Lorraine." The effigy is that of a fat old gentleman, with a sensual look. There is warrant in his face that he could get powerfully refreshed with Tokay, and not only invent new dishes, but consume them with alacrity. The pedestal is covered with the list of his good deeds; and in face of such a register, we may pardon his human failings in connection with gallantry and gastronomy.

The literary works of the ex-king Stanislaus were published in a collected form, a few years after his death, in four quarto volumes. They were published under the title of the 'Works of the Beneficent Philosopher.' Two volumes of this collection are occupied by the King's work on Poland, entitled, the 'Free Voice of the Citizen.' Stanislaus was among the first who attacked the "discourse" of Rousseau, against the sciences. As an author, the ex-King perhaps mistook goodwill for capacity; his powers were respectable, but not great. He was in the twenty-ninth year of his government of Lorraine when he died. Exactly the same number of Dukes of Lorraine had ruled in the Duchies before him; and Stanislaus reigned—a year for every Duke. Lorraine is singularly proud of him as a writer. They who will consult his letters in the Egerton MSS. in the British Museum, will find that he was a careless speller and an indifferent grammarian. An equal con-

tempt for orthography and syntax mark the letters of the quiet Queen Catherine, and their daughter, who ultimately married Louis XV. Stanislaus writes "*ce s'ent*" for "*ce sont;*" the Queen speaks of the "*estime avec le qu'elle,*" etc., and Maria Leczinska thanks a lady for "la *chiene,*" which had been sent her as a gift, but which is so spelt as to leave us in uncertainty whether "Marie, Princess de Pologne," meant to return thanks for a golden chain to decorate her royal neck, or for some curled *chienne* of a poodle, trained to her office like Belinda's *Shock.*

It is germane to my subject to notice that the pedestal on which the statue of Stanislaus rests, once supported a royal figure, which was summarily cast down, never to be restored. Thereon originally stood the bronze presentment of Louis XV. The person most active in procuring subscriptions for the erection of this statue, was sent to Versailles by Stanislaus, to reap the reward of his loyalty. Louis offered him the chief honour of being accounted "noble." This honour however had been already conferred on the gentleman. Louis consulted Stanislaus, who recommended that the "noble" gentleman should be "*en-nobled,*"—that is, have ancestors allotted to him by the heralds. "Pardi!" said Louis, "why not?—at Berlin they are getting up a book to explain the sixteen hundred and sixty-four quarterings in the arms of the Prince of Prussia. We will give half as many right noble ancestors to this gentleman of Lorraine." And it was done accordingly!

The Lorrainers, despite their boasted nationality, accepted every new master submissively, and they now saw the departure of the old one with resignation. They loved their strong-handed old Duke; they paid affectionate homage to Stanislaus, without troubling themselves about his orthography; and they cheered lustily, with some reservation of grumbling, when they were annexed to France. In short, like the "sauntering Jack and idle Jane" of Prior,

"Their billet at the fire was found,
Whoever was deposed or crown'd."

And they echoed the prophecy of Gresset, the poet whom Stanislaus laughingly allowed to write odes in his praise, and who was so little inspired as to enunciate the following vatication, which cannot be read now without a smile at the predictions of rhyming court-favourites. Good-humoured Gresset thus fancied the future destiny of mankind, as affected by the marriage of the daughter of Stanislaus with Louis XV.:—

"Ainsi, par d'heureux avantages,
Le sang des Héros Jagellons
Va couler pendant tous les âges,
Joint au sang des Héros Bourbons.
Cette source illustre et féconde
Donnera des vainqueurs au monde
Et des maîtres à nos neveux;
Et les souverains de la France
Compteront, avec complaisance,
Stanislas entre leurs aïeux."

Perhaps the best legacy left by this good-humoured monarch to posterity, was his collection of 'Traits of Moral Courage for Every-day Life.' Each one commences with a "Have the courage to—;" but one such commencement may be economically made for the introduction of many. The 'Traits' of Stanislaus are as practically useful as the Golden Rules of King Charles. "Have the courage," says Stanislaus, "to pay your debts at once; to do without what you do not need; to know when to speak and when to be silent; to set down every penny you spend, and to look at the sum-total weekly; to pass your host's lackey without giving him a shilling, when you cannot afford it, and more especially when he has not earned it; to acknowledge that you are poor; to confess a fault; to keep to a resolution only when it is a good one; to make no secret of your age,

and to compare it, at the same time, with the allotted age of man; to make your will,—a *just* one; to face difficulties, which are often like thieves, and run away if you only look at them; to avoid accommodation-bills; to refrain from borrowing money, even from your dearest friend; to have suspicion of projects promising large interest; to tell a man why you won't, rather than that you can't, lend him money; to enhance every gift by making it at *some* sacrifice; to wear old clothes till you can afford to pay for new; to openly obey God in spite of the ridicule of man; and to keep your feet from getting damp, and to see that your wife and family take the same precautions!

These are homely truths, and there are many more of them; but it is not every monarch that has done as much for contemporaries or posterity, as Stanislaus in the above maxims, —some of which he pleasantly neglected; and he suffered accordingly. But there is nothing so easy as to furnish excellent precepts; nothing so common as for them to be broken by the furnisher. Calanus, who was in the train of Alexander, was reputed the very wisest of philosophers. He had never in his life been ill, and he enjoined patience as a necessary *régime* to those who were. Suddenly, he was attacked with colic; and the wisest and most stoical of philosophers, disgusted with a humanity that was subject to stomach-ache, very deliberately destroyed himself at Pasargada.

STANISLAUS PONIATOWSKI.

"He walk'd his perilous way,
With the grey hairs of kingly sorrow crown'd."
GERALD MASSEY.

IF Stanislaus Leczinski was, according to his own expression, an "adventurer," with equal propriety may the term be applied to Stanislaus Augustus II. He was of an old and impoverished family, but he had the tastes of an heir to boundless weath. He was known in the circles of London and Paris, long before he himself suspected that he should ascend a throne, or be the favourite of a sovereign. In the latter city, his extravagance brought him within the walls of a debtors' prison, whence the liberality of Madame Geoffrin rescued him. In London he lived poorly; but he was a Count and a foreigner, and he had ready access to all saloons. With one of the friends he made there, Sir Hanbury Williams, he repaired to St. Petersburg, where his companion, Ambassador from England, presented him to the Grand-Duchess Catherine; and that celebrated and well-judging lady welcomed the Polish stranger with a warmth which gave promise of a brilliant future to Poniatowski. The position of the latter at Court was improved by his being appointed Ambassador from Poland; but he so abused his position that even the Court of Versailles affected to be scandalized, and the young Envoy was recalled.

At the death of Angustus III., in 1763, the influence of Catherine, then Czarina, carried Poniatowski to the Polish throne. He was crowned in 1764, at which time he was thirty-

two years of age. He ennobled his family, governed with prudence, and established religious liberty. But he failed to please the nobility; and the toleration he had reluctantly declared was so resented by the leading Roman Catholics, that they proclaimed the throne vacant, and resolved to get possession of his person. He was dragged from his carriage, by the conspirators, on the night of the 3rd September, 1771. He was fired at, beaten, trailed through the mud by mounted horsemen, and he found none to strike a blow for him but a menial servant. The rest of his attendants took to flight. The conspirators tore his orders from him, flung him on to a horse, compelled him to leap the city fosse with them, and, having carried him into the open country, wandered they hardly knew whither; and not till they came upon a Russian post, from which Stanislaus himself warned them, did they waver in their design of murdering him. Some fell away from their comrades; and at last Stanislaus, exhausted and bewildered, was left alone with Kosinski, the chief agent of the Roman Catholic conspirators. With infinite difficulty the King softened the heart of this cruel man towards him; and under promise of pardon, Stanislaus was conducted to the Mill of Mariamont, whence he despatched a letter to the capital, where doubt and consternation reigned. On his being restored to his friends, the conspirators were seized, tried, and subjected to various punishments,—death or imprisonment, —save Kosinski, with whom Stanislaus kept strict faith.

The restoration of the King was of no advantage to the kingdom. The latter was torn by rival parties and desolated by the plague, when it was surrounded by the armies of Russia, Prussia, and Austria. The partial partition of Poland, resolved upon in 1772, was effected in 1773; and the constitution was so modified by Russia, that Stanislaus saw himself reduced to a mere magistrate, incapable of coming to any decision, save under the sanction of Russia. He did his utmost, however, in the difficult circumstances which

surrounded him, for the benefit of his country. He was opposed by the nobles and trammelled by the three Powers who had seized upon four thousand square miles of Polish territory! Prussia was extremely active in urging Stanislaus to act independently, and promised him full support. It is to his credit that he struggled to create a middle class between the nobles and the serfs, and to make the succession hereditary. The constitution of the 3rd of May, 1791, brought about by his efforts, and lauded by Fox, Burke, Volney, and Tom Paine, would have secured a wholesome liberty to the nation; but it was denounced by Russia, vainly defended by Kosciusko, and finally destroyed, in 1792, when Stanislaus was compelled to accept the terms of the confederation of Targowitz, and the decision of the Russian-organized diet of Grodno. Poland struggled again, and that nobly, against her powerful assailants. But she struggled vainly; Kosciusko fought fruitlessly. The second partition of Poland was made between her gigantic plunderers, Russia and Prussia; and thirty years after Catherine had helped Poniatowsky to ascend the throne, she dragged him from it, and re-consigned him to obscurity.

The last effort of the Poles was deprived of ordinary chance of success, by the popular imitation of the excesses of the French Revolution. A great portion of the nobility, and the entire body of clergy, held aloof from the insurgents or patriots who had established in Warsaw a tribunal of terror. The cause of Poland, in fact, had fallen into bad hands. The first Polish triumphs were avenged by Suwarrow, —that Russian chief whose "catechism" suggests the utility of massacring the wounded,—and Kosciusko was a prisoner. While the catastrophe became more imminent, Stanislaus Poniatowsky remained in Warsaw, entirely neglected, almost forgotten; and it has been suggested that had success attended the popular cause, his life would probably have been sacrificed,—for 'hatred against Kings' was the new

Paris fashion imported into Poland—though adopted only by a party.

The Powers by whom Stanislaus Poniatowski has been so pitilessly despoiled, assigned him a pension of 200,000 ducats, upon which he lived respectably, yet sadly, at Grodno, where he devoted himself to literary pursuits, and composed a few psalms. In 1797, after the death of Catherine, he removed to St. Petersburg, on the invitation of Paul. In whatever circle he moved, the fallen monarch made friends. The Court was too barbarous to know how to respect the victim of such great calamities, and he was there treated with studied contempt. One day, at a crowded Court, overcome by fatigue and the infirmities of age, he timidly ventured to sit down on a chair. Paul observed the act, and with the malice of Batou Khan, whose Tartar blood was ever uppermost in him, he sent an Aide-de-camp to the old King, who insolently commanded him to rise, and impudently reproved him for daring to be seated in the presence of the Czar. The aged King obeyed, and resumed the required attitude of respect. The last indignity put upon him occurred in his forced presence at Moscow, at the coronation of Alexander I. Subsequently he retired to St. Petersburg, where the broken-hearted old man lived in retirement; and *that* but for a short time. The last and best-intentioned of the Kings of Poland was carried off by apoplexy, on the 12th of February, 1798.

KINGS OF POLAND.

House of Piast.

A.D.

999. Boleslaus I. He was the sixth Duke, reckoning from the peasant Piast, in 842, and the first King, of Poland.

1025. Miecislaus II.

A.D.

INTERREGNUM.

1041. Casimir the Pacific.
1058. Boleslaus II., killed Archbishop Stanislaus.
1081. Vladislaus I., the Careless.
1102. Boleslaus III., Wrymouth.
1338. Vladislaus II.
1146. Boleslaus IV., the Curled.
1173. MIECISLAUS III., the Old. Deposed.
1177. Casimir II., the Just.
1191. LESKO V, the White.
1203. VLADISLAUS III., resigned.
1206. Lesko V. restored; he was killed in 1227.
1221. Boleslaus V., the Chaste.
1279. Lesko the Black.

ANARCHY.

1295. Przemislaus.
1300. Wenceslaus of Bohemia.
1306. Vladislaus IV., the Short.
1333. Casimir the Great; who named as his successor,
1370. Louis, King of Hungary.

INTERREGNUM.

1384. Hedwige, his daughter. She married Jagello, Duke of Lithuania, who subsequently reigned alone.

JAGELLON DYNASTY.

1386. Vladislaus V.
1434. Vladislaus VI.

INTERREGNUM.

1445. Casimir IV.
1492. John I.
1501. Alexander.
1506. Sigismund I.
} sons of Casimir.

1548. Sigismund II., Augustus. Last of the male line of Jagellon.

INTERREGNUM.

A.D.

1574. Henry of Valois; Duke of Anjou, elected. He was afterwards Henry III. of France.

1575. Stephen Batthory.

ANARCHY.

1586. Sigismund III.

1632. Vladislaus VII.

1649. John (II.) Casimir; abdicated.

INTERREGNUM.

1668. Michael.

INTERREGNUM.

1674. John (III.) Sobieski.

INTERREGNUM.

1697. Frederick Augustus of Saxony; set aside by Charles XII. for

1704. Stanislaus Leczinski; abdicated.

1710. Frederick Augustus, restored.

1733. Frederick Augustus II.

INTERREGNUM.

1764. Stanislaus Augustus Poniatowski, the last King of Poland; deposed 1795.

END OF VOLUME I.

JOHN EDWARD TAYLOR, PRINTER,
LITTLE QUEEN STREET, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS.

MONARCHS

RETIRED FROM BUSINESS.

Bourdon, pinxt. *J. Brown, sculpt.*

Christina

QUEEN OF SWEDEN.

London Published by R. Bentley Decr. 1856

MONARCHS

RETIRED FROM BUSINESS.

BY

DR. DORAN,

AUTHOR OF 'KNIGHTS AND THEIR DAYS,'
'QUEENS OF ENGLAND OF THE HOUSE OF HANOVER,' 'HABITS AND MEN,'
'TABLE TRAITS AND SOMETHING ON THEM.'

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOLUME II.

"I've thought, at gentle and ungentle hour,
Of many an act and giant-shape of power,
Of the old Kings with high-exacting looks,
Sceptred and globed."—LEIGH HUNT.

LONDON:
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1857.

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MONARCHS

RETIRED FROM BUSINESS.

Rome.

FROM JULIUS TO VALERIAN.

"Here a vain man his sceptre breaks,
The next a broken sceptre takes,
And warriors win and lose;
This rolling world will never stand,
Plunder'd and snatch'd from hand to hand,
As power decays or grows."—ISAAC WATTS.

THE Roman Empire had lasted about three centuries, and something like half a hundred Cæsars had succeeded each other in the uneasy enjoyment of the Imperial dignity, with its attendant perils, before mankind wonderingly beheld the spectacle of a despotic monarch voluntarily surrendering, as it was alleged, his title and privileges, and descending to the condition of a private individual. This monarch was Diocletian.

Before that unusual event had occurred, Rome had seen many of her Imperial masters compelled to lay down their greatness. Of the "Twelve Cæsars," three alone died natural deaths,—Augustus, Vespasian, and Titus. Five fell by

the swords of assassins,—Julius, Caligula, Galba, Vitellius, and Domitian. Two died by their own hand,—Nero and Otho. Two were despatched by means of poison,—Tiberius (it is believed) and Claudius.

Some of these, who lived to know and see that their sovereign power had passed into the keeping of a successor, may come under our notice as unsceptred monarchs. The detail of their conduct belongs to our subject; and we may say at once, that in no one case was that conduct marked by dignity.

When Nero learned that he had a master, in Galba, he upset the table at which he was seated, feasting, dashed to pieces his two most favourite crystal glasses, called for a box of poison, which he was afraid to use, and then rushed into the Servilian gardens to think upon what he should do next. There, or within his sleeping-room, he passed a miserable night; and when, at daybreak, he found that his Guards had not only deserted him, but had carried off the little gold box containing the poison, and even the very covering of his bed, he ran headlong down to the Tiber, where he stopped short on the bank, and slowly walked back again. It was then, barefooted and half-dressed as he was, that he was encountered by the faithful Phaon, who flung a cloak over his shoulders, tied an old handkerchief about his head, hoisted the bewildered wretch on to a horse, and rode away with him towards a country-house, four miles off. In danger of discovery, the fugitive party abandoned their horses, scrambled through thickets, brakes, bye-paths, and brambles, and at length reached the neighbourhood of the desired asylum. The tender feet of the Emperor were mangled and bloody, despite the care which had been shown by his friend to spread his cloak upon the ground for the ex-Emperor to tread upon.

Phaon asked him to conceal himself for awhile in a gravel-pit; but Nero declared that it looked too much like a grave,

and he was determined not to be buried alive. He sat down under a wall, picked the burrs and brambles from his dress, drank from the hollow of his hand a few drops of water, and sighed over the thought of the draughts he used to imbibe of boiled water made cool again in snow.

He was at length got into the house, where he turned away in disgust from the piece of brown bread which was offered him,—his last banquet; drank again a little lukewarm water, flung himself on an old flock-bed, and cursed his destiny. They who surrounded him, counselled him to make an end quickly; and thereupon he had a grave made before him, to his exact measure. He ordered sundry preparations to be made for his funeral, commanded water for the washing of his body, wood for the pile, expressed a hope that they who survived him would allow his head to remain on his body, and he then burst into an agony of tears at the thought, as he said, of what a clever fellow the world was about to lose: "*Qualis artifex pereo!*" was his exclamation. It was not his only one. He cited lines from various Greek and Latin authors, as applicable to his situation; and when reproached for dallying so long before he put himself to death, very appositely and naturally inquired if any one present was willing to show him the way by setting him the example. He then made a few more pedantic quotations, and finally, with trembling hands, put the dagger to his throat. He would have held it there long enough, had it not been for Epaphroditus, who grasped his hands and forced the weapon into his throat. The terror of the ex-monarch was fixed on his features after death. But even *he* had friends: five thousand crowns were expended on his funeral pile, on which his body was laid in a splendid silk coverlet. A couple of his old nurses collected his ashes, and an Imperial concubine accompanied them in the pious task of solemnly depositing the remains in the tomb of the Domitii. For years after, loving hands hung garlands on his tomb; and

surely Nero could not have won this tribute of sympathy, spontaneously made, had he not had some touch of virtue in him, which saved him from ranking beneath humanity!

Galba, too, survived to hear Otho hailed as Emperor; but Galba died with no more dignity than Nero. To the soldiers who approached to slay him, he offered a donation. The men however were not to be deceived by a fallen potentate who, when he became Emperor, had promised them a gift of money, and had forgotten to keep his word. Otho himself, when *he* fell into the condition of an unsceptred monarch, was determined, without however being dignified. When resolved to die, he first went to sleep, in order that at dawn of day, on awaking, he might deal the one effective blow with a steady hand. So soundly did he sleep his last sleep, just previous to the death which he reserved for himself on awaking, that, according to Plutarch, his snoring disturbed his attendants in a neighbouring room.

As for the pale and pimple-faced Vitellius, he may perhaps be considered by some as the first Emperor who resigned his dignity; for when the Flavians were elevating Vespasian, he begged the army to let him go into privacy, with life; and in presence of the Senate, he unbuckled his dagger and laid it before the august assembly, in token of his resignation.

How he would have passed his leisure may be guessed at from the fact that when he ran off towards the Aventine, he was accompanied only by two persons, his cook and his baker; and he had a girdle with him, stuffed with gold, to help him to live luxuriously by their means. But he soon fell into the hands of the Flavian party; to these he denied his own identity, but they paraded him through Rome, holding a sword under his chin to compel him to keep his face raised in the sight of the reviling people. At the *Gemoniæ*, or place of execution, he was "done to death gradually," as Suetonius describes it, "by stabbing him gently with small pricks at a time."

The first five Emperors who followed the "Twelve" reigned during what has been called the happiest years of the human race. The first of these five, Nerva, was the first Roman Emperor of foreign extraction: his father was a Cretan. Some authors speak of him as having abdicated after a brief reign. The truth however is, that he merely associated Trajan with him in power. That there was no abdication is shown by a phrase in Pliny's panegyric on Trajan, wherein he says, "You entered on your second consulship when you were Emperor, but also under an Emperor." Nerva himself, too, remarked, after he had taken a partner in power: "I have done nothing that can hinder me from laying down my power, and living with security in a private station." Of the so-called "happy Emperors," Nerva was sober, but avaricious; Trajan, prodigal and addicted to drinking; Hadrian had a sense of the fitness and reasonableness of Christianity, yet remained a heathen; Antoninus Pius loved quiet, more than martial glory, woman's love, or splendid dissipation; and Marcus Aurelius delivered popular lectures to gratified assemblies, and worshipped a wife who hourly betrayed him.

Then came a time when, for many years, no Cæsar died a natural death. Commodus, that "Roman Hercules" of the Gladiatorial shows, had fought in the arena nearly eight hundred times, without receiving a scratch, when he was poisoned by Marcia, who, although his concubine, was a Christian lady. She relieved even Heathenism of Commodus; and she helped Callistus to attain the Popedom. Pertinax, the ex-carpenter and charcoal-burner, ended a three months' beneficial reign by a violent death. Didius Julianus, who bought the Empire, was robbed of it, and murdered in little more than a couple of months. The cold, cruel, pedantic, and warlike African, Severus, ended his active reign, of nearly eighteen years, at York. He was slain by that which the poet says is sharper than a serpent's tooth—a child's ingra-

titude. His son, Caracalla, destroyed many things in six years, ere Macrinus destroyed *him*; but he failed in delivering to destruction the works of Aristotle. The affected, pusillanimous Macrinus could not keep the throne many months, although he had suppressed that unpopular institution, called "taxes." His destroyer and successor, the boy Heliogabalus, gave banquets, at which he smothered the guests beneath tons of flowers, suffocated them by scents, let wild beasts loose upon them, or drowned them in perfumed waters. The lad made a colleague of his grandmother; set his mother at the head of a female senate, which assembled to prescribe the law of fashions; made of his horse a consul, and of himself a beast. In little less than four years the precocious boy, who walked about attired as a girl, and was the first Roman Emperor who wore silk, was decapitated; and the throne was ascended by another boy, Alexander Severus, who was as warlike and stern in discipline as his predecessor was the reverse; and whose tyranny brought about his death, by Maximinus, after a reign of some say twelve, others fifteen, years. The peasant Maximinus was of such gigantic stature that he could wear his wife's bracelets for thumb-rings. His appetite was of equally gigantic a character, for he is said to have consumed forty pounds of meat and eighteen bottles of wine daily. A more ferocious monster of cruelty the world never saw; and he was too powerful for the pacific Gordians to deprive him of the dignity of Cæsar, for any but a short period. When the Roman Senate unsceptred him, by placing the office of Emperor in commission and entrusting its exercise to twenty men, he manifested his sense of this deposition by running about howling, the while, like a wild beast, and by dashing his bullet-like head against the marble walls of his palace, till both wall and head were nearly knocked to pieces. He was ultimately slain, in the year 236. Assassination too was the lot of Balbinus. Philip, who slew Gordian, and could not secure the popular favour even

by such a show as that of two thousand gladiators bleeding to death in one arena, was himself slain by his soldiers. His Lieutenant, Decius, vaulted into his place, and lost it in a couple of years. The arrows of the Goths inflicted death on him and thousands of his men, as they were vainly struggling to push their horses through a marsh. His successor, Gallus, was killed by his own enraged soldiery: he had previously defrauded the youthful son of Decius, Hostilianus, of the inheritance promised him by his sire. Æmilianus, contending for the perilous prize of Empire, met violent death by assassination. The prize was gained by Valerian, who seemed to possess all the qualifications for a ruler of a martial, turbulent, and luxurious people, till he was called upon to perform the office. After a career of cruelty and disgrace, he drifted into a war against Sapor, King of Persia, by whom he was defeated and captured, near the walls of Edessa. He was the only Emperor of Rome who had hitherto fallen into the hands of an enemy. Gallienus, his son and colleague, reigned in his stead. Let us see how his sire, a monarch now without a sceptre, bore the hard lot which it was his to endure, till he was relieved by death.

VALERIAN.

Valerian was a man of too weak a mind to bear prosperity with dignity. In the character of Roman Censor, he had exhibited a praiseworthy toleration for the opinions of others. When he became Emperor he would compel all men to agree with his own. As a private individual, he was fond of peace. When he put on the purple, he seemed to have donned the war-mantle. His chief desire was to extend his dominions at the expense of his neighbours. His punishment was in being led into irretrievable ruin by his bosom friend. It was Macrinus who persuaded him to meet Sapor, and who so

arranged the interview that the victorious Persian had no difficulty in surrounding and carrying off the Emperor.

The calamity which descended on Valerian was borne with wonderful patience by his family and his friends. His son, Gallienus, never solicited his freedom, nor bestirred himself to compel it. Valerian had been inconsistent and cruel to the Christians, and Constantine complacently declared his conviction that Sapor was only the instrument of God, employed to chastise the oppressor of His saints.

Sapor (or Shah Poor, that is, "the King's son") was urged by certain Eastern Kings to make of Valerian a means of bringing about a very advantageous peace. The names of these Kings have been given; their letters have been cited. One of these monarchs is said to have been Artavasdes, King of Armenia. Unfortunately for the story, Armenia was, at this time, a Persian province, and Artavasdes is a myth. This fact may cast discredit on the alleged epistolary correspondence of the other Kings. One thing, however, is incontestable,—Gallienus remained insensible to the sorrows of his sire; and not a man whom Valerian had raised to power presumed to cast reproof upon his son, by affecting solicitude for the unhappy sire. "My father," said the indifferent Gallienus, "is a singularly patient person: I feel confident that he will bear his fate with laudable decency;" and thereupon all the flatterers in Rome exclaimed, "Well said, Cæsar!"

And Valerian *must* have been a more than ordinarily enduring man, if he bore his afflictions without the resistance of desperation. From the moment that he fell into the hands of his great enemy, Sapor treated him with intolerable cruelty. He began by reviling his captive in outrageous terms. Hard blows followed harsh words, and the Roman had calmly to endure the buffeting of the Persian. To give additional poignancy to calamity, Valerian was dragged about from town to town attired in his Imperial robes. They

were soon only the tattered relics of his greatness. When Sapor mounted his horse or his chariot, he employed the once master of the Roman world as a stepping-block. As Valerian lay stretched on the ground, Sapor, placing his foot on the back of the prostrate captive, vaulted on to his steed or leaped into his chariot. When he had accomplished the feat, he would turn round, look down upon the fallen monarch, and exclaim, "That *is* a triumph!" And the multitude shouted that none could withstand God and Sapor the Invincible.

But the King's son was not always "invincible." Although Gallienus did not make war upon him in order to recover Valerian, the Roman and Persian armies were more than once at bloody arbitrement, and on one occasion the Imperial Lieutenant sent many Persian prisoners to Rome. These were paraded at a festival given to celebrate the accession of Gallienus. The Emperor looked at them without seeming to think of his father. Not so the Roman people, spectators of the show. From among these, some Roman buffoons crossed over to the captives, and passed among them, curiously and deliberately scanning the features of each man. Gallienus expected some mirth, but seeing nothing come of it, and that the buffoons were retiring with a disconsolate look, he asked the meaning of the episode. "Well," said they, with a little hesitation, "we went over to these Persians to see if we might discover among them the great Valerian, your gracious divinity's father!" Gallienus thought this a very sorry joke indeed. He ordered the buffoons to be bound together, and be burnt alive, in one batch. It was a very serious matter to joke with, and it was a mortal matter to joke against, an Emperor of Rome.

Valerian, if he did not find a deliverer, found at least an avenger, elsewhere. Odonathus, Prince of Palmyra, sent some rich gifts to Sapor, and suggested an alliance. Sapor

treated gifts and giver with the greatest irreverence. He hurled epithets of the most unsavoury sort at the donor, and ordered his presents to be destroyed. He would soon intimate his further intentions, he said, when this petty prince had crawled to the foot of the Persian throne, and humbly asked pardon for having presumed to suggest friendship with the almost god who sat thereon. Valerian heard the thundering message, and his heart must have quailed within him. It bounded, perhaps, with something like hope, when, as he lay with his face on the ground, while Sapor trod on him to pass to his chariot, he heard the announcement made that Odonathus had made common cause with the Romans. As Valerian slowly turned to his place at the wheels of the chariot, he may have taken comfort, as the captive of Sesostris did, when he saw that the lowest spoke became, in turn, the highest. In the succeeding revolution, however, better fortune never dawned upon *him*. Sapor endured many a reverse, suffered many a loss, was compelled to surrender many a city, but he never let go his hold of that Imperial prisoner, whose presence in chains, and in the patched robe and bespattered mantle of a lost sovereignty, was the perpetual proof of the greatest triumph that one monarch had ever achieved, and of the greatest calamity that another had ever endured.

The contest carried on against Odonathus and his Roman allies, was one of varying fortunes, although it terminated unhappily for Sapor. On one occasion, the latter had captured a large number of Roman prisoners, with whom, however, he was obliged to fly before the Palmyrean and his reinforcements. His advance was suddenly checked on the banks of a marshy ravine. Sapor solved the difficulty, by slaying all his newly-made captives. Their bodies were flung into the ravine till they were level with the bank on either side. Over this hideous pathway, Sapor crossed, dragging with him the ever-suffering Valerian.

The disasters of Sapor began, now, to fall thickly upon him. Of these, however, the Persian historians make no mention whatever: they invariably describe Sapor as ever great, happy, invincible, and victorious. Before he perished, he was resolved to leave a lasting record at least of his unparalleled triumph over Valerian. On the rocks, in the neighbourhood of the city of Sapor (named after its founder), in the province of Farsistan, he caused to be engraven the sculptured story of the imperishable glory of Persia, and the memorable downfall of the Roman Emperor. The city has gone, but the sculptured rocks still tell their story, and the Persian has succeeded in handing down to this, and perhaps of perpetuating to the latest age, the memory of his victory over the Romans, and "the glory he had acquired by leading captive one of the Cæsars." Among the basreliefs on the rock, Lieutenant Alexander, in his travels, especially notices one representing a King on horseback, with a globe or balloon-shaped crown. Beneath him is the prostrate figure of a man. A shorter figure, behind the King, is supposed to represent his son. Three figures of men, in an attitude of supplication, are supposed to represent Roman captives. "Between the head of the nearest, and that of the horse, is an inscription in the Pehlevi. Behind the King, in several compartments, are some mounted figures of Persians; and opposite those, of Roman foot-soldiers. All the figures are as large as life." The rock is a species of rough jasper. It has been, at one time, highly polished. The sculpture is described as being masterly in execution, and exquisite in taste. "The proportions and anatomy of both horses and men are accurately preserved, and the very veins and arteries in the horses legs are delicately delineated."

Sapor has fared worse in one part of the rock-record than Valerian. In what is called the "great cave," and in the centre of the gallery of entrance, there formerly stood erect,

the statue of a monarch, said to be Sapor, and supposed to be the only statue in the country. This limestone effigy of Sapor is now recumbent and mutilated; its head is in the dust, and the stumps of the legs rest on the old pedestal. The whole was about twenty feet in height. How the present ruin fell upon the figure of the great King is thus explained. "Two brothers hunting on the mountains, one of them entered the cave, and seeing this tremendous object staring at him, was so overpowered by fear, that he fell down and died on the spot. The other brother coming to the cave shortly after, and seeing his brother lying dead at the entrance, guessed the cause, and threw down the statue."

Sapor is said to have died in the year of our Lord 271. Valerian was either killed in a tumult, or by order of his conqueror, fearful perhaps of losing his valuable living trophy, in the year 269. The body of the dead Roman Emperor was treated with no more delicacy than when it had tabernacled the immortal spark of a living one. It was skinned. The hide, after being tanned, was stuffed, painted red, and suspended in the chief temple of the capital. Here it remained for many years. It was the popular spectacle for holiday-makers and visitors from the country. But it was put to more important ends than this: it was made a diplomatic engine, of much significance and efficiency. In after-times, it often happened that the Roman envoys at the Persian court had misunderstandings, more or less serious, with the Government to which they were temporarily accredited. When these ambassadors from Rome grew arrogant in their demands, it was the custom to conduct them into the presence of the stuffed skin of the old ex-Emperor of Rome, where they were asked if humility did not become them at sight of such a spectacle.

Gallienus, while his father was undergoing the most abject misery, lived a life of riot and horrible licentiousness in Rome. He powdered his hair with gold-dust. On one day

he looked with indifference on the condemned to death, while lions were tearing them in pieces; on the next, he rolled in the ecstasy of uncontrollable laughter at beholding the fright of a knave, like the jeweller who had cheated the Imperial consort, and who, being flung into the arena, and expecting the wild beasts to be let in upon him, saw himself attacked by a capon. Gallienus showed no more emotion at losing an entire province, than he did at the loss of a buckle from the Imperial sandal. When Egypt was torn from him, his philosophical remark was, "Very well! we will do without Egypt!" When the last of a series of revolutions broke out against him, there were thirty aspirants to the Imperial purple. Against these odds, he succumbed at Milan, by assassination; and anarchy reigned in his stead. The "Gothic Claudius" appeased the troubled waters. He slew three hundred thousand of his enemies in one battle, ruled with wisdom, and was carried off by the plague in two years from the time of his accession. "Verè princeps" was among the titles by which he was worthily hailed by the Senate.

Then followed the severe but not unwise Aurelian, the victor of Zenobia and Palmyra, the slayer of eight hundred foes whom he had, at various times, encountered hand to hand, and who fell beneath his own sword. Aurelian, in turn, fell under the swords of his own seditious soldiery, near Byzantium, in the year 275. He was the first Roman Emperor who wore a diadem.

The brave old soldier and scholar, Tacitus, who made Rome decent and the Senate independent, reluctantly occupied the Imperial station, to which he had been elevated against his will, during a brief half-year. He was labouring under incurable disease, when the dagger of some obscure assassin deprived the Empire of the advantages of his rule during a few more months. His brother, Florianus, was violently despatched, after less of a reign, than of a struggle to reign, which lasted but "two little months." The sol-

diers elected in his stead, Probus, the gardener's son. He was a bald-headed leader of soldiery who, when he commanded an army in the East, did not leave them foodless and coverless, while he lived a league or two off, in comfortable quarters. He ate dry peas with them, and both together destroyed the barbarian enemies of Rome on the East and North. In peace, he endeavoured to render the army useful to the State, by employing the men in drainage-works on the marshy lands round sunny but spongy Sirmium. They freed themselves from this servile employment, by slaying their Imperial employer.

His successor, Carus, was as bold as brave, and as austere in his diet and morals as Probus,—at whose death, perished also the authority of the Senate. Never again was that once illustrious assembly asked to give its sanction to the elections made by the soldiers. Carus attempted to enlarge the limits of the Empire, by invading Persia. He died in his tent, on the way, after a clap of thunder,—a report gravely made by his own secretary, but which does not destroy the suspicion of his having perished by human violence.

His two sons and successors perished as miserably. Carinus, the elder, was perhaps the most stupendous profligate that ever wore the purple. Never was reign at once so splendid and so infamous. He married so many wives, outraged so many ladies, exhibited such gorgeous shows, raised to eminence such crapulous individuals, and squandered money with such unparalleled profuseness, that the Empire was aghast. Of his doorkeeper, he made the governor of a city; and as the first-named and humble official was styled *Cancellarius*, so from that time the title of Cancellarius, or Chancellor, has risen in dignity. Carinus was slain by the husband of a lady whom he had insulted. His brother, the gentle, brave, and equitable Numerian, was also slain. Numerian was stabbed, in his litter, by his father-in-law, Arrius Aper. The murderer continued, for many days, to attend

upon the litter, as though the Emperor (whom the army was following on a foreign expedition) had been still alive within it. The nose of the army, to use a comprehensive term, soon discovered the crime; and the illiterate and lowly-born Diocletian was in such haste to pass his sword through the body of the assassin, and so urgent in his own declarations of innocence, that suspicion has not failed to fall upon him, as an accomplice.

DIOCLETIAN.

"When Diocletian sought repose,
Cloyed and fatigued with nauseous power,
He left his empire to his foes,
For fools t' admire, rogues devour.
Rich in his poverty, he bought
Retirement's innocence and health;
With his own hands the monarch wrought,
And changed a throne for Ceres' wealth.
Toil soothed his cares, his blood refined,—
And all from thee,
Supremely gracious Deity,
Composer of the mind!"—HARTE.

IF Walter Harte had taken as poetical a view of Gustavus Vasa as he has done, in the above quotation, of the renowned ex-Emperor of Rome, his biography would have been less pedantic perhaps, but that laborious work would have suffered in its truth.

It is not, however, that poetry or romance fails in the story of the peasant lad who rose to wear the Imperial purple, and survived the loss of it, in a reduced condition, which would dazzle the eyes of many a monarch in these more simple days.

When Diocletian was a boy, he was told that when he had killed a boar, he would become Emperor of the Roman world. Forthwith he became a mighty hunter, and terrible was the slaughter which he made, in his youth and early manhood, of the animal in question. He had slain his hun-

dreds, and he had not yet obtained the purple. That he had an opportunity to hunt the boar for his own profit seems almost as astonishing as that he should have had a thought of the diadem, for he was but a poor boy, who took his name from the city of Dioclea, in Dalmatia, just as those penniless soldiers who came over with the arrogant Norman, and who, having no family name of their own, called themselves by that of the town in which they were born. In an idle, perhaps in an ambitious, certainly in a lucky moment, he enrolled himself a private soldier in the Roman army. His merit carried him to the highest grade, and brought him into close connection with the Imperial family. If there be any truth in the legend of the boar, he must have looked upon the Emperor's father-in-law, Aper,—a word which signifies "the boar,"—with that sort of wicked, hungry feeling, with which the beleaguered and famished men of Derry gazed upon that mysterious captain who grew fatter as the rations grew less. Be this as it may, when Aper fell under the sword of Diocletian, the whole of the army present hailed him who gave the blow—Imperator. He proved himself an incomparable General and an unequalled statesman. In both these respects the comparison is made only with his contemporaries. But he soon wished for a colleague who should share in the responsibilities rather than the honours, and he found the individual he wanted, in the person of Maximian, a soldier of fortune, like himself, and for a long time his particular comrade. They present us with the rare example of two Emperors ruling together in strict amity, and without dissension. When Julius Cæsar and Bibulus were Consuls, "Julio Cæsare Consulibus" was the formula by which the wits demonstrated how the consular power was allotted. But Diocletian and Maximian were really Emperors together. And there was a further division than this. The task of repelling the successive waves of barbarian invasion which beat against the frontiers and were hard to be

withstood, was conferred on two Cæsars, Constantius Chlorus and Galerius, the first the son-in-law of Diocletian, the second, of Maximian. These four potentates, each with an army under his command, fulfilled their respective offices with glory and profit. Diocletian triumphed over the Persians, and took the name of Jovian. Maximian, for subduing Britain and the chief Cerausius, enjoyed a similar ovation, and received the surname of Hercules. There were like triumphs for equal victories over the Scythians and Gauls.

Before proceeding to speak of Diocletian in his private capacity, it may be stated that he gave his name to the *Diocletian Era*, or the *Era of Martyrs*. This era begins with the 29th of April, A.D. 302 (5015 of the Julian Era), according to the Ethiopian Christians, who formed cycles of 534 years each, and called the successive years "years of grace since the persecution by Diocletian." The Copts and Abyssinians still reckon from this period,—one which was formed to render for ever execrable that Imperial cruelty with which the Christians were visited, but *for* which Diocletian is not alone, and perhaps not the primary one, to blame.

Massinger, in the 'Virgin Martyr,' and Beaumont and Fletcher, in the 'Prophetess,' have brought the great Dalmatian on the stage. In the first-named piece we are taught to detest the oppressor of the Christians. In the second, we have more of the detail of his life, culled partly from Vopiscus, and there is something of the hero in the slayer of Aper. But the piece is inexpressibly absurd. It makes utter confusion of history. The Prophetess herself is the silliest and weakest personage in it. Foreknowing all things, she cannot predicate the events of the next half-hour; and, with irresistible magic power over circumstances, she is unable to control events. There are, moreover, but two tolerably poetical passages in the Play. Both of these are put in the mouth of Diocletian. "Ambition," he says on one occasion,—

"Ambition never
Looks back on Desert; but, with blind haste,
Boldly runs on."

In another passage the poets seem to have exercised good judgment with regard to one point in the character of the Emperor. When Niger says that the statue of Diocletian shall be raised in the Capitol,

"And he that bows not to it as a God,
Makes forfeit of his head;—

the indifferent Diocletian answers,—

"Suppose this done; or were it possible
I could rise higher still,—I am a man;
And all these glories, empires heap'd upon me,
Confirm'd by constant friends and faithful guards,
Cannot defend me from a shaking fever,
Or bribe the uncorrupted dart of Death
To spare me one short minute. Thus adorn'd
In these triumphant robes, my body yields not
A greater shadow than it did, when I
Lived both poor and obscure; a sword's sharp point
Enters my flesh as far; dreams break my sleep
As when I was a private man; my passions
Are stronger tyrants on me; nor is greatness
A saving antidote to keep me from
A traitor's poison. Shall I praise my fortune,
Or raise the building of my happiness
On her uncertain favour? or presume
She is my own and sure, that yet was never
Constant to any?——
. . . . . I know that glory
Is like Alcides' shirt,—if it stay on us
Till pride hath mix'd it with our blood; nor can we
Part with it at pleasure. When we would uncase,
It brings along with it both flesh and sinews,
And leaves us living monsters."

Here is truth, as respects Diocletian individually. By greatness, his passions became more uncontrollable tyrants over him than they ever had been before; and when the

hour came for him to put off such glory as he had in wearing the Imperial mantle, he assuredly felt as Alcides did when divesting himself of the tunic of Nessus.

For it is a mere fable that he made willing surrender of the diadem, or voluntarily unbuckled from his loins that sword which was another symbol of his sovereignty. He is spoken of, however, as the first Roman Emperor who spontaneously divested himself of all authority, and retired with exulting heart to train trees, raise melons, grow cabbages, or cultivate lettuces, at Salona.

If Diocletian and his partners in empire severally profited the commonwealth at the head of their respective armies, they impoverished the people by their rivalry in splendour of living, and by the oppressive tributes which they exacted in order to support their extravagant ostentation. Diocletian is indeed said to have kept his expenses within the limit of his income. This is but equivocal praise, for he could shape the capitation and land imposts so as to suit what he thought necessary for his outlay.

Diocletian had reigned twenty-one years, and was nearly threescore years of age, sated with triumphs and broken down by ill-health, when the report of his approaching abdication began to be spoken of. He had made a progress through some of the provinces, and reached Nicomedia in his litter, weary, infirm, and irritable. It was here that the Cæsar Galerius saw him. The abdication soon followed. By some it was attributed to Diocletian's contempt for greatness; by others, to his fear of impending evils, or to his age and increasing ailments. He was so long shut up in his palace in Nicomedia, that the public believed him to be dead. At the end of three-quarters of a year, on a fine spring morning, he once more appeared before the people. In the pale and emaciated Emperor they could scarcely recognize the proud sovereign of other and glorious days. He had endured enough to render him thus lean and pallid. He had

been beset by Galerius, who, after endeavouring to persuade him to resign his power, threatened to force him to that end, if he would not otherwise yield. Diocletian wept at the proposal, and at the ingratitude of him who made it. Galerius insolently told him that he was old; cruelly assured him that he was feeble; and, with rude and easy mendacity, impressed upon him an unwelcome and unfounded conviction that his brain was seriously affected.

While Diocletian was hesitating, he received intelligence from Maximian that Galerius had been employing means to induce or compel him to lay down *his* share in the supreme power. Of Galerius, the debilitated Diocletian had an intense fear; but he and Maximian finally yielded to the influences brought against them. Diocletian consented, and agreed that with Galerius and Constantius, each as "Augustus," there should be two new Cæsars, the drunken Maximin and the dancing Severus, to continue the form of government which had been established by Diocletian. When this condition had been agreed upon, Constantius gave currency to the report that he who had imposed it had been driven to withdraw from the government of the Empire, in consequence of the increasing feebleness of his intellect. In some respects, perhaps, this was true. His mind suffered from the diseases of his body, and he was not strong enough in either to resist the importunities and menaces of Galerius especially. The cry was raised by some that he had resigned out of mere rage at not having been able to extirpate the Christians. But neither Lactantius, Constantine, nor Eusebius allege this as a cause; and even Tillemont, in his Ecclesiastical History, asserts that the persecution of the Christians was the project of Galerius rather than of Diocletian.

The latter took his farewell of greatness with becoming dignity. That greatness however he did not thoroughly despise till he found he could not retain it. He let it go only because it was torn from him.

It was on "May-day" of the year 304, that Diocletian went through the ceremony of his abdication. The scene was a wide plain, a league from Nicomedia. In the midst was a lofty throne; around the latter, and stretching far over the plain, beyond the sound of all human voice uttered from the throne, the army was drawn up, and crowds of spectators pressed on each other. Rising from a chair of state, the pale and feeble Diocletian addressed to such as could hear him, a speech which is said to have been both graceful and judicious. Others declare that he wept like a child. There was indeed something degrading to him in the ceremony. After he had taken off his Imperial mantle, the assembled multitude expected to see him place it on the shoulders of the good and graceful Constantine. That young officer entertained a similar expectation. He was about to step forward, at the proper moment; but the savage Galerius, extending his arm, thrust him back, and at the same moment made way for Maximin to approach and receive the symbol of authority from the abdicating Emperor. Maximin had been formerly known by the name of Daia; and the disgust of the assembled multitude was not greater than that of Diocletian himself, when the latter flung the purple cloak over the shoulders of a man who had commenced life as a swineherd.

At the conclusion Diocletian divested himself of his mantle, laid down his sword, placed his wreath upon both, and, amid breathless silence, descended the steps of the throne. At the foot a covered chariot awaited him. In this he was driven through the neighbouring city, whence he continued his route "to the favourite retirement which he had chosen in his native country of Dalmatia." "Good Diocletian," says the chorus in the 'Prophetess,'

> "Weary of pomp and state, retires himself,
> With a small train, to a most private grange,
> In *Lombardy;* where the glad country strives

With rural sports to give him entertainment:
With which delighted, he with ease forgets
All specious trifles, and securely tastes
The certain pleasures of a private life."

The poet here agrees, in a certain degree, with the historian, who says, in the 'Decline and Fall,' that Diocletian "passed the nine last years of his life in a private condition." Assuming the abdication to have been voluntary, Gibbon adds, that "Reason had dictated, and content seems to have accompanied, his retreat; in which he enjoyed, for a long time, the respect of those princes to whom he had resigned the possession of the world." If the poets may be believed, the assertion of the historian is confirmed as far as the former can do it. Round the "farm," as it is called,—but in truth there was a sumptuous palace, as well as a farm, at Salona, the latter of which he had "stocked" like an Emperor;—round the farm there were ever sports and merry gambols, joyous sheep-shearing, bagpipes, evening dances, and holiday cheer. To greet him in terms equivalent to "King of Good Fellows," was the ready homage paid to Diocletian. With the best—and rude were the best—songs they could get by rote, men and maidens welcomed his appearance on festive anniversaries;

"Honest and cheerful toys, from honest meanings
And the best hearts they had."

The rustics donned their finest clothes to do honour to the new "squire," who had given his greatness to another man, but could not give his good disposition. The very carters did "mundify their muzzles" to look pleasant in the eyes of the "Lord of the Manor." Among these, Diocletian found "by experience, Content was never courtier."

Beaumont and Fletcher have gathered from tradition the sentiments and sayings of the Imperial country gentleman; and that so well, that I hope to be thanked, rather than

excused, for citing them. "When man," says the retired monarch,—

> "When man has cast off his ambitious greatness,
> And sunk into the sweetness of himself;
> Built his foundation upon honest thoughts;
> Not great, but good, desires, his daily servants,
> How quietly he sleeps! how joyfully
> He wakes again, and looks on his possessions,
> And from his willing labours feeds with pleasure!
> Here hang no comets in the shape of crowns,
> To shake our sweet contents; nor here, Drusilla,
> Cares, like eclipses, darken our endeavours;
> We love here without rivals; kiss with innocence:
> Our thoughts as gentle as our lips, our children
> The double heirs both of our forms and faiths."

And if the above reflect his feelings, not less happily does the following represent his philosophy:—

> "How liberal is the spring in every place here!
> The artificial Court shows but a shadow,
> A painted imitation of this glory.
> Smell to this flower; here Nature has her excellence:
> Let all the perfumes of the Empire pass this,
> The carefull'st lady's cheek show such a colour;
> They are gilded and adulterated vanities;
> And here, in poverty, dwells noble nature!"

Thus did Diocletian, out of his own content, make his own empire. Gibbon points out that, from the once active life of the Emperor, he had possessed brief space for self-communion; but that if he had to regret an ample occupation of his time, he had at least recovered and enjoyed in his retreat, not indeed "the amusements of letters and devotion, which were incapable of fixing the attention of Diocletian," but, as the poets have above shown us, "a taste for the most innocent as well as natural pleasures; and his leisure hours were sufficiently employed in building, planting, and gardening." Aurelius Victor is described by Gibbon as having treated the character of Diocletian, with good sense, in bad Latin. But there is no finer trait of the retired sovereign

than that quoted from the younger Victor. Maximian was less happy in his forced retirement than his ex-colleague. The latter was solicited by the restless old Maximian, "to reassume the reins of government and the Imperial purple. He rejected the temptation with a smile of pity, calmly observing that if he could show Maximian the cabbages he had planted with his own hands at Salona, he should no longer be urged to relinquish the enjoyment of happiness for the pursuit of power."

The famous place of this retreat was situated about ten miles from the coast of the Adriatic. It was once a city of such importance that when it was conquered by Asinius Pollio, he bestowed the name upon his son, in memory of the achievement. At the present time, a miserable village occupies a portion of the ancient site, and is called by the name of the once famous city, one of the principal in the province of Dalmatia. It was in the neighbourhood of Salona, that Diocletian, long before his retirement, but, as some writers believe, with his retirement in view, constructed the splendid palace, the gorgeous theatre, the solemn temples, and the marble baths, of which some remains, in the shape of massive fragments, mutilated arches, and broken capitals, existed as late as the sixteenth century. Fragments of *these* ruins are still to be seen. This was not much of a retirement for a "farmer," but it was modest state compared with that to which Diocletian had been accustomed; and as Windsor Castle had its "cottage," so had the palace near the modern Spalatro its neighbouring "farm." From that windowless edifice the view was one of incomparable beauty, for those who stood at the doors, whether the eye was directed over the sea, dotted by islands, or landward, where all was smiling and fertile. The climate was luxurious without being hurtful. There were woods, abounding in grateful shade and variety of game; verdant pastures, where grazed numerous flocks and herds; vineyards, laughing in

their promise or realization of rich clusters and richer draughts; and a clear stream adjacent, the Hyade, so rich in exquisite trout as to have been productive of a suggestion from some writer,—whom Gibbon suspects may have been a monk,—to the effect that it was one of the principal reasons that determined Diocletian in the choice of a retirement. The palace itself covered ten acres,—just twice the space enclosed by the outer walls of Alnwick Castle. It was an oblong quadrangle, about seven hundred feet by six hundred feet, and was flanked by sixteen towers. The material was a fine freestone, little inferior to marble. It was divided into separate buildings, something like Greenwich Hospital. But to the principal edifice there was a splendid entrance, the site of which is still called the place of the Golden Gate. There were arcades and galleries, rows of granite columns, and temples, different in form, one to Jupiter (the patron of Diocletian's fortunes), where now stands a church, dedicated to the Virgin, and another to Æsculapius, the protector of his health, converted into a chapel to St. John the Baptist. The apartments were of the utmost splendour, but they had neither visible windows nor chimneys. The latter were not much needed in such a climate. The former were all in the roof of the one-storied edifice. When the palace needed warming, this was done by means of pipes carried along the walls. "The range of principal apartments," we are told, "was protected towards the south-west by a portico five hundred and seventeen feet long, which must have formed a very noble and delightful walk, when the beauties of painting and sculpture were added to those of the prospect." The footsteps of the slaves in the halls could not be heard within the rooms; and into the very palace a magnificent aqueduct conveyed the water which most gratified the Imperial palate.

It was not exactly the place wherein a man might best cultivate a healthy distaste for the vanities of the world. It

was splendid enough, as Johnson said of the dwelling of the theatrical ex-king Garrick, to make death terrible. Diocletian was confessedly a man without study or speculation; but records tell us that here he philosophically conversed with his friends, as well as assiduously cultivated cabbages with his gardener. He declared the most difficult art to be the art of reigning. Vopiscus narrates that he was accustomed to say that one sovereign could easily be deceived by four or five interested ministers combining together against him. "Secluded from mankind by his exalted dignity," said Diocletian, "the truth is concealed from his knowledge. He can see only with their eyes; he hears nothing but their misrepresentations; he confers the most important offices upon vice and weakness, and disgraces the most virtuous and deserving among his subjects. By such infamous arts, the best and wisest princes are sold to the venal corruption of their courtiers."

Into the splendid retreat (Constantine declared he had never beheld edifice *more* splendid) where the Imperial philosopher thus delivered his comments upon Monarchs and Governments, human fears, anxieties, and passions found at times an entrance, and disturbed the equanimity of the aristocratic hermit. The new Emperors laughed at his palace and his style of living. They even went further in insulting him than this: their affronts were not merely committed behind his back, but by letter, or even to his face. The manner of his death is not known; but it is said that, overwhelmed with fears for the future, and eager to escape from the outrages of Licinius and Constantine, who, as has been well observed, "might have spared the father of so many Emperors, and the first author of their own fortune," he "prudently withdrew himself from their power by a voluntary death." Other accounts speak of him as having died, the condemned criminal of the Roman Senate. Some writers—and these are perhaps nearest the truth—affirm

that he breathed his last in a condition of raving madness. But by whatever means, he had reached nearly the human limit named by the Psalmist: he was "threescore and ten," save two, when the retired master of the Roman world was summoned away to give an account of his mastership.

Alban Butler agrees with Tillemont, that Galerius was the real author of the persecution that is called by the name of Diocletian. He attributes the death of the latter to his own suicidal hand however, as the punishment due to him as a persecutor. The same amiable but credulous writer shows that every Roman Emperor who persecuted the Christians perished by violence:—Nero, by his own feeble hand directed by a slave; Domitian, by suicide; Severus, in consequence of a broken heart; Decius, in battle; Gallus, by the weapon of a murderer; Valerian, in captivity; Aurelian and Maximinus equally miserably; Diocletian, by his own hand; Maximian, by hanging; Galerius, by a horrible disease; Maxentius, by drowning; the second Maximinus, like Galerius; and the stupid Licinius, by the death of a malefactor. On the other hand, there were very few Roman Emperors, from the period of the Twelve Cæsars to that of the establishment of Christianity, under Constantine, who perished otherwise than by violence; and some of these tolerated the persecutions which did not originate with them. Diocletian, according to such good churchmen as Alban Butler and Tillemont, was one of these; but Diocletian is set down as suffering equally with the triply infamous Galerius. Diocletian ordered all Christian writings to be burned, and the Christians themselves to be deprived of all rights and privileges. He would not allow them to be touched in life or limb, till Galerius, after setting fire to the palace occupied by himself and Domitian, in Nicomedia, affected to prove that the Christians were the incendiaries. Others say that the edifice was consumed by lightning. Eusebius confesses that he cannot account for it at all. The

Christians, however, were made the scapegoats; but Diocletian, in his retirement at Salona, however much he may have had cause to reproach himself for his fatal and credulous weakness,—a weakness followed by the exercise of unparalleled cruelty,—he was justified in pointing to Galerius as instigator of the act, and chief executioner in the bloody deed.

MAXIMIAN TO ROMULUS AUGUSTUS.

"I see below some mighty one
Arises, mantling o'er
With proud defiance: he anon
Is past, and heard no more.
Another, for a space,
And, lo, a third is towering in his place."
Thoughts in Past Years.

WHETHER there be or be not any question as to the alleged reluctance of Diocletian to abdicate, there is no doubt as to the extreme unwillingness of Maximian to sever himself from Imperial pomp and power. Like Diocletian, he had risen from a very humble condition, and he not only eagerly sought to reach the summit of human greatness, but omitted no means to maintain himself in the position which he had "conquered" for himself.

"But oh, Ambition, that eats into,
With venom'd teeth, true thankfulness and honour:
And, to support her greatness, fashions fears,
Doubts, and preventions to decline all dangers,
Which, in the place of safety, prove her ruin!
All which, be pleased to see in Maximian,
To whom his confer'd sovereignty was like
A large sail fill'd full with a fore-right wind,
That drowns a smaller bark. And he, once fall'n
Into ingratitude, makes no stop in mischief,
And violently runs on."

The poet has, in these lines, shadowed forth the story of the ambitious and disappointed Emperor. How far the sketch

is to be depended on, it is impossible to say, for history itself contributes two very different accounts of the career of Maximian after his abdication, in the year 304. The two accounts are romantic in their incidents. I will briefly narrate both, and leave my readers to form their own judgment on each.

During the first year which elapsed after his abdication, Maximian moved about from city to city, restless and discontented. Towards the end of that short period he grew more settled, and he was even considered as having become too indolent to make an effort to recover the throne. When Louis Philippe remarked to his ministers that the crown was a heavy burden, his son, the Duke de Nemours, who was standing near, calmly observed, "Particularly when it does not belong to us." Maximian had a son, Maxentius, who was less nice with regard to questions of right to the throne than the Duke just named. It was he who fired his father with hopes of again reigning, and who assisted him to recover—while he hoped to share with him—an Imperial throne. The sire, however, no sooner felt the Imperial mantle once more hanging from his own shoulders, than he condemned his son to descend to a private condition. The son and the soldiery scorned the sentence, and rebelled against him who awarded it. Maximian, once more unsceptred, fled into Gaul. His daughter, Fausta, or Faustina, was the companion of his flight. The fugitives were received and welcomed by the august Constantine, who not only listened to the free expression of the grief of the father, but very readily prevailed on the lady to become "Empress Consort." This alliance, whether it took place at this or at an earlier period, rendered the dethroned Maximian arrogant, and seduced him into such assumptions of Imperial character, that Constantine grew offended, and the father and son-in-law became open enemies. The ex-colleague of old Diocletian employed every resource to accomplish his object,—the regaining of

power,—save one—violence. When all means had failed however, he at length tried murder. He made his daughter his accomplice. At his suggestion she left ready access for him to the Imperial couch, to which Maximian groped his way at night, and having reached it, buried his dagger in the heart of the man who was locked in sleep by the side of the Empress. The daughter however had deceived the father: the sleeper was a Eunuch, drugged and devoted to the sacrifice. Constantine watched the proceeding, and as soon as he saw the bloody deed accomplished, he ordered the assassin to be seized, and granted him no other favour than choice of method of his own death. The baffled criminal, in wild despair, strangled himself in his dungeon in Marseilles. This was in the year 310, when the unwilling suicide was in his sixty-eighth year. Seven centuries and a half later a leaden coffin was discovered beneath a part of Marseilles: it was opened, and therein was seen the body of an aged man, fresh and entire, and bearing the marks of strangulation. The body was generally said to be that of the unsceptred Maximian.

The other account tells us, that when Maximian quarrelled with his son Maxentius, touching whose legitimacy he was not well satisfied, the vexed question was solemnly pleaded before the Prætorian Guards. These rough judges decreed in favour of the son, and drove the sire into exile. He wandered about, plotting mischief. He was driven from the capital; turned out of Italy; ignominiously expelled from Illyria; nor did he find safety till he had reached the provinces, was surrounded by the soldiery, and sheltered beneath the palace of his son-in-law, Constantine. That prince received him with respect; his wife welcomed her father with filial tenderness. To ensure his safety, he announced himself as a private man, and one who had no wish ever again to issue from his privacy. Constantine, satisfied that his father-in-law was sincere, treated him with a dangerous

distinction. He gave him an Imperial retinue, walked ever at his left hand, and looked more like an attendant on an Emperor, than himself an Emperor rendering protection to a fallen monarch. A state of dependency, however honourable, dignified, and, to use a homely word, comfortable, had no charms for Maximian. He envied the man who had given a home to one who was homeless; and, after much speculation, he conspired to destroy his benefactor. He seized on the moment when Constantine was absent, engaged on an expedition near the Rhine. Maximian was then in the south of Gaul. He took possession of the Imperial treasury at Arles, announced the death of Constantine, and proclaimed himself Emperor in his stead. With the treasures he had stolen he attempted to purchase the aid of his son Maxentius and of the soldiery. Before the negotiations and his own liberality had produced the desired results, Constantine fell on him like a thunderbolt. With wonderful celerity the latter had hurried his army from the Rhine to Châlons, where he embarked on the Saône. At Lyons he commenced his descent of the Rhone, and thence he appeared before the walls of Arles with such an overwhelming force, that Maximian fled in dismay, and not without difficulty, to the adjacent city of Marseilles. This place was speedily invested; even the open seaside did not afford a means to the traitor for escape. Before he could fly or receive succour in that direction, the garrison, whose fidelity he could not secure by boundless prodigality, betrayed him. They delivered him, bound and terror-stricken, to Constantine. By this service, which put the city also in the power of the besieger, they earned impunity for their defection. The great offender was secretly condemned to die, and left to carry the sentence into execution on himself. Even his daughter did not interfere to save a man who, if he had been ungrateful to her husband, had some claims on that husband's clemency. Maximian was the

author of the greatness of the Emperor who now decreed that he must die. "During the whole of this melancholy transaction," says Gibbon, "it appears that Fausta sacrificed the sentiments of nature to her conjugal duties." When stern justice had been satisfied, by the great criminal becoming his own executioner, proclamation was made to the world, not that he had been driven to this dire extremity by a private sentence, but that, "oppressed by the remorse of his repeated crimes, he strangled himself with his own hands."

The latter of these two stories is doubtless the nearer to the truth. Either way, it will be seen that the unsceptred Maximian did not bear the loss of greatness with the dignity or philosophy which distinguished the retirement of Diocletian.

The period of these and of following events was one of heavy trial to the entire world. In the year 290 Galerius and Constantius Chlorus were the Imperial masters of the Roman empire. Sixteen years later Constantius died, leaving the old dominions to be contended for by Constantine, Maxentius, Maximian, Galerius, Severus, and Maximin. Of the unsceptring of Maximian I have already spoken. Galerius, defeated by Maxentius, perished miserably, in the year 311, of a horrible disease, the symptoms of which would seem to indicate that it was known in Europe before the age of Cortez and the Mexicans. The cowardly, cruel, and debauched Maxentius was drowned in the Tiber: he fell from a bridge, over which he was flying before the victorious Constantine, son of Chlorus. Maximin perished as miserably. Severus was unsceptred and slain; and finally, the struggle for mastery was left to be decided between Licinius and Constantine. The decisive battle was fought at Chalcedonia, that "city of blind men," so called from the inconsiderateness of those who founded it opposite the site of Byzantium. On the heights of Scutari, where so recently the

service of the English Church has been publicly performed for the first time, Constantine was victor in a bloody struggle, which left him sole master of the Empire, and made a sceptreless monarch of Licinius, who, like many other Roman Emperors, had been peasant and soldier, before he had a prospect of the throne. He became the brother-in-law of Constantine, who was jealous of his ability. After his defeat he took refuge in Nicomedia, and negotiated for his life with Constantine. The latter solemnly swore to his Constantia, that he would respect the life, and provide for the well-being, of her husband, if he would resign the purple. Licinius executed the degrading office of resignation in person. In the presence of Constantine he deposited the Imperial mantle and sword at the feet of the prince, to whom he now did homage as "lord" and "master." At the conclusion of the ceremony, the conqueror "raised him from the ground with insulting pity." The insult may be admitted, for Licinius was invited, or commanded rather, to appear at the Imperial banquet. The presence of such a guest, at such a festival, dejected, and undistinguished by any ornament to give warrant of rank above the meanest at the board, was a proof to what little triumphs the great Constantine would stoop. Diocletian, in the days of his greatest power, had once punished Galerius in as arrogant a way. His colleague had lost a battle, and Diocletian compelled him, decked in the Imperial robes, to follow his chariot on foot. A terrible vengeance was exacted for the insult. Licinius never possessed an opportunity for vengeance. He was ordered to take up his residence in Thessalonica, and he unmurmuringly, but unwillingly, obeyed. This was about the year 324. He had no resources in his own mind to make exile tolerable. Illiterate, he had always hated learning and learned men. In his prosperity he had been avaricious, licentious, and cruel: in his adversity he could only curse the fortunate competitor who had deprived him of

wealth, power, and favourite enjoyments. He seems to have been suspected of conspiracy. Suspicion was enough. A body of soldiers carried out a decree of the Senate, and Licinius was judicially murdered in the place of his retreat. It may have been justifiable to brand his name with infamy, and proper to throw down his statues. But wicked as Licinius had been, like our own Richard III., he was the author of some excellent laws. These, and all the judicial proceedings of his reign, were abolished summarily. Constantine himself justifies the historian who describes the edicts against the laws of Licinius as betraying a degree of passion and precipitancy unbecoming the character of a lawgiver. The Licinian laws had scarcely been abolished by the hasty and mischievous edict of Constantine, when it was almost immediately corrected; and the Roman world was permitted to enjoy what profit it might from the good laws of a bad man.

Between the accession of Constantine the Great, at the beginning of the fourth century, to the resignation of "Augustulus" in the sixth, we find record of many assassinations of Emperors, but only of two or three abdications. In the latter case, it would perhaps be more correct to say, that the deposed Emperors briefly survived their compulsory abdications. Within this period much is comprised of glory and of ruin. Constantine, at the close of a brilliant, but not faultless, reign of thirty-seven years, bequeathed the Empire, a divided legacy, among his three unworthy sons, A.D. 337. They fell on what was left them, like tigers on a prey. Within three years Constantine II. was killed by his brother Constans, who, some ten years later, was murdered in his bed by Magnentius. The assassin was punished by the third brother, Constantius; and *he*, in the year 361, died on his march to encounter Julian. That "Apostate,"—the most able and least wise of the Roman Emperors,—died in an Eastern expedition of a wound dealt him by a Persian. His

successor, Jovian, by some said to have been the son of a baker, was a Christian in profession more than in practice. He died of asphyxia by the fumes of charcoal, when he was too inebriated, it is affirmed, to help himself. The able Valentinian was as intemperate in speech as Jovian in his particular pleasures. The great conqueror died in consequence of the rupture of a blood-vessel, caused by his passion when addressing a deputation of the vanquished Quadi. During the last thirty years of the fourth century,—the last of one sole Empire of East and West,—the record is one of greater ruin than glory. Valens, at once constitutionally timid and determinedly brave, by permitting the Goths to settle within the Roman frontiers, brought on the inevitable destruction of the Roman Empire. He was burned to death in a house, which was set on fire by those whom he had, too late, recognized as the enemies of Rome. Gratian met a no less terrible death, in an opposite quarter of the Empire; and Valentinian II., who had been temporarily driven from power by the usurping Maximus, owed his as temporary restoration, to the renowned Theodosius, and was, soon after, strangled by a Gaul, at Vienne, in France. The glorious and modest, yet sometimes sanguinary, Theodosius,—he who massacred six thousand Thessalonians to revenge the death of a single official killed in a fray, and who was repulsed from communion by St. Ambrose, until he had declared his repentance of the deed,—died of dropsy, A.D. 395. He was the last monarch of an undivided Empire of Rome. The Theodosian house closed with the indolent Honorius and the licentious Valentinian III. Then followed the period of anarchy, invasion, and rival pretenders. Goth, Vandal, and Visigoth, were masters of the once sacred soil; and Theodoric, King of the Visigoths, procured the nomination of a Gaul, Avitus, to the Imperial throne.

This Emperor is enrolled among unsceptred monarchs. There was in Italy a Count Ricimer, chief of the Barbarian

troops, by whose protection the Empire was degraded and destroyed. This Count made and unmade more sovereigns than our own Warwick. His power was greater than that of any Emperor whom he raised, only to rule over him. He was powerful enough to persuade or compel Avitus to abdicate. The father-in-law of Sidonius Apollinaris, who celebrated, with equal warmth, the accession of his wife's sire, and that of the puppet put in his place by his destroyer, abdicated upon hitherto unexampled conditions; he changed from purpled Emperor to purpled Prelate. The Bishopric of Placentia was accepted by him as compensation for sovereignty, and he flung away the sceptre with alacrity, in order to pick up the pastoral staff; he was, of course, less qualified to save the souls of a diocese, than to govern the spirits of an Empire. Perhaps they who had made him a bishop became uneasily conscious of having committed sacrilege. If so, they saved themselves from disgrace by committing a crime: and the new bishop, of whose life nothing later is known, was slain when trying to save it by flight, in a pass among the Alps. He was succeeded, not in the Empire, but in the name of Emperor, by Majorian, a sovereign who claims a line to himself, for he also may be numbered among abdicated monarchs. He was really too good for his subjects; he pleased neither actual Pagans nor Christians, for the simple reason that he administered the laws with impartiality. He was a wise legislator,—but he could no more revive the Empire than the most skilful physician could animate a corpse. The subjects whom he would have reformed, rebelled against the reformer. Majorian, not very willingly, resigned a power which he could not retain. He abdicated at Tortona; and, a few days later, died of dysentery. Such was the name given to conceal a murder.

Count Ricimer now became actual "master of the situation." He successively placed on the tottering throne Libius Severus, and his father-in-law Anthemius. This latter

phantom made way, by a violent death, for Glycerius, the nominee of Gundobald, the Burgundian, who did not succeed Anthemius for many months. There were pretenders to the purple (like Flavius Olybrius) who wore the Imperial insignia for a brief space, and were soon disposed of. At length, Glycerius, an obscure soldier, with a respectable force to support his own pretensions, grasped the sceptre, and prepared to rule. But "the Burgundian Prince was unable, or unwilling, to support his nomination by a civil war; the pursuits of domestic ambition recalled him beyond the Alps, and his client was permitted to exchange the Roman sceptre for the bishopric of Salona." Some five years after, a Glycerius achieved an evil reputation by assassinating Julius Nepos, who had been weak enough to surrender the solid possession of the sovereignty of Dalmatia, in order to become Emperor of the West. Nepos had forced abdication on Glycerius. His very brief reign is famous, or infamous, for his having allowed the Visigoths, to whom he gave up Auvergne, to fix the frontier of the Italian empire. This slave of the barbarians was himself attacked by a barbarian. Orestes, ex-secretary to Attila, marched against him in Ravenna. Nepos would not risk an engagement; he fled by sea, and escaped to the opposite coast, his principality of Dalmatia. Gibbon, who has just before derided Nepos for quitting his safe principality for the more dazzling and much more uncertain possession of an Imperial sceptre, denounces his surrender of empire for the sake of returning to his former tranquil sovereignty in Dalmatia, as a shameful abdication. By it, he adds, Nepos "protracted his life for about five years, in a very ambiguous state, between an Emperor and an exile, till he was assassinated at Salona by the ungrateful Glycerius, who was translated, perhaps as the reward of his crimes, to the Archbishopric of Milan. Some doubt, however," remarks the historian, in a note, "may be raised on the identity of the Emperor and Archbishop."

There is no doubt, it would seem, that the assassin was a Glycerius. It would have been in the very spirit of the times that he should be an ex-Emperor, avenging himself on a fallen foe of equal rank and misfortune, and gaining by the murder, his promotion from an episcopal diocese to an archiepiscopal province.

Nepos had named Orestes, patrician and master-general of the troops. The old secretary of Attila employed the means at his disposal through such offices, by procuring, not his own advancement, but the acknowledgment of his son, whose names, Romulus Augustus, "the appellations of the two great founders of the city and of the monarchy, were strangely united in the last of their successors." The barbarian troops on whom Orestes depended, laid claim, as only a small portion of their reward, to a third of all the lands in Italy. The refusal of Orestes to ruin the Italian proprietors by conferring this instalment of the soil on foreigners, led to his being attacked, captured, and executed, by a force under Odoacer.

Romulus Augustus, or as he was deridingly entitled, *Momyllius Augustulus*, could not resist an accomplished and haughty barbarian, whose success had been foretold him by the popular saint of the day, Severinus. He deserves rather commiseration than scorn. He was undoubtedly the most innocent of the Roman Emperors who resigned the sceptre; and he would, above all others, merit the expression of our pity, but for the fact that, as an unsceptred monarch, he was an exceedingly happy man, and much more of a plain gentleman farmer than that superb Diocletian who lounged on the gilded couches of his magnificent palace, and boasted of his occasional pastime of raising vegetables, as if it had been his constant occupation.

Augustulus, to use the familiar name, like Diocletian, abdicated in person. Odoacer, in the year 476, decreed that the Empire of the West had ceased to exist, and the last

Emperor proceeded submissively to the Senate, as powerless as he, and announced to them the termination of their functions and his own. The obsequious Senate, resolved to have business to transact, made as solemn intimation of what had occurred to Zeno, the Emperor of the East. They assured him that one Emperor would suffice for what was left of the Empire; and they recommended him to name Odoacer *patrician*, and to entertain no doubts as to the ability with which he would direct the destinies of the republic. Zeno, after appropriate reluctance, a complimentary affectation of zeal for the inoffensive Augustulus, and a decent hesitation, very graciously complied with all that was asked of him. "Odoacer was the first barbarian who reigned in Italy, over a people who had once asserted their just superiority above the rest of mankind."

He was generous and clement to the last of the Emperors. He condemned Augustulus neither to death nor beggary. He ejected the fallen potentate, with the whole of his family, from the Imperial palace; but he banished them to a very pleasant locality, the castle of Lucullus, in Campania, and awarded the ex-Emperor six thousand pieces of gold annually, whereon to support the dignity of an Imperial exile. When Lucullus bought this elegant retreat of that Marius whose indolence the Romans very unwisely derided, the purchase-money amounted to eighty thousand pounds sterling. On the lofty promontory of Misenum, it commanded extensive views by sea and land. With time and events, it had changed its form and purpose. When Augustulus took up his abode there, the so-called villa was rather a strong castle. It had taken this form when the aggressions of the Vandals on the coast required both watchfulness and means of being resisted. Gibbon calls this the *obscure* retreat of the last Emperor of the West. The term is hardly a just one. In itself, and its many associations, the place was anything rather than obscure. If Augustulus himself may

be so called, it must be with some qualification. The man cannot be "obscure" who brings a long period to a close, and whose inevitable fate for ever marks an era.

Little is known of the passages of his life in this asylum. It is possible, nay probable, that he spent a few of his last years in company with St. Severinus, the famous monk of Noricum. The saint had been invited to the Lucullan villa, or fortress, by a devout Neapolitan lady; but Gibbon suggests that this may mean that the body of Severinus was translated to the spot when Augustulus was no more. The abdication of this last of a long line took place in the year 476. How long the son of Orestes survived is not known. In this respect, he is obscure indeed. In 488, the body of St. Severinus was conveyed from Noricum into Italy. Why it should have been conveyed to this spot, except that there the saint would be joined in death, with the remains of an old friend and pupil, it would be difficult to say. We have only to add of the resting-place, where the last of the Emperors took breath for awhile ere he died, what is said of it by Gibbon. About the close of the fifth century, "it was converted into a church and monastery, to receive the bones of St. Severinus. They securely reposed amid the broken trophies of Cimbric and Armenian victories, till the beginning of the tenth century, when the fortifications, which might render a dangerous shelter to the Saracens, were demolished by the people of Naples."

EMPERORS OF ROME.

The Twelve.

B.C.
48. Caius Julius Cæsar, slain.
31. Augustus.

A.D.
14. Tiberius, killed.
37. Caligula, murdered.
41. Claudius, poisoned.
54. Nero, deposed.
68. Galba, slain.
69. Otho, stabbed himself.
69. Vitellius, deposed.
69. Vespasian.
79. Titus.
81. Domitian, killed.

96. Nerva.
98. Trajan.
117. Adrian.
138. Antoninus Pius.
161. Marcus Aurelius,
Lucius Verus, his colleague, died, 169.
180. Commodus, poisoned.
193. Pertinax, murdered.
Didius Julianus
P. Niger
L. S. Severus
Clod. Albinus
} rival Emperors.
193. L. Sep. Severus.
211. Caracalla; he murdered his colleague and brother Geta the same year.
217. Macrinus, beheaded.
218. Heliogabalus, killed.
222. Alex. Severus, killed.
235. Verus Maximinus, killed.
237. Gordianus, strangled himself.
237. Balbinus
Pupienus
} put to death.
238. Gordian the younger, killed.
244. Philip the Arabian, killed.

A.D.
249. Decius, killed in battle.
251. Gallus Hostilius, Volusianus } killed.
253. Æmilianus, killed.
253. VALERIANUS, flayed alive.
260. Gallienus, formerly his colleague, killed.

ANARCHY: PERIOD OF THE THIRTY PRETENDERS.

268. Claudius II.
270. Quintillus, killed himself.
270. Aurelian, killed.
275. Tacitus.
276. Florian.
276. Probus, killed.
282. Carus, killed.
283. Carinus, Numerianus } killed.
284. DIOCLETIAN, Maximian } abdicated.
305. Constantius Chlorus
Galerius Maximianus.
306. Constantine the Great, Maxentius, Maximianus, F. V. Severus, Licinius. } rivals.
324. Constantine the Great, alone.
337. Constantine II., Constans, Constantius II. } sons of Constantine.
350. Constantius II. alone.
361. Julian the Apostate, killed in battle.
363. Jovian.

First termination of the Roman Empire as a single dominion.

A.D.
364. Valentinian.
367. Gratian, killed, 383.
375. Valentinian II., with Gratian, afterwards alone, killed.
392. Eugenius.
Theodosius the Great, sole Emperor.
395. Honorius, son of Theodosius, Emperor of the West.

INTERREGNUM.

425. Valentinian III., murdered.
455. Maximus, stoned to death.
456. AVITUS, driven out.
457. Majorianus, murdered.
461. Libius Severus, poisoned.
467. Anthemius, murdered.
472. Olybrius, slain.
473. GLYCERIUS, forced to resign.
474. JULIUS NEPOS, deposed; died at Salona.
476. ROMULUS AUGUSTUS, deposed by Odoacer, King of the Heruli, who assumes the title of King of Italy.

The Eastern Empire.

GRAVE OR CLOISTER.

"Among these latter busts, we count by scores
Half-Emperors and quarter-Emperors,
Each with his bay-leaf fillet, loose-thonged vest,
Loric and low-bowed Gorgon on his breast.
. . . . . .
Born in the porphyry chamber at Byzant."—BROWNING.

THE sons of the great Theodosius divided the Empire between them. To Honorius was consigned the mastership of the Western provinces. The East fell (A.D. 395) to the lot of the indolent, voluptuous, and magnificent Arcadius. While he plunged into, rather than calmly enjoyed, pleasure, he left the affairs of his splendid fragment of an Empire to the administration of his wife Eudocia, his ministers, and eunuchs. These were mutual enemies, and they preyed upon that they should have defended.

There was a succession of half-a-dozen Emperors before a deposition took place. To Arcadius succeeded the indifferent Theodosius II., whose reign did not terminate till the middle of the fifth century. He boasted of great victories over the Persians. It was all he had to boast of. He was too indolent to read any document before he signed it; and to cure him of this dangerous slothfulness, his sister Pulcheria showed him his signature to a paper she had

placed before him, in which he made over his wife Eudocia to Pulcheria as her slave during life. His toleration has been praised. That is, while he professed and languidly practised Christianity, he did not suppress Paganism, nor torture Pagans.* The truth is, that he lacked the energy. Such a monarch, of course, calmly submitted to the dictation of Attila. He died of a fall from his horse and into a river, when he was too inert to sit upright in the saddle.

His reign, which terminated in the year 450, was followed by that of his clever and chaste sister Pulcheria,—the first reigning female sovereign in the Roman Empire, and one who almost deserved the canonization awarded her by the Greek Church. She shared the throne with the ex-soldier Marcian, her nominal husband. Marcian administered the affairs of the Empire with dignity. He broke no promise he had made to Pulcheria; and so stringently kept an engagement he had made when a soldier in the pay of Genseric, never to oppose the Vandals, that when Rome called for aid from the East against the invaders, he refused to listen to the cry. He is most famous for his answer to Attila, when the Hun haughtily commanded him to pay the usual tribute. "I keep my gold for my friends; and my iron is always ready for my enemies." Marcian survived his "wife and no wife" four years; and was succeeded by Leo I., surnamed the Thracian. The Church confirmed the election or nomination of this lucky individual; and a Patriarch, receiving the diadem from the hands of a soldier or senator, placed it on the head of the Emperor. Leo was the first sovereign of the Empire who was crowned by a priest. We must not pause on the reign of the first and greatest of the Leos. His name distinguished several others in "a succession of princes who gradually fixed, in the opinion of the Greeks, a very humble standard of heroic, or at least of royal perfection."

The lustre which attaches to the name and reign of the first Leo was soon quenched. His grandson, Leo II., succeeded him. The daughter of Leo the Great (Ariadne) had married Trascalissus, who is better known to us by the name of Zeno. Varina, the wife of Leo the Great, caused Zeno to be appointed colleague of his infant son. The death of the latter however happened so speedily after this union of power, that Zeno was accused of being the slayer of his own child. Varina proclaimed her brother Basiliscus Emperor, and Zeno, defeated and deposed, fled into Isauria.

Zeno spent the months he passed as an unsceptred monarch, in moralizing alone, and in quietly waiting on events, while his friends were in arms and at bloody arbitrement with his enemies, touching his restoration. He was not in the battle, by the unlucky issue of which he lost his throne. The intelligence of his overthrow reached him through a messenger. So, even when besieged in his castle-refuge in Isauria, he committed the arrangements of the defence to mercenary hands.

When he entered this asylum, an incident occurred which brings to mind something similar in English history. He inquired of those who received him, the name of the fortress within which he sought for safety. "It is called Constantinople," was the reply. "See you now!" exclaimed Zeno, with a mournful smile, "what a plaything is helpless man in the hands of an Omnipotent God! It was foretold to me that I should pass this summer-month in Constantinople. I thought of the throne, and counted on occupying it again in the great city! I find only a dark asylum that is to me a prison. What a toy is vain man in the hands of Providence!"

In much the same strain, if the legend be true which Shakespeare has dramatized, did our Fourth Harry put question and make comment, when the sceptre was pass-

ing away from his hands—"Doth any name particular," he asked of Warwick,

> "Doth any name particular belong
> Unto the lodging where I first did swoon?"
>
> "'Tis called Jerusalem, my noble lord,"

is the reply of Warwick to the dying King, who exclaims, thereon,—

> "And be to God! Even there my life must end.
> It hath been prophesied to me many years,
> I should not die but in Jerusalem,
> Which vainly I supposed the Holy Land:—
> But, bear me to that chamber: there I'll lie:
> In that Jerusalem shall Harry die!"

Apparently inactive, but deeply designing, Zeno lay in *his* chamber in "Constantinople." It is said that he corrupted every General sent to reduce the castle, winning them over to his side by costly bribes. Where an imprisoned refugee could find wealth enough to produce an effect so important, would be difficult to determine. The result, however, was highly favourable, and Zeno regained the throne from which he had been unceremoniously ejected, rather by bribes than battles.

He entered Constantinople in triumph. Basiliscus had taken refuge, with his consort and their children, in a church. The conqueror forgot his much-professed Christianity in his treatment of them. The tradition is variously told; but the most generally accepted story is that Zeno enclosed the entire family in a tomb, built up the door with stone, and left them there, to die slowly and terribly, of starvation.

Retribution fell heavily on the Imperial criminal. His wife, Ariadne, whose fidelity to him had been a subject of praise in all men's mouths, betrayed him at last. She was seduced from her duty by the handsome Anastasius. The

two together, and with such assistance as was always purchasable, fell upon Zeno when he was helpless from much wine. They flung the deposed monarch into a sepulchral vault, as he had done with Basiliscus. While he made the vault re-echo with the insane shrieks which famine wrung from him, Ariadne and Anastasius reigned in his stead, and complacently listened to the songs chanted in honour of their accession!

The twenty-seven years of the feeble and economic Anastasius, from 491 to 518, were not profitless to the Empire. He was a wise administrator, in some things; and he it was who built the wall from the Propontis to the Euxine. The clergy thought light of the crime which facilitated his way to the throne, in consideration of the humility with which he listened to their precepts, and the alacrity with which he fulfilled, and sometimes anticipated, their wishes.

He was the first of the three Monarchs who reigned before Justin the Second,—a sovereign who voluntarily laid down the sceptre. Those potentates were Anastasius, Justin I., and Justinian, with his wife, the shameless and able Theodora. The period was that from 518, when Anastasius died, to 565,—of which forty-seven years the great Justinian alone reigned nearly thirty-nine.

The first Justin may be almost considered a deposed monarch. That old Dacian peasant, like his contemporary monarch, Theodoric, King of the Ostrogoths, was ignorant even of the letters of the alphabet. His nephew Justinian served him, however, so well, that the Senate communicated their unanimous wish to the Emperor, that he would adopt Justinian for his colleague. "But this request," says Gibbon, "which too clearly admonished him of his approaching end, was unwelcome to the jealous temper of an aged monarch, desirous to retain the power which he was incapable of exercising; and Justin, holding his purple with both his hands, advised them to prefer, since an election was so

very profitable, some other candidate." Justin however submitted, and he lived just four months after placing the diadem on the head of his colleague. "From the instant of that ceremony," says Gibbon, "he was considered as dead to the Empire, which acknowledged Justinian, in the forty-fifth year of his age, for the lawful sovereign of the East."

The reign of Justinian and of his celebrated consort Theodora, or, as her enemies more justly called her, Dæmonodora, was—united, or when the Emperor, who survived her, ruled alone,—one of mingled splendour, usefulness, and calamity. The details are beyond our province. Disgrace and misery marked the reign of the next successor to the throne,—Justin II. The calamities which fell heavily and rapidly on the Empire, and afflicted universal society, were all imputed to the "minor Justin." Gibbon gives him credit for good intentions, and attributes the disasters mainly to the circumstance that the faculties of the Emperor's mind had been impaired by disease, "which deprived him of the use of his feet, and confined him to the palace, a stranger to the complaints of the people, and the vices of the Government." These infirmities compelled him, at last, to name a new Cæsar, and to surrender to this designated successor the insignia and privileges of empire. Justin detested his family, and at the suggestion of his wife, Sophia, raised his Captain of the Guard, Tiberius, to the throne which the nephew of Justinian was ready to abdicate.

The ceremony was performed in the portico of a palace, in the presence of an illustrious assembly of priests, senators, and soldiers, and almost in that of the entire city crowding to the spectacle. The speech delivered by Justin on this occasion is said to have been literally reported, and we have his very words, in the following translated form, as handed down by the sophist Theophylactus Simocatta. They will serve to show that the mind of Justin was not so enfeebled by disease as Gibbon pronounces it to have been.

"You behold," said the Emperor, "the ensigns of supreme power. You are about to receive them, not from my hand, but from the hand of God. Honour them, and from them you will derive honour. Respect the Empress, your mother. You are now her son; you were before her servant. Delight not in blood; abstain from revenge; avoid those actions by which I have incurred the public hatred; and consult the experience, rather than the example, of your predecessor. As a man, I have sinned; as a sinner, even in this life, I have been punished; but these servants"—and he pointed to his ministers—"who have abused my confidence and inflamed my passions, will appear with me before the tribunal of Christ. I have been dazzled by the splendour of the diadem: be thou wise and modest. Remember what you have been; remember what you are. You see around us your slaves and your children: with the authority, assume the tenderness, of a parent. Love the people like yourself; cultivate the affections; maintain the discipline of the army; protect the fortunes of the rich; relieve the necessities of the poor."

The popular belief that this speech was delivered by inspiration from the Deity, hardly betrays the humble opinion of the man and the times, that the historian of the 'Decline and Fall' affects to detect in it. The audience, who silently, but with tearful eyes, listened approvingly to the words of an abdicating monarch, may have been justified in deeming that God had touched his heart, endowed him with wisdom, and moved him to repentance. He had never before uttered or been influenced by such sentiments. That he now expressed them with an oracular emphasis, may well have seemed to his hearers to have been the result of Divine inspiration. The scene was solemn, and, to the chief actor, almost humiliating. When the prayers and gorgeous service of the church had been concluded, Tiberius advanced to the seat where Justin was enthroned, and which he was

about to vacate. The new Augustus knelt before the old Emperor, who then placed the diadem, by which the latter had been so much dazzled, on his brow. The dignity of Justin wrings a laudatory comment from Gibbon. "Justin, who, in his abdication, appeared most worthy to reign, addressed the new Monarch in the following words: 'If you consent, I live; if you command, I die. May the God of heaven and earth infuse into your heart whatever I have neglected or forgotten!" Justin could not have more forcibly expressed the relative change which had been accomplished between himself and Tiberius, nor could he have put up a heartier prayer, nor have chosen a more fitting subject of petition. Nothing more is told of him, save that he passed four years "in tranquil obscurity" before he died. He was the quiet country-gentleman which Diocletian only pretended to be. He had leisure too, if not for reading, at least for reflecting, and also for defending some part of the policy of his government, of another portion of which he had acknowledged the errors and deficiencies in his address at the period of his abdication. If that address showed that his mind did not lack vigour, the reminiscences of his retirement were employed to illustrate the activity and impartial justice with which he occasionally acted when he exercised an irresponsible authority. Of the stories thus told to his friends, the best has an Eastern aspect about it, which will, perhaps, strongly remind the reader of the Thousand and One Nights, and the Caliph Haroun-al-Raschid.

Previous to the period when Justin had lost the use of his feet, but at a time when he used to appear in public in his chariot or on horseback, he could never issue from the gates of his palace without being immediately surrounded by crowds of supplicants. The object of their petitions was to obtain from him justice against the oppressions of noble and wealthy persecutors. Justin did better than refer them to the Senate, he repeatedly brought the matter before that

august assembly himself. This was, for a long period, fruitless labour. At length a senator ventured to tell him privately, that if the Emperor would give him unlimited freedom of action, he would undertake, not only to remedy every grievance within a month, but to render the occurrence of future grievances of a similar nature impossible. He pledged his head as security for the performance of his promise; and Justin conferred on him all the authority he required.

On the following morning the new official, having proclaimed that he held commission from the Emperor to redress wrongs, he was speedily called upon to do justice in a case wherein a poor woman complained of robbery and slander committed against her by one of the aristocracy. The Prefect-extraordinary summoned the offender to his tribunal. The offending noble treated the summons with contempt: he did this more than once. At the last citation he simply returned for answer, that he was on his way to dine with his Imperial Majesty, and had neither leisure nor inclination to listen to a less worthy summons.

The Prefect waited till the hour for the banquet. He then repaired to the palace, entered the festive hall, approached his sovereign, respectfully reminded him of the authority conferred upon him, and, at a smile of acquiescence from Justin, he went up to the proud noble, and dragged him from the table. The offender was unceremoniously conveyed to the tribunal of the Prefect, who there gravely listened alike to the accusation and defence. Convinced that the former was well-grounded, he pronounced the prisoner guilty. On the spot the judge ordered the noble criminal to be stripped and scourged. This done, the head of the convict was shaved, and he was led through the city, mounted, bareheaded, on an ass. The Prefect further pronounced confiscation of his estates, which were conferred upon the woman wronged by the criminal. The quality of justice was here rather violently strained; but this and one or two other ex-

amples of a rough application of the new law, soon wrought the effect sought to be established. Oppression ceased to be practised, and the Prefect invited the Emperor to traverse the city and satisfy himself of the pleasant fact. Justin accordingly appeared in public in his chariot, and, in the course of frequent drives, never encountered a single person on his way who had to complain of wrong or to solicit for justice. The Emperor raised the praiseworthy officer to the rank of a patrician, and, in memory of his beneficial temporary prefectship, made him Prefect of the city during life.

Justin, in his retirement, may have fairly derived some pleasure from repeating to his hearers stories of this kind, illustrative of the policy of his reign. Let us add, that we agree with a commentator, who remarks that "some of this noble discipline bestowed upon nobles and senators, who oppress the poor, who will not pay their debts, and whose privileges are a public nuisance, would have a good effect in those nations where such reformation is wanted."

There is probably something poetical in this story. This and a long subsequent period was not made up of halcyon days for the people; nor indeed for their sovereigns. After the second Justin, under whose reign was born Mahomet, the great reformer of Arabia, Tiberius, at the end of a brief and beneficial reign, died of a painful disease. The successor whom he selected, Maurice, after a reign of mingled glory and disaster, was deposed and slain by order of the cowardly "Phocas the Centurion." The religious Maurice, during the brief period between deposition and death, prayed that his sins might be punished in this rather than in the next world. The penalty he paid was terrible. Before he was himself assassinated, five of his sons were murdered, one after the other, in his presence. As each fell mangled at his feet, the ex-monarch uttered an exclamation that God alone was great and just; and when the faithful but not maternally-affectioned nurse presented her own child, in

place of one of the sons of Maurice, he "revealed the pious falsehood" to the soldiers; and after the proper victim had been sought and found, "the tragic scene was finally closed by the execution of the Emperor himself." Phocas, after a troubled and wicked reign, was duly murdered in his turn; and reigns more turbulent and not less wicked followed,—those of Heraclius, Constantine III., and Heracleonas. The last-named puppet was deposed and sent into banishment, with the loss of his nose. His mother, Martina, shared his exile, after suffering the loss of her tongue. "After this cruel execution, they consumed the remainder of their days in exile and oblivion." Constans II., a cruel oppressor, was murdered in his bath by a slave. His son, the fair Constantine Pogonatus, rendered no service of importance to his country; and the unutterable vices of his son, the savage Justinian II., caused him to be mutilated by his enraged subjects, and sent into banishment, in the Crimea. There he chafed like a wounded lion in his den; and thence, by another revolution, he was carried back to Constantinople, after the deposition of his temporary substitute, Leontius. The last-named Emperor had been dethroned by Apsimar, or Tiberius III. Justinian II., who was probably the most wicked Emperor that ever disgraced the purple, now held two abdicated monarchs in his power. Of all sceptreless rulers, their fate was the most terrible: they were dragged into the Hippodrome,—the one from his prison, the other from his palace. "Before their execution," says Gibbon, "Leontius and Apsimar were cast prostrate in chains before the throne of the Emperor; and Justinian, placing a foot on each of their necks, contemplated, above an hour, the chariot-race; while the inconstant people shouted, in the words of the Psalmist, "Thou shalt trample on the asp and basilisk; and on the lion and dragon shalt thou set thy foot!" When the multitude became weary of their sanguinary master, he and his family were swept away by assassination, the race of

Heraclius was extinguished, and Bardanes, or Philippicus, was raised to the perilous grandeur of Emperor of the East.

Philippicus lived his little day, and then was deposed, after his eyes had been put out,—a catastrophe which was followed by his death. He was succeeded by his secretary, Anastasius II., by the united voices of people and Senate, in the year 714. Two years later, the same voices were raised in favour of a revenue-officer, who very reluctantly submitted to have the Imperial mantle flung about him, and who wore his uneasy honours under the name of Theodosius III. He was soon deprived of what he had so unwillingly accepted. A new revolution shut up himself and Anastasius together in a monastery. The two fallen monarchs bore their similar destinies with very different degrees of patience. Anastasius was disgusted with the monotony of the cloister. He plunged into treasonable practices, and paid the penalty thereof with his life. The old revenue-officer entertained *his* fate with far more decency. He was wise enough to understand that a regular life in a monastery, surrounded with pleasant gardens, whence jealousies were banished, and where peace reigned with a happy abundance of all desirable things, was preferable to the dangerous joys of a throne, from which the monarch might be precipitated at any moment, not always to be transferred to a comfortable cell and a refectory in a calm, contented community, but perhaps to a "tower of famine," or to the scaffold, for the infliction of horrible mutilation, or more merciful death. The last days of Theodosius are emphatically described as "honourable and secure." Gibbon says that "the single sublime word 'HEALTH,' which he inscribed on his tomb, expresses the confidence of philosophy or religion; and the fame of his miracles was long preserved among the people of Ephesus. This convenient shelter of the Church," the historian remarks, "might sometimes impose a lesson of clemency; but it may be ques-

tioned whether it is for the public interest to diminish the perils of unsuccessful ambition."

After this interval—and it was not a very brief one—of anarchy, we come upon a new dynasty, whose fortunes will be briefly narrated in the following Chapter.

THE BYZANTINE CÆSARS OF THE ICONOCLASTIC PERIOD.

"J'ai trahi la patrie, et l'honneur et les loix.
Le Ciel, en me frappant, donne un exemple aux Rois."

M. J. CHÉNIER.

IT is not to all the Cæsars who reigned in Byzantium, that can be properly applied the term "Byzantine Cæsars." When Constantine established his power in the Eastern city, his voice was still heard, in potential echoes, on the banks of the Tiber. In the lieutenants and exarchs of subsequent Eastern Emperors, Italy recognized the shadows of their distant sovereign lords. When this obedience ceased to be rendered, and the Italians, at the bidding of the Vatican, threw off, for ever, the lingering allegiance they had hitherto paid to the weak and rapidly-succeeding masters who rose to, and fell from, the throne in Constantinople, *then* the Cæsars of the latter place ceased to be Roman and became exclusively Byzantine.

The first on the list is the Asiatic Conon, known not disreputably to fame, as Leo the Isaurian.

The father of Conon was a wealthy grazier of Armenia, who, being despoiled by the Saracens, emigrated with his wife and son to Mesembria, in Thrace. The boy is said to have entered Europe with a presentiment of his future greatness. He had been, in the days of the evil fortunes of his house, engaged in the humble calling of a pedlar. On one

occasion, he had turned loose the ass that bore his stock-in-trade, and he sat himself down, in the evening shade cast from St. Theodore's Chapel; there he counted his gains, consumed a frugal meal, and was thankful for the money in his purse and the fare in his wallet. At this juncture, he was seen by two Jewish fortune-tellers. They had acute visions for a dupe. They told the wondering boy that Heaven had destined him for the Byzantine throne, and that all that they or Heaven required of him in return, was a solemn promise that he would suppress idolatry in the Church, and break up all idols.

Conon did not pause to question the bearers of such good tidings, as to how Jews could become interested in the purification of the Christian Church. He promised all that was asked of him. At a later period, his sire, again grown rich, presented Justinian II. with such aid for the recovery of his throne as a sceptreless monarch, at the head of a hungry army, could find in five hundred fat sheep. When the gift was acknowledged by the advancement of Conon to the rank of Spatharios, and subsequently to the command of the Anatolian legions, the ex-pedlar probably felt, like Macbeth, a welcome antepast of the "All-hail! hereafter."

The perilous greatness came, and was right worthily earned. Some half-dozen Emperors had, in the course of a score of years, scaled the same Imperial heights, only to be violently dashed therefrom. Anarchy was in the capital; terror in the provinces: the Saracen was on the frontiers, and ruin everywhere. The Prophet had declared that forgiveness would be awarded for the sins of the first army that captured the city of the Cæsars. The sons of Islam were on their dreadful way to gain the rich reward. Conon, thenceforward Leo, encountered them in the very moment of one of their triumphs, defeated them in his native Armenia, and having gained a victory, by some trickery and infinite boldness, marched to Constantinople, shut up the resigned Theo-

dosius III. in a monastery, and passing through the Golden Gate to the Cathedral of St. Sophia, was there crowned by the Patriarch, "Emperor and King!"

This was on the day of Our Lady, 717. It was a welcome day to the people. Leo's splendid defence of the capital against the successive assaults of the Caliph Moslemah won for him the admiration of his subjects. Their gratitude continued till the constant enjoyment of the blessings of peace made them oblivious of how those blessings had been purchased. The people having, for the moment, no foreign enemy, became divided among themselves, and carried on fierce hostilities on a theological question,—the amount of reverence due to images.

The Jewish Church abhorred all aids to devotion, in the shape of images. The primitive Christian Church was still more particular on that point. As Pagans joined her, Pagan prejudices were, however, tacitly yielded to; and very often, the Heathen, in adoping Christianity, only exchanged one pictured-idol for another. When the Arabs, after being converted from the most brutalizing idolatry to the worship of One God, were led against the Christians, nothing was more inexpressibly execrable to them than the aspect of Christians who not only denied Mahomet, but derided the Deity, by paying service to pictures.

Such service was held as orthodox, with certain explanatory modifications, by sincere men, both in Rome and Constantinople. But sincerity is not necessarily wisdom. Leo, influenced by Asiatic feelings and by common sense against image-worship, and ashamed at heart by the reproaches flung at his people by Saracen Infidels, entered upon that course of reform which earned for him, and for the Isaurian dynasty, the significant name of Iconoclasts. He began temperately. The worshippers in the churches were accustomed to kiss the feet of the portraits of holy persons suspended there. Leo ordered the whole of these pictures to

be raised on the walls above the kissing height. General indignation seized the "faithful." When, on a subsequent occasion, an Imperial officer ascended a ladder to destroy a brazen figure, the object of over-zealous worship, the viragos of Constantinople dashed the innovator down from his airy height, and trampled him to death beneath their orthodox feet.

Leo, albeit engaged in re-organizing the army, and in great financial and administrative reforms, calmly appealed to Rome. Gregory II., by way of reply, scourged him with stinging epistles. In one of these the Emperor was significantly reminded that the servant who had slain the persecuting Constans, was revered as a Saint, by the Church of Rome: Leo retorted by ordering all pictorial representations of the Deity and the Saints to be destroyed. Gregory answered this, appropriately enough, by overthrowing the statue of Leo, in Rome, and by blessing an orthodox maritime expedition which sailed to Constantinople with a new Emperor (Kosmas), munitions of war, and philippics against the Iconoclasts.

The expedition failed. Kosmas was captured and beheaded. The Pope prohibited the transmission of taxes from Italy to Constantinople. Such sanguinary obstinacy was shown in the conflicts which took place between the Italian rebels and the Imperial exarchs, that the Po ran red with blood, and for six years the people dwelling on its banks refused to eat of its fish. Leo pursued his purpose, despite reverses. Gregory deposed and excommunicated him, in a general anathema against all image-breakers, and exposed him to the daggers of orthodox assassins, by declaring that they were not murderers who slew the excommunicated!

Gregory III. was as energetic as his predecessor. He recognized, however, a certain Imperial authority in Leo, by requesting him—and it was the last time a Pope paid such a compliment to an Emperor—to sanction Gregory's

election to the Pontificate. But Gregory pronounced Rome, thenceforward, free of the Emperor, and bestowed political independence on the ancient capital of the world. The issue of the famous quarrel which ensued was the establishment of the Patriarchate of Constantinople, exempt from all subjection to Rome. Thus, in 733, the Eastern Emperors ceased to exercise influence in Italy, and the Italian Popes to enjoy authority over the wide dominions of the East.

Eight years subsequently, Leo died, with a general reputation for mildness of character, not unmixed with firmness of decision,—for wisdom, as a governor,—and unusual purity, considering the standard of morality then acknowledged, as a man. The orthodox enemies of the strong-minded Leo have laid to his order the really accidental burning of a library of 33,000 volumes, and the alleged throwing into the flames of a score of professors of the University. For this, and for other equally unfounded charges, Leo has been devoted to perdition by some of his pious contemporaries and their posterity. "He perished, body and soul!" is the cry of the exulting Theophanes. "Nimirum detrusus ad inferos"—"thrust down is he into the lowest hell," is the jubilant shriek of the image-worshipping Baronius.

Leo, in his youthful days, had married Irene, the daughter of the Khan of the Khazars. From this union of the Armenian pedlar and the Tartar lady, sprang that Constantine V., whose infantile feat, on being plunged into the baptismal font by the Patriarch of Constantinople, gained for him the undesirable appellation of Copronymus. Other authorities say that the name was derived from the fact that Leo, to show his contempt for orthodoxy, would not allow water to be used at the baptism of Constantine, but an unsavoury mixture, the stain of which will cling to the Imperial title of Constantine for ever.

Severely indeed has the able but somewhat fierce Constantine been treated by the image-worshippers. Among

the amenities,—precious balsam, with which they bruised his head,—were the assertions, that he loved unclean smells, scoffed at the Virgin, offered human victims to Venus, was a "spotted panther" in disposition, a "flying dragon," and loved nothing so much to be placed before him at the dinner-table, as a platefull of noses of the orthodox!

The Pope refused to acknowledge him as Emperor. At Rome, Constantine was an unsceptred monarch. The Pontiff recognized the usurping Artavasdes, who, after a struggle of two years, was captured, imprisoned, and rendered sightless. This cruel custom of putting out, or burning out, the eyes of a luckless aspirant to the throne, was not known till the diadem was worn by Christian Emperors, or rather by men who made profession of Christianity, while they disregarded its principles and neglected its practice.

The prelates who aided Artavasdes, were cruelly treated by the Iconoclast Emperor. They were paraded through the city on asses, with their faces towards the tail. In this way they rode to the scaffold, where they suffered decapitation. On other occasions of treason, the traitors, after suffering amputation of the hands and feet, were dissected while yet alive by the surgeons. Constantine, it is said, stood by the while with an inquiring complacency. On the other hand, he humanely founded colonies for the Christians who sought safety in his dominions from the Saracens. He once abandoned a certainty of victory, in order to save the sailors of his fleet, struggling against a storm in the Euxine. Once he paid a heavy tribute to the Sclavonian pirates, to purchase from slavery between two and three thousand of his subjects, who, but for him, would have borne their chains to the grave. He was the first, too, who established a regular exchange of prisoners between Mahometans and Christians. He tolerated the few image-worshippers who were otherwise inoffensive subjects, but the Council of Constantinople, in 754, not only declared image-worship itself

accursed, but declared the art which produced it execrable also. Gibbon is of opinion that many of the prelates who signed this decision, after a deliberation of six months' continuance, were influenced by fear of the Imperial wrath. The Emperor's sister, Anthusa, protected heterodox nuns, and founded an orphan asylum; but some portion of the praise earned by such deeds is due to Constantine, for they could not have been effected without his sanction. He was the advocate of education, and he set the example by educating his own unfortunate offspring. I say "unfortunate," for of his five sons, four who were implicated in insurrectionary movements against future occupants of the throne, were, for the first offence, pardoned; for a second attempt, they were confined in a monastery; after liberation, on being captured after a renewal of offence, they suffered loss of eyesight or of tongue. Finally, as the four mutilated wretches, two of whom had borne the title of Cæsars, and two of *Nobilissimi*, suddenly appeared in front of the church of St. Sophia, and appealed to the people, they were seized, subjected to further mutilation, and shut up in distant dungeons, where they died forgotten.

A great change, of twofold aspect, and as diverse of result, occured in Europe during the reign of Constantine Copronymus. His capital and provinces were depopulated by the great plague of 747. A Sclavonian colonization, of vast extent, repaired the losses in the rural districts. Thenceforward began to disappear the old Hellenic names which sound so musically on the ear. The other change was caused by the donation which Pepin made to Rome of that Exarchate of Ravenna which was not his to give. The result of the donation was a transfer of shadowy allegiance, on the part of Italy, from the Emperors in the East to Charlemagne in the West. The Peninsula was no longer a portion of the old Roman Empire. The Constantinopolitans accepted the event as a matter of course; they

wasted no expression of regret on an accomplished fact, which they contemplated with supreme indifference.

The reign of four years and a half of the amiable son and successor of Constantine Copronymus, Leo IV., requires no further remark, than that the young and infirm Emperor lay, in truth, sceptreless, gradually dying, on his couch, while his terrible wife, Irene, dealt vigorously with the conspirators against her sick lord. After Leo's death, in 780, she wore the Imperial Crown as regent for her son, then ten years old, Constantine VI., whose father, indeed, she is said to have poisoned. Baronius looks upon his death as an example of Divine retribution. There was a splendid crown which had been placed above the High Altar of the Cathedral, by the Emperor Maurice. It blazed with fiery carbuncles, and Leo IV. so admired the precious stones, that he seized on the votive crown, and wore it. Baronius says, that the Imperial thief died of an eruption of carbuncles: "Amans igitur *carbunculos*, ex sacrilegio *carbunculos* pariter passus est, et *his* coronatus est mortuus."

Irene survived to be herself a sovereign deprived of a sceptre. In her primitive private capacity of an Athenian lady, she had been remarkable for her gentleness of demeanour; but she no sooner grasped a sceptre than she used it like a battle-axe, on the heads of her enemies, and often on those of her friends also; nay, on the very sacred and imperial skull of her own son, when he dared to provoke her. She had exasperated her image-hating consort, by keeping little images under her pillow, as aids to devotion. As Regent, she openly adored them, and scourged, blinded, or put to death all who openly opposed her love for idols. Irene summoned that never-to-be-forgotten Council, which was convened to settle the question of image-worship. She deposed the iconoclastic Patriarch Paul, and startled all Christendom by promoting a layman to the vacant dignity. The latter, Tarasius by name, as much surprised the Christian world

by filling the office as if he had been expressly educated for the performance of its duties.

The famous Council (the second of Nice, A.D. 787) ultimately passed half-a-hundred resolutions. The chief of all was, that the worship of images, inclusive even of figures worked in embroidery on sacred ornaments, was an orthodox practice. The pious councillors further solemnly resolved that all preceding Patriarchs, who had favoured iconoclastic sentiments, should be condemned to everlasting flames, for their heterodoxy. Rome was delighted; but as Irene refused to surrender certain valuable Church property, much coveted by the Pope, his Holiness declined to officially confirm what he had shown himself so ready to adopt. It is to be hoped that the condemned Patriarchs derived some benefit from this proceeding on the part of the Pontiff!

How truly sceptreless a monarch Constantine VI. was, even as he entered manhood, may be seen in the affair of his marriage. The hand of Rotruda, daughter of Charlemagne, had been engaged for him. Irene took upon himself to break off this match, and ordered him to take for wife a Paphlagonian lady, named Maria. He promised, with grim reluctance, to obey. When the ill-assorted pair were united, the bridegroom exhibited some 'temper,' whereupon Irene ordered him to be chastised in a simple nursery fashion, which made him look as foolish as he felt furious, smarting and degraded as he was.

The Armenian troops rebelled in his favour; but Constantine had not courage or judgment enough to grasp the sceptre which they extended to him. He turned from these troubles to woo Theodora, one of his mother's maids-of-honour. He declared himself divorced from his first wife Maria, and even shut her up in a monastery; but he experienced great difficulty in accomplishing his second marriage, and greater still in obtaining for it the necessary legal recognition. The disturbances which resulted in the State

would have lasted longer but for the cruel cleverness of Irene, who was the leader of an adverse faction. She threatened those who were about her son, that if they would not surrender him to her keeping, she would assuredly destroy them, by proving to Constantine that they were conspiring against his life. The double-dyed traitors obeyed the affectionate mother, and her hand was scarcely on the throat of her boy when the hot irons were in his eyes. She cruelly plunged him into blindness, in the very chamber where she had borne him; and this most accursed monster is worshipped as the most virtuous of all the saints that are crowded into the Greek Calendar. Constantinople is said, in legends, to have been in total darkness for seventeen days, so offended was Heaven at the unnatural deed! This was in the year 797.

The beautiful fiend flung her son of the sightless orbs into a monastery, when she rushed up the steps of the throne to experience, to her, the frantic joy of ruling alone and irresponsibly. It is however no legend, but solemn fact, that she who had for years been struggling for power, and was not without qualities for the due exercise of it, no sooner possessed it by guilty means, when it became tasteless to her. She lacked energy to contend with the Saracens who harassed the Empire, carried off the citizens into slavery, and dictated the tribute which Irene promised to pay. Her abused son, Constantine, had set her a better example of independence, in his ably-conducted expeditions against the Bulgarians. Still less energy did she possess to oppose effectively the conspiracy formed against her by Nicephorus. Whiningly praying him to be generous, she descended from her golden chariot, the four milk-white steeds of which were led by as many patrician eunuchs, and she quietly went into exile in Lesbos. There, after supporting herself during a year by her own handiwork as an embroideress, she calmly and contentedly died; and of the

Imperial needlewoman the grateful Greeks have made a mediating Saint! Butler says, that she died of grief in the year 802. Lebeau and Mignot supply respectively some details of Irene in her sceptreless condition, which may be added here. The former describes the usurper Nicephorus as a "remarkable liar" (*fourbe insigne*). Immediately after *his* election and Irene's dethronement, he dressed himself in the plainest garments, and paid a visit to the ex-Empress in the palace of Eleutheria. He swore that what he most cared for was happiness in private life, and that the vice he most detested was covetousness or love of riches. Having given utterance to these expressions, he announced to her her deposition, and impressed upon her the advantage she would find in making surrender to him of all her wealth.

Mignot says, that in these treasures she found her only resource. They were the remains of the wealth of Leo and Copronymus. They had been considered inexhaustible; and Irene alone knew where they were deposited. Nicephorus reckoned upon forcing her to give them up; and Irene hoped to purchase with them peace and liberty.

When Nicephorus was protesting that he would agree to any terms if she would only make over the gold and jewels to his keeping, she is reported to have addressed him in the following manner:—"Nicephorus, you have known me as the world has known me. I wished to reign, and I made crime help my ambition. Of my adversaries I made victims. I slew my son; I immolated the son of Copronymus. Suspicion was followed by the flowing of rivers of blood. But I ever spared *you*, even when informed that you were a man to be suspected; and it is by your hands that my sceptre has been torn from me. Heaven blinded me in respect to my judgment concerning you. That was my punishment. On the other hand, learn to dread punishment yourself: fear the abuse of power. May your compassion for her whom you pull down from the throne obtain for you the

clemency of the usurper, who will, in his turn, eject you from dominion!"

Nicephorus promised all she could desire if she would only loyally surrender the wealth which was the property of the Empire. After considerable delay, she submitted to terms mutually agreed upon. She made him swear on a fragment of the True Cross,—the most terrible form of oath then known,—that he would restore her to liberty, suffer her to reside in the palace, and there quietly end her days. This done, she gave up to him all that remained of the treasures of Leo the Isaurian, and Constantine Copronymus.

The wars and the extravagant splendour of the reign of Irene had sensibly diminished these treasures, and Nicephorus, affecting to believe that the ex-Empress had not made just surrender of that wealth which the popular voice designated as incalculable, at once imprisoned her in a monastery which she had herself founded on one of the Prince's Islands, near Constantinople.

The tyranny of Nicephorus pressed so heavily on the Byzantines that they began to regret even Irene and her costly glories. The knowledge that they regretted her, so disturbed the Emperor that he determined to rid himself at least of her more immediate presence. The monastery on the island was as the residence of a favourite Saint, to which the whole population repaired, in order to pay their homage of adoration. Irene herself began to entertain hopes of a restoration. Nicephorus took decided measures. On a stormy night in November, the fallen and now infirm Sovereign was forced from her retreat, dragged on board a small vessel, and conveyed to Mitylene, in the Isle of Lesbos. Both the historians whom I have last named, state that she was committed to the closest confinement, and was not permitted to see, or be seen, by a single person,—except those who held her in custody.

Mignot adds, that the details of her last days have never

been accessible to historians. All that is known, says the Abbé, is that, exhausted by her sorrows and long-endured infirmities, she died at Mitylene, in about the fifty-first year of her age. The laborious author of the 'History of the Lower Empire' affirms that she was so miserably neglected as to be in want even of bread, and that she was reduced to earn food by spinning. To live by the distaff, after she had grasped a sceptre, wounded her proud spirit. She died as I have before stated; and after her death, her body was transferred to the vaults of the monastery which she had founded, and where she had first been imprisoned, on Prince's Island.

The Empire, says Mignot, was not the happier for her fall. Her successors, he adds, were less enlightened and even more wicked. This is not exactly the case. Nicephorus destroyed image-worship, and levied heavy taxes on the clergy. During his reign, no man suffered death for treason against his person. If the offender was rich, the Emperor confiscated his wealth and imprisoned him. If the criminal was poor, he was shut up, as a madman. His great sin was avarice; and when Haroun-al-Raschid compelled him to pay tribute, the loss of the money, rather than the disgrace of paying it, wellnigh broke the heart of the covetous monarch. His victories over the Sclavonians did not compensate for these losses. He heaped tax upon tax, in order to fill his coffers. The loss of treasure, under the convoy of Leo the Armenian, and captured by the Saracens, so enraged him, that he condemned that high functionary and dear friend to be publicly scourged in the market-place,—a punishment which in no degree affected the personal respectability of the sufferer.

He was finally slain, on the Bulgarian frontier, in the very midst of his routed army. King Crumen made a drinking-cup of his skull, and his subjects, refusing to acknowledge his son Stavrakios, transferred their allegiance (A.D. 812) to the insignificant Michael Rhangabe. The wife of the new

Emperor was the daughter of the last—the famous Procopia. She appeared at the head of the army, issued her orders with masculine vigour, and reaped popular hatred, not only for herself, but for the monarch, sceptreless even when the sceptre was placed in his hands, and who hid himself beneath his wife's mantle. The weak Michael reigned only for a year. His reverses at the hands of the heathen Bulgarian forces brought about his deposition. He was compelled to make over his authority to his general, Leo the Armenian; to retire into a monastery, where he vegetated some two-and-thirty years; to see his sons share with him his captivity; and to feel that, however great his capacity as a priest, he must descend to posterity with the reputation of being the only Emperor of his dynasty utterly contemptible as a soldier.

Michael, when unsceptred, was for some time uncertain as to what fate would descend upon him. He had shut himself up, with his family, in the church of the Holy Virgin. Lebeau says, that Leo did not dare to take his life, but confined him in a monastery on an island of the Propontis, and assigned him a pension, which was very irregularly paid. Dethroned and nearly destitute, he lived on, as I have previously stated, many long years, and, under the assumed name of Athanasius, the illustrious monk observed a most austere rule of life. He seemed to court discomfort, and even complained that his wife Procopia was separated from him. Leo had thought to render his condition less intolerable by rescuing him from the eternal reproaches of a haughty and ambitious consort. She was cloistered up in a monastery which bore her name, and which she had herself founded, in Constantinople. Her two daughters, Gorgon and Theophana, were imprisoned with their Imperial mother; they took the veil. The sons of Michael shared the captivity of their sceptreless father. He had had three. One died before the dethronement of his sire. The other two,

Theophylacte and Nicetas, after being mutilated according to the cruel fashion of the times, were allowed to remain with the "monk" Athanasius. The elder, Theophylacte, changed his name to Eustatius, and died after a captivity of five years. The second, who, when ten years of age, had commanded the Imperial Guard which encamped around the palace of the Emperor, day and night, was, at the downfall of his father, only fourteen years old. He is less known by his name of Nicetas than by that more famous one which he assumed, of Ignatius. He became, subsequently, Patriarch of Constantinople, and rendered himself celebrated by the holiness of his life, and the resolution with which he withstood an unjust persecution. Such were the diverse fortunes of an Imperial family, in those remote times.

There remain but three more of the Iconoclast Emperors to notice. The first, Leo the Armenian, reigned from 813 to 820. His reign at home was disturbed by the riotous proceedings of the two religious parties. Leo proposed that both should meet in solemn conference. Each cried *shame* upon him, for thus seeming to doubt its own especial inspiration; and the two factions only agreed in fixing on him the name of the *Chameleon*. This was considered illustrative of his readiness to change opinions, in order to preserve peace. At the end of seven years, his General, Michael, detected in a conspiracy, was condemned to death. Execution was respited until the festival of Christmas had passed. The confederates of Michael feared that with such respite might come betrayal of themselves. They resolved to purchase security, by slaying the Emperor. Leo was as fond of leading choruses as of marshalling hosts. On a dark, cold Christmas morning, he was engaged, with his chaplains, all attired in furred mantles and caps, in singing anthems. The sovereign was leading the sacred song, "All things have they despised for the love of their Lord." The assassins rushed in, blood on their hands and Scripture on

their lips. Leo defended himself with a crucifix; but the arm which wielded it was cut off by the blow of a sword. His cry for mercy was answered by a shout that the hour was one of vengeance, and not of mercy. His body was yet warm when Michael was brought forth from his prison and proclaimed Emperor,—the jailor, the while, striking the fetters from his limbs. The surviving family of Leo was, as a matter of course, driven into a monastery.

Michael, the Stammerer, was a Phrygian. His enemies called him both horse-jockey and heretic. He was engaged in civil wars with opponents who, like himself, possessed very large fleets. His fiercest antagonists however were in the Church. If ever Iconoclast Emperor had right on his side, it was Michael. In his reign, image-worship had so developed itself, that parents took their newly-born children to the images, covered the figures with veils, and chose them as sponsors for their offspring, at the baptismal font. On other occasions, the sacramental wine was mixed with paint scraped from the images of the saints; and the consecrated bread was placed in the hand of the Saint, to make it co-partake in the Sacrament!

Michael died, a natural death, in 829; and was succeeded by his handsome and well-trained son, Theophilus. He was sometimes called the Unfortunate, sometimes the *Just*. He fought with various extremes of fortune against the Saracens. He was a great builder, was fond of religious controversy, and was cruel. His most familiar friends and officers, if they offended him, he sent to be scalded to death with burning pitch, or to be burnt alive, in the Hippodrome. He had a soul for music, and a puerile taste for toys and jewellery. His method of selecting a wife was one of some novelty, and it the more deserves mention here, because his consort unsceptred the son born of their marriage. A group of noble maidens was expressly assembled in his mother's apartment, in order that he might make selection from among

them. Theophilus approached the majestic Eikasia, and remarked, that "Woman was the cause of almost every evil." The proud maiden, misliking such wooing, readily replied, that "Woman was the cause of half the good that happened in the world." The Imperial lover turned aside; and, his eyes happening to fall on the demure Theodora, he presented to her the golden apple which he held in his hand, made her his wife, and, to render his hearth happy, shut up his mother-in-law within a monastery. The vexed and disappointed Eikasia shared this captivity, and devoted herself to the reading of homilies and the composing of hymns. The son by this Imperial marriage, Michael the Drunkard, only inherited a distracted dominion. His mother, Theodora, really kept the sceptre from his grasp, while she scourged and plucked out the eyes of Iconoclast Patriarchs. Other heretics she slew by thousands, and thrice holy was she accounted by those who shared her opinions.

While Theodora ruled the State, the nominal but unsceptred Emperor Michael wallowed in debauchery. His mother strangled in him all that was good, and encouraged his excesses. His orgies were terrific. He would reel through the streets, at the head of drunken followers, all, like himself, ecclesiastically attired, and paying homage to a buffoon dressed as a Patriarch, and saluted as "Gryllos, the Hog." This impious procession swept before the eyes of an insulted and yet an almost indifferent people, singing obscene songs to the most solemn tunes. The populace was rather amused than horrified to see Michael, who had abandoned his duties for such outrages, surrounded by his guilty accomplices, administering the Sacrament in a nauseous compound of vinegar and mustard, or bringing the image of the Virgin Mary into the theatre, that from her hand might be administered the crowns of triumph. Finally, Michael, having committed every imaginable atrocity, and having excommunicated the Pope and helped Basil to slay his uncle

Bardas, fell himself, when full of wine, under the dagger of his confederate in murder. His mother, Theodora, enjoys the glory attached to the achievement of having permanently restored to the Church the privilege of image-worship; and Michael, who commenced as an Iconoclast, only ceased to be so because Theodora had decreed otherwise. With him, then, closes a remarkable dynasty, not one monarch of which enjoyed the degree of happiness commonly awarded to more humble individuals. The throne was now occupied by Basil. His enemies called him the Macedonian Groom; and his capacity was great for curbing unruly men.

THE BASILIAN DYNASTY.—MONARCHS AMONG THE MONKS.

"Ah! s' io pover vivea, or non avrei
Scorno e dolore, i giorni tristi e rei!"—PASSERINI.

THE Basilian dynasty, although founded by a Macedonian groom, reigned longer than any other dynasty in Constantinople. Basil himself reigned nineteen years,—from 867 to 886. He was lowly born, but he could trace his descent from Imperial ancestors. In his early years he gained a livelihood by taming horses: he *whispered* them into docility. He was employed in the Imperial household, and his fortune was assured by the prophecy of acute monks, the favour of the Emperor, and the love of a wealthy lady.

He was exceedingly ignorant, remarkably pious, and unreasonably fond of controversy and dabbling in Church matters. He published, but did not write, the 'Basilika;' and he merits the reverence of that community which is called the Peace Society,—for while the Saracens were taking Syracuse, he employed his sailors in digging the foundations of a new church, and his ships in transporting the materials. On the other hand, the Saracens found allies among Christian priests and potentates; and Basil ruthlessly exterminated the gentle Paulicians, who pretended to nothing more than to try and live according to the teaching of St. Paul. I have said that Basil was pious, but he was grossly licentious at the same time,

so that his piety was mere affectation. He loved splendour, indulged in luxury, and anticipated one of the foolish superstitions of later times, by applying to the spirit of a deceased son, to know how it went with him after death. The murderer of Michael baptized all the Jews he could catch, and built above a hundred churches, in order to expiate his sanguinary crime. He died of fright, the result of an accident when hunting. The attendant who had saved him from immediate and violent death, he ordered to be beheaded for his officiousness. He had found a poor and he left a rich Empire; he was consequently bewailed by many admirers—and he was not undeserving the admiration which attaches to cleverness and success.

He was succeeded by Leo VI., his reputed son. Leo the Philosopher reigned twenty-six years. He was learned, but pedantic. He was a poor poet, and an indifferent astrologer. He was less scrupulous in his morals than Basil; but he was so strict a Sabbatarian that he prohibited what had always hitherto been allowed, agricultural labour on the Sunday. He was magnificent in his tastes, and he had a stupendous appet te for bribes: this weakness has been satirically noticed by his son, Constantine Porphyrogenitus. For gold and jewels he promoted priests to commands in the army, and nominated laymen to ecclesiastical offices. His quarrels with the Patriarchs were numerous, and he was once met by the chief dignitary at the gates of the cathedral and forbidden to enter. He turned back, but slipped in at a private door, to the intense delight of the congregation. *He* too built churches while the Saracens were devastating his territory. So thoroughly were the people possessed by the "Peace principle," which has no regard for national honour, that, while the Saracens attacked and sacked Thessalonica, the foolish citizens, more friends to their enemy than to themselves, calmly sat down and left everything to St. Demetrius. When Leo was compelled to call in the Russians

to his aid, he found allies more treacherous and cruel than his enemies the Saracens. His death, a natural one, brings us to the reign of Alexander. This Emperor was a wretched sot, a miserable stargazer, and so superstitious as to seriously believe that the statue of a boar in the Agora was his own *genius*. His wretched government only lasted a year, when Constantine Porphyrogenitus succeeded. Romanus, his father-in-law, and High-Admiral, so intrigued as to cause himself, ultimately, to be named joint Emperor with him. This Imperial union (which sent Constantine into retirement) commenced in 919. Constantine VII. was mild, fair, and long-necked. He loved books, good cheer, clever cooks, and old wine,—and he loved little besides. He could draw well, and sing better; he wrote much, with simplicity and well; his pen was devoted to all subjects,—history and the shoeing of horses, the higher walks of science, and court-ceremonies and scandal. During the so-called united reign of Constantine VII. and Romanus, the latter took upon himself all the care and authority of government. He left his mild and peaceful colleague to pass his days obscurely, in studies which honour a private man, but which ought to engage only the leisure of a prince,—who indeed, says Lebeau, can have but few of such hours, if he be worthy of reigning.

The private life of Constantine, who had as many foibles as virtues, and who found compensation, in the society of his loving secretary and daughter Agatha, for the insults he endured at the hands of his imperious wife Helena, is summarily described in a few graphic words by Gibbon:—"The studious temper and retirement of Constantine," says the great historian, "disarmed the jealousy of power; his books and music, his pen and his pencil, were a constant source of amusement; and if he could improve a scanty allowance by the sale of his pictures, if their price was not enhanced by the name of the artist, he was endowed with personal

talent which few princes could employ in the hour of adversity."

The truth is, that Constantine was dethroned during the quarter of a century that Romanus was said to share with him a rule in which Romanus governed irresponsibly. Romanus not only raised all his own family to a rank in which they took precedency of Constantine, but deprived the latter of common necessaries. Porphyrogenitus was skilful in the arts, particularly in painting, and he was sometimes reduced to sell the amusements of his leisure in order to supply his pressing wants. Mr. Finlay, when treating of this portion of the life of the seventh Constantine, remarks, that "Constantine's long seclusion from public business was devoted to the cultivation of his taste in art, as well as to serious study. He was a proficient in mathematics, astronomy, architecture, sculpture, painting, and music. The works of his pencil were, of course, lauded as equal to Apelles; his voice was often heard in the solemn festivals of the Church."

The miseries of the reign of the low-born Romanus were many. There were invasions from without; conspiracies, famine, disease, and incendiarism within. The vices of the Emperor were destructive to himself, and to the people, by his example. On the other hand, he was for ever regretting his offences, and despising himself for the transient pleasure which he took in their enjoyment. He had raised his own sons to be his equals in rank, if not in authority, and in these he found his most active enemies; while in the mild Constantine he also encountered his most determined yet most secret foe.

After the reign of a quarter of a century, Constantine stirred up the sons of Romanus, with some kinsmen and other confederates, to dethrone the reigning Emperor. The undertaking was not one of great difficulty. The palace of Constantinople was indeed of great strength, and was

guarded and defended by a numerous soldiery. But from dawn to the third hour of the day, any individual had the right to enter; after that time, every person was obliged to leave, except those whose duties retained them there, and the gates were strictly closed till the ninth hour. Stephen, son of Romanus, was at the head of the plot. He selected, for carrying it out, the hour when most persons were excluded from the palace. Followed by the conspirators, he broke into his father's bed-chamber. He flung himself upon the Emperor, threatened to stab him if he uttered a cry, flung a veil over him, and, with help from confederates, carried him out of the palace, and conveying him on board a boat, transported him to the island of Protea, in the Propontis. Romanus was imprisoned in a monastery, where his hair was cut, the dress of a monk cast about him, and his deposition rendered perfect. The deposition procured but brief advantage to the sons of Romanus, for the people ultimately restored Constantine Porphyrogenitus to the throne. Romanus had with him in his fallen estate, the celebrated ecclesiastic, Sergius, and Polyeucte, the abbot of the monastery. With such ghostly advisers and excellent friends, he made better use of his unsceptred condition than most of those who had fallen as profoundly as he. With them, in the garden and quiet refectory of the monastery, he found a peace and happiness which he had not known on the throne.

Constantine VII. deprived the two sons of Romanus, his own accomplices in the deposition of their father and Constantine's father-in-law, of all their titles and possessions. The only favour he granted them was that they might have an interview with the sire whom they had wronged, in his monastic asylum rather than prison. They are said to have burst into tears upon seeing him. The old man embraced them, but reproved them at the same time, by quoting a passage from Scripture, on the sorrows brought upon parents by children.

But Romanus was philosophical and bore no malice. He thanked God that they had come; and even jested on their common condition. He had shared with them, in by-gone years, the Imperial power, and now he laughingly offered to divide with them his pitcher of water and his dish of vegetables. They were compelled to separate, after a brief interview. One of the brothers, Constantine, was killed, two years later, in his prison in Samothracia. Another brother, Stephen, who, like Constantine, had borne the title of Emperor for a few months, lived in various places of captivity during nineteen years, and then died suddenly, it is said, by poison, in Mitylene.

Meanwhile, Romanus passed his life with tranquil gaiety. Often would he repeat to the monks, "Oh, my good brethren, I more truly reign now, when I serve the servants of God, than I did when I haughtily held sway over subjects as wicked as myself!" He was profoundly ignorant, almost illiterate; that he was, therewith, exceedingly superstitious, is not, therefore, a matter for wonder. On the very night of the death of his son Constantine, he had, in a dream, beheld him falling into hell. Affrighted, he despatched messengers to Jerusalem and Rome, to solicit the prayers of the faithful; and he invited the monks of all the adjacent monasteries to assemble round him, that he might have comfort and solace. Three hundred obeyed the invitation, so glad were they to enjoy the little excitement. The day was Holy Thursday; and at the moment of the elevation of the Host, Romanus divested himself of his upper garments, and stood in the midst of the assembly, with nothing on but his shirt. With a loud voice he read his general confession, from a paper in his hand. Lebeau suggests that the list must have been a very long one; and he adds, that as each sin was named, the monks cried with a loud voice, "May the Lord have mercy upon him!" When the reading of the confession had come to an end, Romanus knelt before every

monk by turns, humbly asked, and was charitably awarded, full absolution for his sins. The whole assembly then retired to partake of the ordinary repast. While they were eating, and long after they had seated themselves at table, Romanus, still in his shirt, stood in a corner apart. A little hired boy was occupied in whipping the naked legs of the ex-Emperor, and exclaiming, "Get to table, you wicked old fellow! get to table!" He only took his seat after a long interval, and then with much sobbing and groaning. Not satisfied with this public humiliation, he sent written accounts thereof abroad, sealed with his seal, and addressed to priests and patriarchs, from whom he asked for their prayers, which he purchased by the richest offerings. That the whole ceremony had Divine sanction is proved by the numerous and astounding miracles which are *said* to have taken place at it, but of which no ocular witness ever made deposition.

Funds could not have been wanting to a man who could scatter rich offerings among the faithful; and ambition was certainly not dead in the bosom of Romanus. Emphatically as he asserted to his spiritual friends that he preferred the cloister to a crown, he was pleasingly excited by an attempt to replace him on the throne. It was made by his son Theophylactus, the Patriarch; but it completely failed, and the reigning Emperor had the magnanimity to spare the chief conspirator. The lesser instruments of the plot, however, were punished by flagellation and exile.

Romanus very soon recovered his gaiety, after the temporary disappointment caused by hopes of recovering a greatness which he only pretended to despise. He died calmly and contentedly in his monastic refuge, in the year 948; and his body was transferred to Constantinople, and buried with honour in a religious edifice of which he had been the founder in the days of his Imperial glory.

Eleven years later died Constantine VII. Contemporary historians enable us to see what ceremony was observed to-

wards Emperors who died "in the purple," and were unconscious of the sceptre which mocked the arm on which it lay. The body reclined in state, with face uncovered, in the apartment called "the saloon of nineteen beds," where it was customary to keep the festival of Christmas. After the singing of certain psalms, the body of the Emperor, unsceptred by death, was borne into one of the vestibules of the palace. There the Patriarch, followed by the grand officials, the Patricians, and the whole of the senate, approached the corpse, bowed lowly, and respectfully kissed it. This being done, the master of the ceremonies stood forth, and exclaimed, with a loud voice, "Get hence, Emperor! arise! get thee hence! The King of Kings, the Lord of Lords summons thee away!" This was thrice repeated, amid the groans of the assembly. The body of Constantine was then lifted, and borne with great pomp to the Church of the Twelve Apostles, where the Chamberlain, Basil, having enveloped it, with his own hands, in a shroud, deposited it in the tomb of his father, Leo.

We must pass rapidly over the remaining Emperors of the Basilian dynasty. Romanus II. reigned four years. He was so barbaric in his dress, that some boar-hounds, sent to him from Italy as a gift, had wellnigh torn him in pieces as he sat on his throne. The greatest triumph of his reign was the conquest of Crete from the Saracens. While his brothers, Nicephorus and Leo, were fighting his battles, he passed his time, at home, in the morning, at the Circus; at noon, in the banquet-room; in the afternoon, in the tennis-court or at boar-hunting; and in the evening, in pleasures of a far worse quality, shared with the lowest company.

After his death, the people acknowledged his infant sons, Basil II. and Constantine VIII., as his successors. The conquering General, Nicephorus Phocas, aided by the mother of the young Emperor, soon deposed the sons of Romanus, and seized on the Imperial power. During the reigns of Nicephorus and his successor John Zimisces, the youthful ex-

Emperors were left uneducated. They were expected to be grateful that their lives were spared, and the only thing that they were permitted to learn was vice. Basil was actively-minded and courageous. The triumphs of the two usurping Emperors, Nicephorus and Zimisces, had aroused in his heart a desire for glory. But the ignorance to which he had been abandoned affected his principles of honour and virtue. His vivacity and courage degenerated, the one into obstinacy, the other into rash impetuosity. When the young Emperors were restored, Basil being eighteen and Constantine only fifteen years of age, the Great Chamberlain, who bore the same appellation as the first-named Emperor and hoped to reign in their place, surrounded them with every temptation dangerous to their youth and nature. Basil did not yield so completely as the weaker Constantine; and his long reign, reckoning from his first accession, of sixty-three years, is remembered as one of the most eventful, not the least glorious, but perhaps the most oppressive with regard to taxation, of any of the Byzantine Emperors. His brother, Constantine VIII., reigned alone after his death, for about three years.

The latter portion of the reign of the Basilian dynasty, has been called the period of conservatism and stationary prosperity. Under the last-named Constantine, we find a government administered by eunuchs, an oppressive financial administration, and a cruel despotism. The name of Constantine is forgotten in that of his daughter Zoe, who married the next Emperor, Romanos Arghyros. In a brief time she grew weary of her consort, had him drowned in a bath, and married her epileptic paramour, Michael IV., the Paphlagonian. Conspiracies, fatal wars, and rebellions marked their reign. Of these, and perhaps of his licentious wife, Michael was himself weary, at the end of seven years. The character of his abdication and his conduct reveal a man utterly disgusted with the world. He had just in-

duced Zoe, nothing loath, to adopt his nephew Michael as her son, when the vicious conduct of the latter compelled the Emperor to banish him, at least from his immediate presence. He then withdrew into a more absolute rêtirement himself. He had founded a monastery at the gates of Constantinople. Thither he went, and asked for an asylum. Zinzilue, the inseparable director of his conscience, accompanied him. By the advice of the priest, the Emperor divested himself of the Imperial purple, caused his hair to be cut close, and put on the monastic habit. He determined to pass the rest of his days in this retreat, in repentance for the sins which had gained for him a throne now thoroughly detested. Zoe approached his cell, feigning a desire to confer with him. He sternly refused to see her. On the day of his death, which happened soon after, at the hour of Divine worship, he was carried into the church, by his own order, although he was in a dying state. He was borne back to his couch, almost senseless, and he died on the 10th of December, 1041, in a condition of the most sincere repentance for all his sins. He had reigned seven years and eight months, if, as Lebeau says, to be seated on the throne can imply "reigning."

Michael the Caulker, so named in memory of the humble calling of his grandfather, rewarded his benefactress Zoe by shutting her up in a monastery in Prince's Island. In the rebellion which ensued, he himself fell, and Zoe and Theodora were proclaimed Empresses. The *Caulker* had his eyes put out, a punishment which he underwent with immense cowardice and deafening shrieks. He was then imprisoned for life in a monastery. Zoe and Theodora did not reign long in common. The former, by marrying the weak and worthless Constantine IX. (Monomachus), transferred the government to the rule of an Emperor. She was then sixty-two years of age. Their lives were disgraceful to humanity, their reigns fatal to the people. And yet, when the old and

licentious Zoe died, Constantine, who survived a few years, saw in the crop of mushrooms that had sprung up around her tomb, a manifest intimation of his late wife's divinity! The short and rather vigorous reign of Theodora followed. With her expired the race of Basil, the Sclavonian Groom, and the administrative glory of the Byzantine Empire, on the 30th of August, 1057.

Between her and a new dynasty occurs the name of Michael VI., Stratiotikos. The incapable Michael had been summoned from a private house to the throne. In little more than a year the Patriarch of Constantinople, at the head of a rebellion, sent him word by half-a-dozen bishops, to withdraw from the palace and make way for a better sovereign. "What does the Patriarch give me in exchange for my crown?" asked Michael. "*The Kingdom of Heaven*," was the liberal reply; and, as has been observed, the exchange would have been a very advantageous one, if the Patriarch had really possessed power to make it. Michael had the good fortune to live unmolested till the period of his decease, under the dynasty of the Comneni.

THE COMNENI.—MORE TENANTS FOR STUDION.

"Providence alternately chastises Kings by means of Peoples, and Peoples by means of Kings."—GUIZOT: *Charles I.*

WITH the exception of that Polish King who fainted at seeing his own body uncovered, Isaac Comnenus was, perhaps, the most delicately virtuous of monarchs. Like so many other abdicated potentates, Isaac threw off the Imperial mantle, only to assume the cowl of the monk. The reason assigned for this proceeding was a malady, which was itself the result of a fright. Isaac had been hunting the wild boar. He was on the point of spearing the animal, when it rushed into the Bosphorus, and from the vortex in which it disappeared, arose a demon which flung forked lightning at Isaac, and threw him from his horse. This was rather a cumbersome way of producing a pleurisy, but of such disease, the alleged consequence of terror at the event described above, Isaac politically died. He gave his sceptre to Constantine (X.) Ducas, and retired with his wife Catherine, to the monastery of Studion. Here he recovered his health, but he was never tormented by any longings to regain his power. His wife and their daughter Maria took the veil, in a neighbouring convent. They often visited Isaac, and he was more merry at meeting them, than Romanus when visited by his sons. "Confess," he would say to the ex-Empress, "that I made you a slave when I gave you the crown,—and that I conferred liberty on you when I caused you to descend from the throne!" His humility was bound-

less. He obeyed the least order of the Superior, as readily as the lowliest of the brethren. There was nothing in his dress, or otherwise, to distinguish him among the confraternity; and he might even be seen at the gate, taking his turn in performing the office of porter. Constantine Ducas frequently visited him. This Emperor, splendidly arrayed, would then kneel to the apparently perplexed porter; would call him *Father*, *Benefactor*, *Lord*, and *Emperor*, and would never take precedence of him, either in walking through the grounds, or at the refectory table. Constantine rendered the same painful civility to the wife, daughter, and brother of the unsceptred Isaac.

The ex-Emperor, like most of the abdicated monarchs of this and some preceding centuries, did not long survive his abdication,—only about a year. Within a few days after his death, his remains dissolved in their coffin, which became filled with a colourless liquid resembling water. "See!" said the clergy, "how Heaven punishes him who laid his hands on church revenues!" "Nay, nay!" exclaimed an opposite religious party, with more charity, and as little reason, "behold in this destruction of all that is carnal, how Heaven testifies to the purity of his soul!" The ex-Empress survived him many years, and observed each anniversary of his death as the birthday on which he was born for Heaven. On these occasions she distributed presents to the monks of Studion; and these ultimately interred the once Imperial Catherine in an undistinguished grave among the other nuns of the community.

Constantine X. died in his bed, after seeing the glory of the Empire expire. His wife, Eudocia, who had promised him not to enter on a second marriage, soon after his death, married Romanus (IV.) Diogenes. This Emperor died in great misery, so shortly after his deposition that there is nothing to record of him in this respect, but the extreme patience with which he bore his own sufferings and

those of the Empire. His successor, Michael VII., was dethroned by the combined insurrection of the clergy, senate, and people. He of course withdrew, or was sent to the monastery of Studion. Hitherto the opinion had prevailed that the easiest way to render an ex-Emperor incapable of recovering his throne, was to murder or blind him. The seventh Michael suffered neither calamity. To prevent his ever being a monarch again, he was created a bishop! Ephesus was the diocese which never had the advantage of his overseership. Out of regard for the office of bishop (or supervisor), or out of contempt for him personally, Michael VII. was not only allowed to retain his eyesight, but was permitted to visit and sojourn in Constantinople, without molestation.

An almost similar fate visited Nicephorus III. In three years (1081) his throne was snatched from him by Alexius (I.) Comnenus, and Constantinople was sacked by the invading rebels. Nicephorus, attempting to escape in disguise, flung a mantle over him, and staggered through Constantinople, on foot, in order to reach the sanctuary of St. Sophia. He had however forgotten to put off the Imperial robe, and his Minister, Borilas, who accompanied him, took hold of the sleeve glittering with precious stones, and exclaimed, "This is a fitting costume indeed for a sceptreless Emperor!" He was taken from his place of sanctuary, and conveyed, sorely against his will, to the old monastery, in whose cells so many fallen Emperors had found shelter in their disgrace. Some time after, he was asked if he had anything to regret. "Nothing in the world," said Nicephorus, who affected now to put a very small price upon royalty, "Nothing in the world, save the liberty of eating meat!" The ex-sovereign was a lover of good dishes, and he had a profound disgust for the rule of St. Basil, which forbade all flesh for food, and which the Imperial monk was compelled to observe.

Alexius I. died in 1118, after a reign of thirty-seven years. His son, John II., expired after a reign of a quarter of a century. John's son, Manuel I., reigned thirty-seven years, and then died calmly on the Imperial couch. His son, the boy Alexius II., was strangled with a bowstring, by order of the successful usurper, his successor, grandson of the first Alexius, Andronicus I. In two years, the usurper was ejected from his throne, deposed, and condemned to death. He had been a pitiless tyrant, and was particularly offensive, because of his affectation of extreme piety, which was joined with the most unbounded rascality. In a modified form, this combination has since distinguished many of the Russian Czars, who have aspired to seize the throne once occupied by Andronicus. Here is the picture of a Greek (or Roman) Emperor, between his deposition and his death. He was flung into a dungeon, his head, hands, and legs chained together. In this condition the new Emperor, Isaac II., ordered him to be exhibited to the people. As he passed along, the populace smote him on the face, plucked out his beard, and broke his teeth in his mouth. The widows whom he had made distinguished themselves by their fury against him. After the loss of his right hand, which was suspended to a gibbet, he was again cast into his dungeon, where he was left for two days without food. On the third day, he was dragged forth that he might have an eye torn out. Seated on a mangy camel, and attired in the habit of a slave, he was conducted through the streets. No restraint was put on the exercise of public vengeance: women cast kettles of boiling water on his bare head; and after an eye had been torn out in the presence of the Emperor Alexius, the mob pulled out the other, and finally led him, with exulting shouts, to the place of execution. He was hung by the feet. The torments which he endured cannot be written; but amid them all, the wretched man, who had compared himself to David, very much to his own

advantage, begged that the Lord would have mercy on him, and not continue to bruise a broken reed. At length, a soldier plunged a sword through his heart.* In the convulsion which ensued, Andronicus put his bloody wrist to his mouth. "See!" cried the multitude, "he was always athirst for blood, and now, having none other to drink, he is drinking his own!" Such was Imperial vengeance, Imperial suffering, and popular rage, in a city where philosophers and religious teachers abounded, but where vice abounded more, in the year 1185.

After ten years of confusion and disgrace, Isaac II. (Angelos) was, in his turn, dethroned by his elder brother, the treacherous Alexius III. Alexius deprived Isaac of sight, and flung him into a dungeon at Constantinople, where he was treated and fed like a common criminal. The Emperors were now mere phantoms, beset by enemies within and without, Greeks and Latins, monks and Crusaders, rebel-soldiers, invading foreign armies, and an exasperated people. When Alexius III. (who subsequently ended his life in a monastery) abandoned Constantinople, the blind Isaac was brought from his dungeon, and reinstated on his throne. He had for his colleague his foolish and vicious son Alexius IV. The latter had bought the support of the Crusaders at a cost which it was not possible to pay, and the two Emperors were accordingly unsceptred, even while they grasped the symbol of sovereignty. At the table of Isaac sat crowds of monks and astrologers, who consumed the richest viands, which they paid for in prophecies of better health, and increase of glory to the blind and gouty Emperor. Alexius, even more of a phantom monarch than his sire, "spent whole days in the tents of the Crusaders, feasting and gambling with the young nobles, who, in their revels, sometimes took the Imperial bonnet, ornamented with precious

stones, from his head, and replaced it with the woollen cap commonly worn by the Latins." Within seven months he was deposed and strangled; and at the news of the calamity, the infirm Isaac died, partly of fright and partly of accumulated disease. The new Emperor, Alexius V., was the most wretched of the Byzantine monarchs. Under him, the Byzantine Empire fell before the Latins, and the Belgian Count Baldwin began a new line of Imperial masters at Constantinople. The last Alexius perished after his deposition, in a singular way. He was precipitated from the top of the column in the square of the Tauros. He at first fell in an upright position, then turned headforemost, and, ultimately falling on his side, was dashed to pieces on the pavement.

While the Crusaders, or Latins, occupied Constantinople, a dynasty consisting of five successive Emperors carried on what they affected to call the old succession, under the name of the Greek Empire of Nicæa: it lasted from 1204 to 1261. If there was much turbulence in the little Empire, there was also great prosperity. Its foundation was owing to a pretender, Theodore Lascaris, who reigned eighteen years. Leaving no son, the good and economical John III., who bought a crown for his consort with the money arising from the sale of eggs on his own farm, was elected. He reigned, profitably for his people and honourably to himself, for thirty-three years. His able but cruel son, Theodore Lascaris II., succeeded his father. At the end of seven years, he left the Empire to his infant son, John IV. The able Michael Palæologus usurped the throne of the boy-monarch, pretending that he would yield it up when the latter came of age. While Michael reigned, the Empire of Nicæa was at its strongest; that of the Latins in Constantinople was falling to decay. Michael took advantage of the opportunity, and, in the year 1261, recovered Constantinople from Baldwin II., and once more erected the Greek Empire on its old foundations, under the dynasty of the Palæologi.

It lasted very nearly two hundred years; and it was no sooner founded, when Michael VIII. committed an act of the foulest treason on the person of the boy-Emperor, John IV. (Lascaris). John was only nine years of age. He had been purposely kept in a state of the greatest ignorance. All that he knew were the amusements common to his age. Michael had sworn to protect the child; but now that he had recovered Constantinople, he resolved to rid himself of his little rival. He first sent away, into exile or to be married, John's four sisters. The boy was left without a friend. On Christmas-day, the Ministers of Michael entered his apartment and announced their mission,—that of depriving him of sight. The sole favour that this uncrowned child could win from them was, that they would not thrust the hot iron into his eyes. They scorched up the sight by exposing it close to plates of red-hot metal. This execution effected, the blind and innocent boy was closely shut up in the tower of Dakyhiza, where nothing was allowed him but the coarsest food, and that only in just sufficient quantity to support life. In this miserable condition he spent year after year, unseen, uncared-for, yet not altogether forgotten. Twenty-eight years after, his cell was entered by the son of Michael, Andronicus II. This Emperor had succeeded to his father's usurped crown; but his conscience was ill at ease. He could not enjoy his greatness while there was a rightful claimant to it. He visited the illustrious prisoner accordingly, not to restore him to the throne, but to compel him to make a voluntary resignation of it! Andronicus had little difficulty in accomplishing all he desired. The visionless John Lascaris consented to all that was asked, without well comprehending either what was exacted or what he was about to yield. When the disturbed conscience of Andronicus had been thus singularly appeased, he ordered John to be treated with kindness. The august captive was attired as became

his rank; he was more delicately dieted, was permitted to bask in the sunshine and to breathe the external air;—and in this improved condition—a hapless one at best—he continued to exist, uncomplainingly, till death opened to him the gates of the better kingdom beyond.

Before continuing to consider the unsceptred monarchs of the last two centuries of the Greek Empire at Constantinople, let us examine how the unsceptred monarchs of the Latin line bore their great reverses.

THE BALDWINS.

"It is our royal state that yields
This bitterness of woe."—WORDSWORTH.

THE Empire of the Latins, as it is called, lasted from 1204 to 1261. The monarchs of the line were—

BALDWIN I.	1204–1206.
Henry	1206–1216.
Peter de Courtenay (who never reached Constantinople) . . .	1216–1218.
Robert	1218–1228.
BALDWIN II.	1228–1261.

As Rome began and ended with a Romulus, and as Constantinople was founded *by*, and the Imperial line there ended *with*, a Constantine; so the "Latin," or, to speak more properly, the Gallic dynasty, that reigned for more than half a century in the last-named city, commenced and terminated with a Baldwin. The two Baldwins, moreover, are the two unsceptred monarchs of the race. Leaving the reader to study at his leisure the history and fortunes, or misfortunes, of the other Emperors, it will only be necessary to notice here the portraits of the two dethroned potentates—the first and the last of the line.

When Baldwin, Count of Flanders, set out on a Crusade, in the year 1200, he was one of the wealthiest and most powerful princes in Europe. He was brave, just, and generous; paid his debts, and held uncleanness in abhorrence. On his way to the Holy Land, Alexius solicited his aid in be-

half of his father, Isaac. Baldwin acceded, and he entered Constantinople at the head of a formidable body of troops. At the second siege of the city, the Crusaders being triumphant, and no claimant to the vacated throne presenting himself, they elected Baldwin as Emperor of the newly conquered dominion. His first occupation was to destroy the Greek enemies of his throne; his first fault was in rejecting the alliance of Joannis, King of the Bulgarians, and the inveterate foe of the Greeks. The Bulgarian, consequently, united himself with his old enemies against Baldwin; and the latter was defeated and captured in a great battle, fought on the 14th April, 1205, before Adrianople. Little is known of the subsequent fate of Baldwin, save that he died in captivity. Tradition, however, has preserved a story that is at least characteristic of this unsceptred monarch.

The King of Bulgaria refused to release his prisoner. The offer of a rich ransom, prayers, and menaces were alike treated with contempt. At first, the King kept the Emperor closely guarded, but not inhumanly treated, at Ternova, the royal residence. Subsequently the King, enraged by some reverses to his arms, visited his misfortunes on the head of his unhappy prisoner. Baldwin was flung into a dark dungeon, where he was made to suffer the pangs of hunger. There was one person in the palace, however, who was touched with compassion; this was the Queen. Her sentiment, indeed, was less one of compassion for the captive, than of admiration for the man. The Tartar lady loved the Flemish Count, and she obtained permission from her Bulgarian consort to visit the captive in his cell, to carry to him some poor dole of charity, or to enjoy the luxury of beholding a great man in adversity. "You may free two captives, if you will," said the lady to the prisoner, "without paying a single ransom." "What two captives?" asked Baldwin. The Queen pointed to the ex-Emperor and then to herself She then proposed to Baldwin, flight into his own territory,

and a subsequent marriage there between the fugitives. The prisoner thought of his own fair wife, Marie de Champagne, and sternly bade the Bulgarian Queen, begone! She departed, but only to denounce him to her royal husband, as the very wickedest of men, one who had outraged her honour by insults that blood alone could expiate. The Bulgarian King inflicted a direful vengeance upon the prisoner. He invited his courtiers to a festival. A Bulgarian debauch was not humanizing or delicate, and when the guests were mad with drink, the faithful Baldwin was dragged in and made the object of their insult and cruelty. He had the boldness to defend himself, and perhaps the gallantry to spare, as much as possible, the lady. The intoxicated King pronounced him guilty, and by order of Joannis, and in his presence, an executioner chopped off the hands, arms, and legs of the indomitable soldier. Thus mutilated, the living trunk, with the mangled limbs, was cast into a ditch in the neighbourhood of the city. For full three days, the illustrious warrior breathed, in this condition, although he was exposed to the assaults of numerous birds of prey. Ville-Hardouin affirms that he died in prison: this may not be incompatible with a violent death. It is certain that of the skull of the gallant Baldwin, the Bulgarian King made a drinking-cup. It was mounted in gold, set with precious stones, and only produced on festival days, when the sovereign was merry and graciously determined to drink deep. It is said that a pious female pilgrim from Burgundy, succeeded in collecting the remains of Baldwin, and giving secret but pious interment to the relics of the first Crusading Emperor of the East.

The second Baldwin was the son of Peter de Courtenay. He was only eleven years old when he came to the throne, in 1228, and was the ward of the famous Jean de Brienne, who is sometimes, but improperly, enrolled among the Emperors.

Even when Baldwin had reached manhood, he exercised

few of the functions of Emperor. His dominions were suffering from distress and anarchy, and he was, for many years, a wanderer from court to court in Europe, soliciting aid, now from France, now from the Pope, at other times from Germany, and twice from England. These were truly "mendicant visits," and the visitor was often treated with as scant courtesy, as is generally awarded to mendicants. For the first time, an Emperor was seen who, having deposited his crown and sceptre in others' keeping, went forth, as an itinerant, to ask alms. When Baldwin first landed at Dover, in 1238, the government of Henry III. peremptorily ordered him to leave a kingdom which he had dared to enter without permission. Baldwin was perplexed at such a course; but the truth was, if we may believe Matthew Paris, that the English government remembered that when Jean de Brienne had come to England, on a similar errand, he had been laden with money and honours; but that as soon as he had reached France, he iniquitously reviled the English nation, against which he did his *utmost* tos tir up the French monarch. Baldwin endeavoured to palliate this ingratitude, but it was with some difficulty he obtained leave to pursue his way and object; and he appeared in London, soliciting subscriptions. A collection of seven hundred marks was the measure of Anglo-Saxon sympathy for the nominal Emperor and his impoverished dominions. It was more than he could collect at Rome, whence he carried off only promises of aid, in the proclamation of a crusade, and "a treasure of indulgences," a coin whose currency was depreciated by too frequent and indiscriminate abuse. He succeeded little better in France, and indeed he was everywhere received with a cold civility which amounted to contempt. Occasionally his rank was recognized; and when Innocent IV., at the Council of Lyons (1245), excommunicated the German Frederick II.,—who put his hand on his half-dozen crowns, and laughed at his spiritual enemy,—Baldwin was

seated at the right-hand of the Pope, silently witnessing the whole solemn ceremony, down to the extinguishing of the torches, which typified the annihilation of the German Emperor.

Baldwin pawned his patrimonial estates; but by no aid he could raise were his affairs in the Empire retrieved. He maintained himself on the throne by disgraceful alliances with infidels, whose succour or neutrality was purchased by outrages against the religion of Christendom. That Baldwin possessed, in fact, little of the real power of an Emperor may be seen in the circumstances of his distress, by which he was driven to use the wood of old houses in his capital for fuel, and to strip the lead from the churches to defray the expenses of his household. No unsceptred sovereigns ever fell into greater adversity than the second Baldwin,—and he had not yet lost his diadem. In 1247, while still nominally Emperor, yet a fugitive, he again repaired to England to solicit aid. He was accompanied by a crowd of penniless and hungry followers ("vacui et esurientes Magnates"), who hoped to swallow the royal treasury with open jaws. Matthew Paris graphically describes the Imperial beggar and his ragged crew. Baldwin was then in a miserable plight, and he sought to quicken the royal sympathy by claiming cousinship with Henry III., who still occupied the throne of England. "Ut majorem favorem inveniret," says Matthew, "ipse (Balduinus) asserebat esse consanguineum." He carried away with him some present aid, which did not materially further his objects.

The catastrophe came at last. He had long been merely tolerated by his more powerful neighbour, Michael Palæologus, who, from his throne on the Asiatic side, affected to look upon him as a vassal, and demanded tribute from the penniless Emperor at Constantinople, whose territory hardly extended to a few miles beyond that capital.

At length, a well-organized expedition under the great

General of Michael, Alexius Strategopulus, fell (in 1261) like a thunderbolt upon the Imperial city, and when Baldwin awoke from his heavy sleep, it was at the tumult of victorious enemies already within the walls. He had no thought of defending his throne. His only desire was to escape from it in safety. It was not without difficulty that the last of the Latin Emperors made his way down to the water's edge, where a Venetian galley received him on board, and carried him, exulting in his personal security, to the island of Eubœa. Subsequently, Baldwin repaired to Italy,—the last home of many a crownless King. He tarried some time in Rome, and also in Sicily; but neither there nor at any other Court, into whose precincts the wanderer entered, did he meet with cordial welcome. As he passed by gazing crowds, men spoke with something like scorn of "Baldwin the Throneless," and under the withering influence of that scorn, the wretched hanger-on at foreign courts sank into the grave, in the year 1275. He survived his disgrace fourteen years.

THE MOST CHRISTIAN KING, MONK ANTONY.

"He had a towering life, but could not climb
Out of the reach of sad calamity."—*Craigcrook Castle.*

THE Greek Empire of Constantinople, under the dynasty of Palæologus, commenced with Michael, from whose forces Baldwin II., the last of the Crusading Emperors, escaped in 1261. This dynasty closed with Constantine Palæologus, in 1543. The line stood thus:—

Michael VIII.,	died	1282.
ANDRONICUS II.	„	1333.
Andronicus III.	„	1341.
John V.	„	1391.

In this last reign is comprised the seven years' "usurpation" of John Cantacuzene, and the reign, at intervals, of Andronicus, son of John V., between 1375 and 1381.

Manuel II.,	died	1425.
John VI.	„	1448.

Constantine Palæologus, died 1453.

In this list we speedily come to a dethroned monarch, in the person of Andronicus II., who was compelled to turn monk. This was the result of intriguing against his grandson, Andronicus III., who already shared in the government. The second Andronicus was further constrained to sign a document, by which he engaged never to reascend the throne, or to dispose of the Emperor, in case of his grandson's death. When Andronicus II. signed this document, he was already blind, through infirmity. He signed in his

double capacity, as Emperor and Monk. He made a red cross for the first dignity, and a black one for the second. The Patriarch sent some complimentary message to him on his change of life. The sarcastic civility was responded to by Andronicus in terms the very reverse of civil or courteous. It is a curious trait of the times, that he continued to be publicly prayed for in the church, by the title and names of "The Most Christian King,—the Monk Antony!"

The condition of these Royal or Imperial monks can hardly be explained. We have seen how Romanus ate watercress, and yet was not unprovided with considerable pecuniary means. Andronicus seems to have lacked the latter luxury. After thirteen years in the purple, and a way of life which the word "gorgeous" only imperfectly describes, he must have felt it hard to enter on the discipline of a monkish career. He was above seventy years of age. He had not a bezant of his own; and so ill-provided was he with respect to clothing, that, in the first winter, one of great rigour, the ex-Emperor had great difficulty in scraping together a few small coins, wherewith to purchase a vest of fox-skin, to guard his chest from the cold. Indeed he cannot be said to have succeeded in his object: he became afflicted with catarrh and sore-throat. His medical adviser recommended soothing syrups, but he would not supply them to the poverty-stricken monk, and brother Antony was reduced to borrow the money that he might purchase the medicine. One would think that this must have been humiliating to a man who, only a few months before, scarcely looked a wish without a thousand embroidered slaves being anxious to anticipate it. But Andronicus was too philosophical of spirit to repine at the great change. If he had not shown great alacrity in taking up the religious vocation, he had no sooner bound himself by his vows when he at once addressed himself to the discipline of maintaining a rigorous

observance of them. His friends supplied him, occasionally, with gifts of money; but he surrendered all these presents to the almoner, for the benefit of the poor. Is it not strange that these men, who obeyed so admirably as monks, should have often ruled so abominably as monarchs?

The sole indulgence which brother Antony permitted himself to enjoy was the society of literary friends. When thus surrounded, his "evenings in Greece" were not unpleasant evenings. His daughter, Simonida, dowager Queen of Servia, was generally present on these agreeable occasions. One night, the little assembly, wiled away by profitable talk and philosophical speculations, sat late. Ere they separated, a modest supper was served, but the Imperial monk abstained from touching it. *His* repast was more modest still; it consisted of a few small shellfish, and cold water. A man seventy-two years of age, with impaired digestion, could not have taken a more dangerous repast at night. The consequences were fatal. He was seized with symptoms not unlike those of cholera. It is said that no aid could be afforded him, because the whole monastery was buried in sleep. The discipline must have been rigid that forbade a sick man to arouse his sleeping comrades, and ask them for succour. The sole anxiety of Andronicus was for the administration of the Sacrament; but no one was at hand to satisfy such laudable anxiety. His ingenuity, in this emergency, was remarkable. There hung round his neck a little image of the Virgin. For want of the sacred emblems, he took the little figure and placed it reverently in his mouth; and thus fortified, after his own well-meaning fashion, died an ex-Emperor of the Lower Empire.

I have incidentally noticed the usurpation of John Cantacuzene. They who will study his history will perhaps be inclined to think that his reluctant exercise of Imperial power is unjustly characterized by such a word. Be this as it may, John, on the throne, worked rather for the down-

fall than the restoration of the Empire. He was not dignified in his abdication; nor can he be said to have been altogether useful in the literary labours which he performed as a monk. He tried more than one monastery, but he finally settled, and resided many years in the monastery on Mount Athos, where, as the monk Jossaph, he was highly respected. He occasionally issued from his retirement, to give counsel on public affairs, or to mediate between conflicting parties. In our days an abdicated monarch is a perfect nullity; but John Cantacuzene, who had never been a legitimate one, in the sense of legal right, had the ear of the monarch, when he had ceased to be one himself.

"Yet, in the cloister," says Gibbon, "the mind of Cantacuzene was still exercised by theological war. He sharpened a controversial pen against the Jews and Mahometans" (and yet he married his daughter to a Turk), "and in every state he defended, with equal zeal, the Divine light of Mount Thabor." The historian quotes the words of an abbot of the eleventh century, to show the opinion and practice of the monasteries of Mount Athos,—where Cantacuzene dwelt, the observer and defender of the practices in question. "When thou art alone in thy cell (says the ascetic teacher), shut thy door, and seat thyself in a corner; raise thy mind above all things vain and transitory; recline thy head and chin on thy breast; turn thy eyes and thy thought towards the middle of thy belly—the region of the navel,—and search the place of thy heart—the seat of the soul. At first, all will be dark and comfortless; but, if you persevere, day and night, you will feel an ineffable joy; and no sooner has the soul discovered the place of the heart, than it is involved in an ethereal and mystical light."

This light, the offspring of vapours, was adored as the pure and perfect essence of God. At a later period, when the doctrine had been tested by ridicule and denounced by inquirers, and a scholastic distinction was made between

the essence and operation of God, the former was said to dwell amid an uncreated and eternal light, "and this beatific vision of the saints had been manifested to the disciples on Mount Thabor, in the Transfiguration of Christ." The Greeks who held this opinion were charged with Polytheism, and worshipping a visible and an invisible God. They were in the majority, however, and majorities then often triumphed, but not always, against truth. The uncreated light of Mount Thabor was established as an article of faith in the Greek Church. Cantacuzene, "in the character of Emperor and theologian," presided in the Synod where this article was established, and he defended it, after his fall, in his character of monk and controversialist, in his cell, in the monastery of Mount Athos.

It only remains for me to notice that Manuel II. was the last sovereign of the Lower Empire who abdicated. As a matter of course, he became a monk, under the name of Matthew. His retirement however was not so perfect as that of old Andronicus. Like De Rancé, who left the world to guide the Trappists, he meddled much with public questions, appeared at court, and was as ready to give counsel as he found John eager to seek advice. The old splendour of the court, however, had ceased long before this period. During the troubles which had previously prevailed, "the treasures of the State, and even the furniture of the palace, had been alienated or embezzled; the royal banquet was served in pewter or earthenware; and such was the proud poverty of the times, that the absence of gold and jewels was supplied by the paltry artifices of glass and gilt leather." The last of the Eastern Emperors, Constantine Palæologus, died with dignity, nevertheless, in 1453; he at least stood in the breach to defend, instead of stealing into a monastery to idly mourn over, his country. A heap of slain covered the last of a line which had continued, from the accession of Valens, in 364, upwards of a thousand

years; and the gold eagles on the Imperial shoes served to identify the body of the last of the Palæologi. "Not long ago," says Carazes, the Turk, in Lord Carlisle's tragedy, 'The Last of the Greeks,'—

> "I found myself entangled
> Among a crowd of combatants: most were Turks,
> And the Greek Emperor was in the midst.
> Ever, as I looked, his bare head I saw
> Tost to and fro, and his bright sword unsheathed,
> Dealing out deaths by handfuls: on a sudden,
> I saw them not. Ere I could reach the place,
> The tide of battle carried me away.
> Of this be sure, he died! and such a death
> Who envies not?—
> . . . . . Oh, death magnificent!"

With this incident, this section of the general subject may be brought to a close. The deposed Greek Emperors were not as numerous as the deposed Saxon Kings; but like the latter, many of them found their happiest, certainly their most tranquil, days within a monastery. Bad ambition helped several to a throne, from which they were cast down by the more successful ambition of others. If, in their fall, they were caught by hostile man, dreadful was their doom; but if they had opportunity to lay hold of the mantle of a priest, they found security beneath it, till permanent safety was afforded them within the walls of a monastery. In more cases than one, this was a refuge which they did not deserve to find. But of this the reader may judge who studies their history in full. For the present, as Churchill remarks,

> "Enough of States, and such-like trifling things,
> Enough of Kinglings, and enough of Kings."

Let us, after furnishing a roll of Imperial monarchs, turn to the Popes who affected to make them, and see how, fortified by their principles, they bore the loss of dignity, of

which, when raised to it, they formally professed themselves to be unworthy. Something, perhaps, may be learnt from it, however true may be the assertion of Wordsworth, that—

> "Happy is he, who, caring not for Pope,
> Consul, or King, can sound himself to know
> The destiny of Man, and live in hope."

THE EASTERN EMPIRE.

A.D.

364. Valeas.
379. Theodosius the Great, sole Emperor.
395. Arcadius, his son, Emperor of the East.
408. Theodosius II.
450. Marcian, the Thracian.
457. Leo I., of Thrace.
468. Ardaburius.
474. Leo the Younger.
474. Zeno, the Isaurian.
491. Anastasius, the Illyrian.
518. Justin I.
527 Justinian.
565. Justin II.
578. Tiberius II.
582. Maurice, the Cappadocian, murdered.
602. Phocas, murdered.
610. Heraclius.
641. Constantine III., poisoned.
641. Constans II., murdered in a bath.

A.D.

668. Constantine IV. Pogonatus.
685. Justinian II., dethroned.
695. Leontius, dethroned.
698. Tiberius III. Aspimar; slain.
705. Justinian II., restored; slain.
711. Philippicus Bardanes, killed.
713. Anastasius II., put to death.
716. Theodosius III.
718. Leo III., the Isaurian.
741. Constantine (V.) Copronymus.
775. Leo IV.
780. { Constantine VI.
{ Irene, his mother.
802. Nicephorus I. Logothetes, slain.
811. Staurachius.
811. Michael I., retired to a monastery.
813. Leo, the Armenian, killed.
820. Michael II., the Stammerer.
829. Theophilus.
842. Michæl III., the Sot; murdered.
867. Basilius I., the Macedonian.
886. Leo VI., the Philosopher.
911. Alexander.
Constantine VII., a boy; Zoe, his mother, Regent.
919. Romanus Lecapenus, usurper, exiled by his sons, who usurp the Imperial power. There were four pretenders, Romanus, Constantine VIII.,* Stephen, and Christopher.
945. Constantine VII. (restored); poisoned.
959. Romanus II.
963. Nicephorus II. Phocas; killed.

* This Constantine is sometimes not numbered on the list of Emperors, a circumstance which creates some confusion. A reference to the dates will, however, easily identify the monarch.

A.D.

969. John I. Zemisces; poisoned.
975. { Basilius II., died 1025.
{ Constantine IX.
1028. Romanus III. Argyropulus; poisoned.
1034. Michael the Paphlagonian.
1041. Michael V. Calaphates; dethroned.
1042. { Constantine X.
{ Zoe.
1054. Theodora.
1056. Michael VI. Stratiotes; deposed.
1057. Isaac I. Comnenus; abdicates.
1059. Constantine XI. Ducas.
1067. { Eudocia.
{ Romanus IV.
1071. { Michael VII. Parapinaces.
{ Constantine XII.
1078. Nicephorus III., deposed.
1081. Alexius I. Comnenus.
1118. John Comnenus.
1143. Manuel I. Comnenus.
1180. Alexius II. Comnenus; strangled.
1183. Andronicus I. Comnenus; killed.
1185. Isaac II. Angelus Comnenus; deposed.
1195. Alexius III. Angelus; deposed.
1203. Alexius IV., associated with Isaac II.

From 1204 to 1261, Constantinople was occupied by the

Latin Emperors.

1204. Baldwin, Earl of Flanders, elected Emperor.
1206. Henry, his brother.
1217. Peter de Courtenay, his brother-in-law.
1221. Robert de Courtenay.
1228. Baldwin II., minor, with John de Brienne as Regent.

A.D.

1261. Constantinople recovered. During the dominion there of the Latin Emperors, the successors of Alexius IV. had established the

GREEK EMPIRE AT NICE.

1204. Theodore Lascaris.
1222. John Ducas, Vataces.
1255. Theodore Lascaris II.
1259. John Lascaris.
1260. Michael VIII. Palæologus, who recovered Constantinople.

EMPERORS AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

1261. Michael VIII.
1282. ANDRONICUS II., deposed.
1333. Andronicus III., the Younger.
1341. John Palæologus.
(1347. John Cantacuzene, proclaimed at Adrianople.)
1355. John Palæologus, restored.
1391. Manuel Palæologus.
1425. John Palæologus II.
1448. Constantine XIII., Palæologus, slain at the capture of Constantinople, by Mahomet II., on May 29, 1453.

THE PAPAL DYNASTY.

"Phantom-like they look,
An unsubstantial, ghastly, wan array,
Impalpable, unreal;—their glowing eyes
Grown meaningless and void, their stately bulk
Shrunken and shadowy—all their grandeur gone,—
All their proud bearing—scarce their meagre hands
Can clutch the deadly symbols of their sway;—
. . . . . tottering,
As if o'ermaster'd by a fate sublime,
They stand in act to fall."

WESTWOOD: *A Vision of Old Fames.*

IF it be conceded that the roll of Popes commences with Peter, in the year 42, then ninety-five Pontiffs, during a period of seven hundred and ten years, had presided at the head of the Church, as Bishops of Rome, when the second Stephen entered on his Pontificate in the year 752. The Popes, within the period just mentioned, exercised no temporal power. Stephen II. was raised to the dignity of a territorial sovereign by Pepin, who, after driving Aristulphus within the boundaries of modern Lombardy, bestowed the Exarchate and the Pentapolis on the Bishop of Rome, with rights of sovereignty like those of other temporal rulers. Stephen was the first Pontiff who was carried on men's shoulders,—as if to imply the new subjection into which they were cast by the new privileges conferred on the Head of the Church.

Many a merely spiritual chief at Rome, anterior to this

period, had been deposed from his episcopal throne. Among others may be named Liberius, who was driven into exile; Laurentius, who was set aside by Theodoric, and Symmachus, appointed in his stead; the first John was imprisoned by the King of Italy, the Theodoric just named. John had just returned from a mission to Justin, the object of which was to procure a milder treatment of the Arians; Silverius was seized and exiled by Belisarius; his successor, Vigilius, was insulted and kept in prison by Justinian; and Martin I. was imprisoned at Constantinople, in the seventh century, on a charge of disrespect to the Virgin and treason to the State. Martin was barbarously used, and he died in banishment. Subsequent Popes enjoyed only a perilous and uneasy dignity, between mutinous people, uncertain soldiers, exacting Emperors, and barbarian Kings. It was not till the conquering arm of Pepin had stilled the storm, and endowed the Pontiff with the rights, privileges, and territory of a temporal sovereign, that peace was restored,—and even then only temporarily.

From this period, the Popes form fellowship with those with whom these volumes are most concerned. Not half a century had elapsed since Pepin had conferred a secular sceptre on the Popes, before a sceptreless monarch-priest had claims upon the sympathy of his fellow-creatures. This Pontiff was Leo III., who was elected to the tiara in 795, and who died in 816. Within three years, the nephews of his predecessor, Hadrian, conspired against him. His fate, both actual and legendary, is so concisely, yet graphically, told in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, as to warrant me in quoting it, as a sample of how history and romance were mingled together by monastic writers in their quiet cells.—"A.D. 797. This year, the Romans cut out the tongue of Pope Leo and put out his eyes, and drove him from his See; and soon afterwards, God help him! he was able to see and speak, and again was Pope, as he before was." Leo was a

dethroned, but not an uncrowned, monarch; for the first Pope who was really crowned was Nicholas, on whose brow the 'circle of sovereignty' was placed in the year 858.

The first of the sovereign Pontiffs who can fairly appear among our dethroned monarchs, is Formosus. He was elected in the year 891. He had previously been Bishop of Porto, and he was the first prelate who was translated to that greater Bishopric of Rome. Previously to his time, only Presbyters or Deacons had been raised to the sovereign Pontifical dignity. He was not dethroned, indeed, until after his death. The alleged irregularity of his election was the cause assigned for the proceeding. He who made the plea and sanctioned the proceeding, was Stephen VII., who was certainly not less an intruder into the Pontificate than Formosus himself.

In the same year that Formosus died (896) Stephen ordered his body to be dragged from the grave. It was then uncoffined, decked in robes, and placed upright on the Pontifical throne. A Council was assembled in presence of the unconscious delinquent, to whom the solemn question was put, "How didst thou dare, being Bishop of Porto, to usurp the seat of the sovereign Bishop of Rome?" The Council civilly waited for an answer; but as no reply was given by the ex-Pope, nor any defence urged in his behalf by the advocate assigned to him, his silence was taken for an admission of his guilt. Stephen, with the consent of the obsequious Council, formally pronounced him *Guilty*. For the crime of having forsaken his See to intrude into that of Rome, he was thus punished. Certain officials seized the unresisting culprit, stripped from him his Pontifical robes, and then delivered the convict to the executioner. The latter cut off those three fingers of the criminal's right-hand, with which the Papal blessing is given, in the name of the Trinity. The body of the deposed Pope was then raised by the executioner's assistants, by whom it was carried down

to the Tiber, and flung headlong in. It is satisfactory to know that Stephen himself was driven from the See, shut up in a dungeon, and there privately strangled. Even Baronius chuckles at this retribution. Stephen, he says, stole in like a thief; it was quite right that he should go out with a halter.

The Papal monarchs had no easy time of it in the ninth and tenth centuries. Leo V., in 903, was deposed and imprisoned, on the common charge of intrusion, by Christopher, who forcibly put himself in the place of Leo. The latter died broken-hearted in a dungeon. A like fate fell on Christopher, who was turned out by Sergius V., and imprisoned in a monastery till he died. John XI., the son of Sergius III. and the infamous Marozia, endured a not less bitter fate; he was "intruded" to the Pontificate in the year 931. Marozia had married Hugh, King of Italy. This lady one day ordered her son Alberic (whose father was Adelbert, Marquis of Tuscany) to carry water to King Hugh, that royal person being desirous to wash his hands. Alberic performed the menial duty with intentional awkwardness, for which the irate Hugh dealt him a slap in the face. The young gentleman not only returned the blow, but he headed a revolt against his royal step-father, and besieged him in the castle of St. Angelo. Hugh contrived to make his escape; but Alberic, on entering the fortress by assault, found therein his mother, and his half-brother, Pope John XI. He had very small respect for either, and he kept both close prisoners in separate dungeons till they died.

A few years later, 937, we find Stephen IX. occupying the Pontifical throne, very much to the disgust of the imperious Alberic. Artaud de Montor, on the authority of Muratori, confirms a statement made by Bower, namely, that some partisans of Alberic seized on Stephen, and so cut and disfigured him in the face, "that he was ever after ashamed to appear in public." Baronius is the authority relied on by Bower.

Subsequently, there was a Pope Agapetus, who, dying, left a young son, a lad named Octavian. This precious individual had influence or daring enough to procure his own election to the Pontifical throne when he was only eighteen years of age. He then assumed the name of John XII., and was the first who changed his name on being crowned with the tiara. He was fond of military expeditions; but mistaking inclination for inspiration or for strategical knowledge, he suffered ignominious defeat—and yet would not allow that he was an unskilful commander. He placed the Imperial crown on the head of Otho I., the first German Prince who thus received that much-coveted and uneasy diadem. This illustrious couple speedily became deadly enemies, and Otho determined to depose the Pontiff.

The latter was terribly iniquitous; and there was no lack of Bishops and Cardinals in the Imperial interest, to bear testimony against him. One told how he had made the gay widow Rainera governor of a city, and endowed her with ornaments that belonged to the church, and gold that was intended for the poor. Another pointed out the shameless presence of very lightly-clad damsels in the very Lateran Palace. "Honest widows with fair faces," said a third, "dare not come to Rome and visit the tombs of the faithful, because of him." Cardinal Bishop Peter solemnly declared that he had seen John celebrate Mass without having communicated. A Bishop and a Cardinal agreed in deposing that they had beheld him in the act of ordaining a Deacon in a stable. "I know," said Deacon Benedict, "that he has ordained many a one for money." "He made a child, ten years old, Bishop of Todi," cried another. Others deposed that he was fond of hunting, still fonder of wine, and very fond of drinking it to the health of the devil!—that he was cruel in his cups, never said Matins, never made the sign of the cross, and could not even play dice without ejaculating now and then, "By Jupiter!" or other oaths made in the name of Pagan divinity.

The Synod imperially invoked to try John, pronounced him *Guilty,* and declared him deposed. When intimation was conveyed to him that a new election to the Papal authority was about to be opened, he answered, that he flung his excommunication at all concerned in such a proceeding, and *that* was sufficient to render the threatened proceeding nugatory. The Chevalier Artaud de Montor says, that he was legitimately Pope, and in this exercised an indisputable right! However this may be, John was deposed, and Leo VIII. elected in his place, A.D. 963.

The deposed sacerdotal monarch contrived to carry with him from Rome, the treasures of the church of St. Peter. With these he bribed the Romans to rise against Otho and his nominee. The insurrection however utterly failed, nor was a second attempt made till Otho himself had left Italy with a large number of troops. The restless young ex-Pope (he was but twenty-five years of age) then found friends among a class whom he had most outraged. The women of Rome however were forgiving, and they stirred up the Italians to take arms for the restoration of John. The success aimed at was achieved, but it was followed by acts of great cruelty. Leo himself escaped, but many of his friends, who were captured, were dreadfully mutilated, suffering the loss of their hands, tongue, nose, or fingers. According to Luitprand, the Bishop of Spire was whipped, by command of John, till he expired!

I do not presume to say which of the rivals was true Pope; but I may remark that each excommunicated the other and pronounced the acts of his opponent null and void. At length John died. The Chevalier de Montor does not say how the juvenile and (to him) legitimate Pontiff perished. Bower, on the other hand, is very circumstantial, too much so for the readers of these times. Summarily John's death may be described as having happened when he was asleep. The devil came to him, it is said, and dealt

him such a blow on the temple, that he straightway died. The ex-councillor of the Inquisition, at Maurata, suggests that the fiend may have been a husband seeking vengeance; and considering the three personages who were on the scene, as described by Bower, this is by no means a suggestion lacking reason for a foundation.

John being dead, the Sacred College, or the Roman people (for it is not clear which), elected one Benedict to the vacant dignity; but the deposed Leo VIII., who had clung fast by Otho, was brought back in triumph to Rome, and placed on the Pontifical throne. Benedict was then deposed and tried. He exhibited little dignity in his deposed condition. His sole answer to the accusations to which he was called upon to reply was, "I have acted improperly; but what could I do? Have mercy upon me!" He escaped cheaply, with banishment for life. That life did not last long, but it was creditably employed. The deposed Benedict resided at Hamburg, where he endeared the people to him by his virtues, his cheerful manners, and the resignation with which he bore his reverse of fortune. He had, perhaps, a narrow escape of losing his reputation; for the Romans, after the death of Leo, re-elected him to the high office, for once accepting which he had suffered exile. He died ere the news reached him. In his stead was elected the arrogant John XIII.

I will not trouble my readers with further details of the Pontiffs of this and an immediately subsequent period; the rather, that those who were deposed, were murdered, and therefore leave nothing to be said of them in their dethroned condition. It is not possible to pronounce which is Pope and which is Anti-Pope; and I pass them over, as well as those who died in undisturbed possession of their dignity, till I come to Benedict VIII., who died in the year 1024.

I should have small authority for citing Benedict, seeing that he was never deposed, living or dead, were it not that he chose to re-appear, subsequently to his death, when

John XIX. occupied the Pontifical throne, from which the Eighth Benedict had so recently descended. According to the tradition, the good Pope Benedict, despite his superhuman virtues, was condemned to the flames of Purgatory. He was very restless in this locality. Classical readers will remember that Pliny speaks of a certain Hermotimus who had power, wherever his body might be, to send his soul abroad, and visit any pleasant locality wherein he might delight to sport. So Benedict, while in Purgatory, sent forth a representative into the world, to rescue him from Purgatory. Benedict seemed to appear in the body to John, Bishop of Porto. The Bishop, in some trepidation, asked the gracious figure what it would of him. "Just this," said the ex-Pope: "I am dreadfully uneasy in Purgatory, and I shall have no relief till I am prayed out of that torment by Odilo, Abbot of Cluny. Go and tell him so!"

"Well!" remarked John of Porto, "Cluny is a long way from here. The way is difficult; the roads are not safe; the times are disquiet;—surely it would be easier for *you* to transport your gracious presence thither, than for me to toil in that direction, and perhaps never reach it."

The ex-Pope smiled, but insisted. He could not resist the reasoning, but he was not authorized to admit it. Accordingly the Bishop communicated the intelligence to the Abbot; and the pious Odilo went immediately on his knees, from which posture he did not arise, till intelligence was conveyed to him that the desired end had been happily accomplished!

The next Benedict, Ninth of the name, was a very different man from his namesake. He was a young gentleman of a noble family, and of the age of eighteen, when, by power of the paternal purse, he was raised to the more awful power of binding and loosing, opening or shutting the gates of the Kingdom of Heaven. It is not necessary to speak of the abominations of this young Pope. Ultimately they excited,

and at the same time justified, the rebellion that was raised against him. An adverse faction elected a rival Pope; but the still young Benedict, after a reign of some dozen years, resolved to lay down his pastoral but sovereign staff, by the novel means of openly selling the dignity which belonged to it. This bargain was effected in the year 1046. The purchaser was that Gregory VI. who, with the vendor, and a so-called Pseudo-Pope, Sylvester,—who had been elected by the faction which had first flown to insurrection against Benedict,—was solemnly deposed by a Council. He is nevertheless registered among the regular Popes. Gregory withdrew to Germany, Sylvester quietly resumed his old duties of Bishop of Sabina, and Benedict was as uneasy under deprivation, as the Eighth of the name was under the torments of Purgatory. He was tolerably quiet, indeed, during the short reign of Clement II., but he exhibited wonderful activity on the decease of that sovereign Pontiff. At that period, the Emperor of Germany really appointed the Popes. The Council of Bishops did not fail to accept whomsoever he chose to name. While messengers were on the way to the Kaiser, to announce to him that the Papal throne was vacant, Benedict IX. suddenly re-appeared. He had such a force of well-armed friends at his back, that there was no resisting a Pontiff so admirably qualified for the post. During nearly a year, Benedict, who had once sold the dignity and pocketed the purchase-money, re-occupied the throne on which he had seated himself by violence. At the end of that time, however, the Imperially appointed Pope, Damasus II., entered Italy. Benedict made way for him with as much courtesy as an Irish Viceroy displays when he has to submit to circumstances which he cannot control. He quietly surrendered the Pontificate, and, if the solitary testimony of Cardinal Benno may be accepted, poisoned the holder of it within a month. Twenty-three days are named as the period of the rule of Damasus II. Benedict

did not profit by its abrupt termination, for Leo IX., soldier, saint, and stringent reformer, was elected both in Germany and Rome.

We come to no other deposed Pope till we reach the era of Hildebrand, Gregory VII., 1073. Up to this time the Emperors of Germany had desired to be, and in a great degree were, both Emperors and Popes. Hildebrand resolved to be, and was, both Pope and Emperor. That he died in exile is no proof of his failure. He not only made of the Pope the irresponsible spiritual sovereign of Christendom, but the earthly King of Kings. He asserted that no man could reverse *his* judgments, while he could reverse the sentence of any man. He was to be judged by no man. The Roman Pontiff, canonically elected, became, he said, undoubtedly holy "by the merits of St. Peter." He claimed a proprietary in all kingdoms, and affirmed that he had a right to absolve subjects from their allegiance to their King, if the Pope thought the sovereign unworthy of their fealty.

In vain Henry IV. of Germany struggled against these pretensions, and against him who arrogantly made them. Pope and King fulminated excommunicatory decrees, or proclamations of deposition against each other. Gregory more often triumphed than his antagonist, and Henry had frequently to implore pardon, though he was as often in open rebellion. The tide ran temporarily against Gregory, before his death; for Henry had entered Rome in triumph, and been crowned there by a Pontiff of his own creating. Gregory anathematized both from the place of his retirement at Salerno, where he died in the year 1085. De Montor tells nothing of his life there, save that he had been brought low because he had loved justice and hated iniquity. Bower alludes to the different accounts given by different writers. Sigebert, a contemporary writer, we are told, declares that Gregory, sincerely repenting in his last moments what he had done, absolved Henry, with his last breath, from the

excommunication, which the Pope had so often, and with so much solemnity, thundered out against him and all his followers. But the author of his life, who wrote soon after his death, assures us, that, being asked, when past all hopes of recovery, whether he could show before his departure, any indulgences to those whom he had excommunicated, he answered, "I absolve and bless all those who firmly believe that I have such a power, except Henry, whom they call *King*, the usurper of the Apostolic See, Guibert, and the chief persons who have supported and encouraged them in their wickedness, with their assistance or counsels." As he was dying he raised his eyes to heaven, and remarked, "Thither am I departing, and there will I speak in your behalf." The Bishops and Cardinals, who stood around him, he at once recommended to the protection and favour of the Almighty,—and proudly, rather than calmly, died.

There are many who are not slow to acknowledge that Mahomet effected a good work when he raised the Arabs from practices of the most degrading superstition to the worship of one only and ever-living God;—and yet who, in their zeal, denounce Hildebrand as an impious tyrant, who oppressed alike the Church and the State. Such persons are unjust to so great a reformer, at least, as Mahomet. When Gregory VII. was at the head of spiritual Christendom, society was disorganized—religious as well as civil society. Monarchs imposed their will for law; and society, being without law, disregarded the will, unless it was forced upon them. The Pontiffs, hitherto, had been as irrational as other sovereigns, and the priesthood was one from which St. Paul would have turned with abhorrence. The social evils thence resulting were many, and stupendous. Hildebrand resolved to find a remedy, and, in some respects, succeeded. He is, perhaps, undeserving of all the eulogy, as of all the censure, showered upon him. He is, however, to be taken in connection with his times. If he be judged from

that point of view, he may still be pronounced arrogant, ambitious, and unforgiving. But let us not forget that the wisest of philosophers was naturally of the worst of tempers, that the greatest of reformers was not the least ambitious of men, and that even St. Paul could express a hope that Heaven would not forget Alexander, the coppersmith, but duly reward him according to his works. However this may be, one thing is certain, that Gregory VII. was the first of the Popes who, if he deserved to be deposed, bore his deposition with dignity.

Treaties of peace failed to permanently establish friendship between Pope and Emperor. In the year 1111, we find Paschal II. and Henry V. of Germany at angry issue on the subject of investiture. The quarrel was long and bitter. At length, the chief opposing parties met in the Cathedral Church of St. Peter. Paschal had led Henry to expect that a final and satisfactory arrangement would there be accomplished. The temporal monarch, however, only found his spiritual and sovereign brother more obstinate than ever. Suddenly, Henry ordered his soldiers to surround the Pope and Cardinals. Under this armed custody, these great dignitaries celebrated Mass. As the service was about to conclude, the Pontiff and his chief followers made an attempt to quietly steal out of the Church. Henry was on the alert, however. He commanded the troops to arrest the fugitives, and forthwith the holy brotherhood was carried off, without ceremony, to prison. A sanguinary contest ensued between the Romans and Germans. At length, Paschal, weary at this and at an imprisonment which had already lasted eight weeks, abandoned to Henry the right of nominating and investing the German bishops, in return for liberty for himself and Cardinals. Paschal gained nothing by the concession. He was so beset by the ultra Cardinals for his weakness, that he immediately revoked all he had agreed to. The enraged Henry again brought his troops to Rome,

but in the midst of the struggle which ensued, Paschal died.

Gelasius II. (1118), Pope, had even a less tranquil life than the much-troubled Paschal. The Sacred College elected him, and did not condescend to ask the Imperial approval. Henry exhibited his disapprobation in a very rough fashion. He was not contented to virtually depose the Pope by ordering the Bishops in his interest, to elect Bourdin (Gregory VIII.)—a command which they readily obeyed—but he treated Gelasius with extreme cruelty. As the Pontiff was engaged in celebrating the holy office, he was assaulted at the very altar by a force of mingled Germans and Italians. He was knocked down, brutally cudgelled, stripped of his episcopal robes, and dragged by the hair into the streets. The people, ultimately, rescued the holy Father from the custody of his cruel gaolers, and Gelasius was soon enthroned in Rome. He fled, however, from the city when Henry arrived in the vicinity, and descended the Tiber in a boat. When he reached Porto, at the mouth of the river, so heavy a storm arose, that Gelasius could not venture out to sea. The Germans, who were closely watching him, discharged showers of poisoned arrows at the little vessel, but without effect. In spite, too, of their desire to capture the Pontiff, he succeeded in eluding them. When night came, and the storm had increased with the darkness, he was rowed, with half-a-dozen Cardinals, to as convenient a landing-place as could be found, a short distance from Porto. The shallow water and the mud prevented the boat from getting close-in to dry land; but there was more than one there, ready to do service to the Servant of Servants. One of the Cardinals leaped over the side of the boat, and "making a back," took the fugitive Pope on his shoulders, and safely conveyed him ashore. He spent a brief time pleasantly at Gaeta, among the pious and unprincipled Normans, and then stole into Rome, after Henry had marched out. His appearance was

productive of a tremendous tumult, which was raging at its very highest, when the peace-loving Gelasius, leaving his friends to support his cause, made his escape from the city alone. The whole of that night the spiritual head of Christendom lay in the fields. The night's reflections brought nothing with them but despair. Gelasius, however, came to a sage conclusion. He withdrew to France, where he was splendidly entertained, but where he soon died, of pleurisy, after a troubled pontificate of no more than a year and four days.

The Imperialists, of course, only acknowledged Gregory VIII. as Pope; but the adverse faction elected Calixtus, and then arose a destructive struggle between the Normans, who had given shelter to the last-named Pontiff, in Apulia, and the Imperialists, who occupied Sutri, with Gregory VIII. in the midst of them. The Normans carried the place by assault, and captured the unlucky Gregory. He was very summarily un-poped, and very ungenerously treated. The rude Normans hoisted the ex-Pontiff on to a camel; they placed him with his face to the tail, which was put into his hand, for a bridle. His persecutors then dipped a sheep-skin into a pool of blood, and flung it round his shoulders, for a scarlet mantle. In this guise, Gregory VIII. was carried in mock triumph, through sneering or sorrowing multitudes. He had, however, so few friends, that he narrowly escaped being massacred; and he perhaps esteemed as a favour, the command of Calixtus, that he should be committed to close imprisonment. His prison-houses were many, and the deposed Gregory never recovered his freedom. He remained a captive till the day of his death, bearing his captivity with that mingled restlessness and resignation natural to a Frenchman, who, while he would fain be free, makes the best he can of a condition of restraint.

We come to another errant Pope, in the person of Inno-

cent II. Sixteen Cardinals privately elected him in 1130. A greater number of the same dignitaries thereupon elected Anacletus, the grandson of a Jew, but himself a very orthodox Christian, for a Pope. The usual sanguinary struggle arose, and at last Innocent was compelled to withdraw into France. He visited Germany also, but his life was so exclusively ecclesiastical, spent in church duties only, that there is nothing remarkable to tell of him, except that when the French government and nobles had grown tired of contributing to his splendid maintenance, they struck upon a happy thought, and heavily taxed the Jews alone, for the dignified support of the banished head of Christianity! Innocent however died in the Vatican, (having recovered his throne after the death of Anacletus,) in 1143.

The Papal determination to hold and exercise an irresponsible temporal power, caused many a sanguinary affray between the people and their sacerdotal sovereign. Eugenius III. was twice driven from his seat by popular revolt. On one of these occasions, he is said to have performed a miracle, which, in such case, ought to have secured to him a universal allegiance. He had peremptorily ordered a certain Count to dismantle his castle. The Count refused; thereupon Eugenius levelled against it and its owner an anathema of such power, that the fortress disappeared altogether, and a lake of dark and stormy waters occupied its site!

The years from 1159 to 1181 are put down as those of the reign of Alexander III. During twenty-one of those years, however, there were successively four anti-Popes who ruled in Rome, and kept Alexander from his seat. These four intruders were the so-called Victor III., Paschal III., Calixtus III., and Innocent III. They were acknowledged by Germany, and wherever the Emperor of Germany had influence, but, with this exception, they had no adherents.

As the election of Victor was virtually the deposition of

Alexander, I may briefly notice what occurred on the occasion. Victor was elected by two Cardinals only. On the day of consecration, the majority of Cardinals ordered the duly-appointed officials to invest Alexander with the scarlet mantle, one of the symbols of Pontifical dignity. Victor however tore the mantle away, but it was as suddenly jerked from him by a Senator, who supported Alexander. Victor had provided for the emergency; he had brought with him a mantle of his own, and he ordered the chaplain, who carried it, to invest him with it immediately. The chaplain was slow, and his master impatient: the impetuous Victor snatched it from the attendant's hands, and flung it over his own shoulders. He had done this with such haste, that he did not observe the manner of doing it. He was surprised therefore to find himself, after this investure, the subject of loud and uncontrolled laughter on the part of all who were present,—friends as well as foes. The fact was, he had fastened the tail end of the mantle round his throat, while the hood which should have covered the head was dragging, basin-shaped, upon the ground. In such a trifle could a grave consistory find food for laughter!

I need not relate how the opposing parties excommunicated each other; it comes more within the scope of my object to tell how Alexander fared when he was compelled to leave Rome by his more powerful rival, Victor. He withdrew, for the purpose of taking refuge in France. On his way, at Amagni, he canonized our "gracious Edward the Confessor." The King of Sicily had sent four galleys to Palestrina, where Alexander embarked with his retinue. After a long and perilous voyage, during which the storm-tossed travellers touched at various ports, where they were received with abundant enthusiasm, they reached Maguelone, whence they proceeded to Montpellier. The Pontiff entered the city at the head of a gorgeous procession. He was mounted on a white horse; at his side was the Lord of Montpellier,

acting as his equerry; and a numerous train of nobility, splendidly mounted, armed, and attired, rode in his suite to do him honour. Frederick of Germany could not prevail upon Louis VII. to eject him from France. The Emperor denounced him as the enemy of God, who would exact immense sums from the French people, in order to pay his enormous debts. Alexander, after passing the winter in Aquitaine, proceeded in the beginning of Lent, 1163, to Paris. Louis VII. met him at two leagues from the capital. The King advanced from the crowd of nobles who half-encircled him, dismounted, walked to the side of Alexander's horse, and, kissing the Papal foot, turned and accompanied Alexander towards the gates of the city, holding his stirrup the while. Here the whole body of clergy greeted him, and preceded him on their way, with songs, to the church of Notre-Dame. The acclamations of the multitude saluted him as he passed, and he scattered blessings among them in return for every shout of welcome. Alexander consecrated the Golden Rose at Mid-Lent, and sent it with his benediction to the King. To prove that he was as much a Pope in France as at Rome, he presided at that famous Council of Tours, at which Thomas à Becket was present, and by which all people were "forbidden to harbour them (the Reformers) in their houses, to suffer them in their cities, to buy anything of them, or sell anything to them, that, being thus deprived of all the comforts of life, they may be compelled to repent of their errors and renounce them."

During two years, Alexander resided at Sens, in Champagne. The King had requested him to select his own place of residence; and Alexander chose Sens, "on account," says Bower, "of its pleasant situation, and the fertility of the neighbouring country." Here he maintained the style and manners of an ecclesiastical monarch till 1167, when he was invited to Rome on the death of Victor. Frederick strove hard to catch him on his passage, but Alexander

escaped him, and was heartily welcomed in the ancient capital. The Emperor however did not permit him to rest; and when the Imperial forces drew near Rome, in order to enforce obedience to their master's will, Alexander once more fled. He journeyed to Gaeta, in the costume of a pilgrim; but as soon as he had stepped across the frontier, he resumed the pontifical robes, which he had temporarily laid aside. He spent five tranquil years in this forced exile among the hospitable Normans. At the end of that period, Rome being free from Imperial troops, he returned to the capital, at the invitation of the inhabitants. He was not again called upon to quit it, for he arranged terms with Frederick, received the submission of Calixtus, and shut up the pseudo-Innocent III. in a monastery for life. In his reign, the Italians built and fortified the frontier town which, in his honour, they called Alexandria. It was intended as a bulwark against the Germans; but the latter gave it the name of "Alexandria of straw," and to this day it is known as "*Alessandria della Paglia.*"

The dissensions between Pope and Emperor, for mastery, continued for a long period to agitate the Church, and sometimes to depose for a time the Pope as temporal sovereign. Thus when Gregory IX. had assembled the clergy, in 1228, to pronounce solemn excommunication against the Ghibelline Frederick, then Emperor, the Frangipani, some of the nobility, and considerable numbers of the populace, rushed into the Church, fell upon Pope and Cardinals before Mass was concluded, handled them roughly, and drove them out of the Church. Gregory fled to Viterbo, and afterwards to Perugia; he soon however returned to Rome. From that capital Innocent IV. fled in 1243, and sought refuge in France, where he resided for a time in the monastery of Cluny. He died partly of grief, at the success of the Ghibelline Manfred in Naples. The friends of the same Manfred drove Alexander IV. from Rome in 1257. They hated

the Pope, because the latter favoured the French against Manfred, and they so terrified the Pontiff by hanging two of his relations, that, fearful as to what might happen next, Alexander transferred his court to Viterbo. In like way, and for the same reason, Urban IV. resided at Orvieto during nearly the whole time of his pontificate. When the devastating warfare between the Emperors and the Popes began to decline, Rome became the battle-ground of contending local factions. To what extent the "times were out of joint" by the bloody rivalries of these factions, may be seen, in the circumstance of Martin IV. being compelled to be consecrated and crowned at Orvieto, on account of the Hannibaldi and Ursini parties being then engaged in massacring each other in the capital. On the other hand, the Popes had not always the most faithful friend in the King of France. Boniface VIII., indeed, could hardly look for a friend in a monarch whom he had excommunicated. This he had done, or threatened to do, simply because King Philip would not allow that he was in everything—things temporal as well as spiritual—subject to the Pope. The latter was seized in his palace at Agnani, in 1303, by a band of conspirators, who are said to have been employed by the French King, and who despoiled palaces and churches, and kept the Pope a prisoner for three days, threatening him the while with impending death. A popular revolt rescued Boniface, and restored him to the exercise of all his rights.

The uncertainty of the times at length induced Clement V. to transfer his See to Avignon, in 1309. His successor, John XXII., followed his example, and paid no regard to the Imperial command, whereby the Popes were ordered to reside at Rome. For about seventy-two years the Holy See was settled at Avignon; but Gregory XI. restored it to Rome in 1377. After his death, and from 1378 to 1414, there were two Popes,—one at Rome, the other at Avignon. But no one pretends to determine which was the true man,—the

one elected by the Italian, or the one chosen by the French Cardinals.

None of them held undisturbed sway. Licentious were the lives of some; troubled and uneasy those of all. At length, in 1409, a Council deposed both the then existing competitors, Benedict XIII. and Gregory XII., and chose in their place Alexander VI. Alexander approved, and the other two condemned, the proceedings of the Council. Alexander was succeeded by John XXIII. There were now three Popes, instead of one. As a preparatory step towards effecting the peace of the Church, John was first induced to resign. He only created greater confusion by flying to a place of security and there revoking his resignation. After many intrigues, long flight, and hot pursuit, John was captured, and imprisoned in the fortress of Ratolfell, near Constance. He was allowed to retain none of his own servants, except a highly-valued cook. Other domestics were appointed for his service, by the Council, which now ruled the Church; and a number of great dignitaries were named to keep him company, but these stripped him of his pontifical-ornaments and appendages, listened to his words, kept a sharp eye on all his actions, and reported all to the Council. Finally, he was deposed, on being, not convicted, but pronounced guilty of every vice and crime that ever entered into a penal code as worthy of punishment. He would have merited death ten times over, had he been guilty only of the half of what was alleged against him. As it was, he was only suspended from his pontifical office. When the decree of deposition was presented to him in his prison-chamber, he quietly perused it, approved of its conclusion, and expressed such perfect acquiescence, that the Council became suspicious of him, and, instead of setting him free, put him into closer confinement in the castle of Gottleben, where John Huss was then lying captive. Subsequently he was committed to the keeping of Louis, Duke of Bavaria.

The Duke kept him in the castle of Heidelberg, near Mannheim. The prisoner was treated with great respect, but yet was he subject to considerable annoyance. He was not permitted to retain any of his Italian servants. Germans were appointed in their stead; and as these could not comprehend the ex-Pope, nor he understand them, they could only communicate by signs, and then only imperfectly. In this way, he was detained till 1419. Meanwhile Gregory, who resigned with much grace, was permitted to live free and unmolested at Recanati, where he died, about two years after his resignation of the Pontificate. There then remained only the intrusive Benedict to get rid of. This was not so easy a matter. He avoided being brought to decisive terms, while John and Gregory were yet called Popes; and John Gerson, in allusion to Benedict's original name of *De Luna*, remarked pleasantly, "Never shall we have peace as long as *the Moon* endureth." At length, the intruder being brought to such a position that it became imperative upon him to speak definitively, he astonished every one by remarking that as the two pretenders had been deposed, there only remained one, true, Pope, and that *he* was the man! Ultimately he was deposed by a Council; but the obstinate Benedict denounced the proceedings, and proclaimed as a pretender and intruder, the new Pope, Martin V., recently elected, under a new regulation, and now (1417) universally recognized by all but Benedict and his little coterie at Peniscola.

De Luna could, by no means, be persuaded to surrender the Pontifical office. He usefully employed some part of his leisure in writing a treatise to prove that the Popes, or rather *he*, as Pope, was superior to any Council. A more useful work was his Essay entitled 'Comforts against all the Troubles and Adversities that can happen to a Man in this miserable life.' At Peniscola he still maintained the name and state of Benedict XIII., and troubled himself very little

at being treated at Rome, as defunct, and uncivilly designated as Peter of damned memory. A day or two before his death he created four Cardinals, and when he was sunk so low that he could no longer speak, he scrawled an injunction with faltering hand, whereby he commanded them, on pain of everlasting malediction, to elect a new Pontiff, as soon as he ceased to exist. When he died there were only two of the four Cardinals present. These displayed much alacrity in providing for themselves, before they obeyed the injunction of their late superior. They made seizure of De Luna's money, and appropriated to themselves all the gold and silver vessels and ornaments on which they could lay their hands, and even the vestments of the Pontiff and his ecclesiastical staff. For a few days, they continued to publish bulls and other documents in his name, and did not make announcement of his death, until it was no longer possible to keep it secret. Even then, they only privately communicated it to the late Pope's kinsman, Roderic de Luna. Martin V. was then enthroned at Rome; but, disregarding this fact, three of the Cardinals united in electing the so-called Clement VIII., for no better reason than that he was a rich man, who could maintain them all with dignity and comfort. The fourth Cardinal was absent at the time of the mock election, and as he profited nothing by it, he pronounced it null and void, and forming himself into an individual Sacred College, he unanimously elected an unknown individual of whom nothing more is known than that he was styled, for a brief period, Benedict XIV.

The great schism was ended in 1429, by the submission of Clement to Martin V. Clement yielded only on condition that he might create a Cardinal, before he laid down his Pontifical staff. To grant the condition was to acknowledge him as Pope. It was granted, nevertheless; and then Clement conferred the dignity of Cardinal on Francis Rovera, a man who looked upon Clement as Anti-Pope.

Martin V. reconciled it however to the conscience of the new Cardinal, and therewith concluded "the Great Schism."

The next contest which led to the temporary suspension of a Pope, was that between the Council and the Pontiffs. It was a struggle for power, in which the Popes ultimately triumphed. While it was progressing, in 1443, Eugenius IV. was compelled to fly from the capital. The city was invested by Philip, Duke of Milan, who proclaimed himself authorized by the Council of Basle to bring the Pope to reason. The citizens were so alarmed, that they prepared to give up the Pontiff to Philip. Eugenius, however, putting on the disguise of a monk, embarked in a boat, on the Tiber, and descended the river to Ostia, "amid showers of arrows, aimed at him by the Romans, from either side the river." He retired to Florence; but his speedy return to Rome was effected by a reconciliation of adverse parties.

Clement VII. was that illegitimate son of the House of Medici, who was raised to the Pontificate, in spite of the opposition of the powerful family of the Colonna. The Emperor Charles V. was at that time menacing Italy, and Clement entered into an alliance with the Venetians, French, and English, against him. The Pontiff, however, had no real ally but in the first; and these, against such odds as the Emperor could bring against them, were nearly powerless. The Pope therefore entered into a treaty with Charles; but the Constable de Bourbon, who had taken service under the Imperial banner, disregarded the treaty, assaulted the city, and was slain in the attack. Rome was sacked by a horde of Lutheran and Roman Catholic soldiers, and Clement was kept close prisoner in the Castle of St. Angelo.

While thus a captive, the Lutheran and Roman Catholic soldiery uproariously deposed him. They met in one of the chapels of the Vatican. Many of them wore Cardinals' robes over their armour. They unanimously elected Luther himself to the Pontificate. The great father of the Refor-

mation would have been as disgusted as horrified, to have heard that he had been proclaimed Pope, and by such a constituency.

During seven months Clement was kept close prisoner in the Castle of St. Angelo. He spent them in tears and complainings; and very reluctantly consented, at last, to purchase his freedom, at the cost of 100,000 crowns. Five Cardinals, one Archbishop, and two Bishops were, at the same time, given up as hostages. Even then, Clement was kept under strict *surveillance*. Charles V. would have been proud to exhibit him in Madrid, as a prisoner, but he dreaded the effect of such a *spectacle* on the clergy. The Pope, in his own city, was watched by a Spanish police, as if he had been a suspected captain of banditti. The public sympathy was with him; and when he succeeded in making his escape, disguised as a merchant, to Orvieto, there were few who did not rejoice. When the public learnt that the eminent and right-reverend hostages had taken to flight through a chimney, there were none who did not laugh. This was followed by the immediate re-establishment of Clement in his authority, which for the remainder of his life was little disturbed.

THE THREE PII.

"Maluerunt didicisse quam discere."—QUINTILIAN.

CLEMENT VII. died in 1534. John Angel Braschi was elected Pope, under the name of Pius VI., in the year 1775. For nearly two centuries and a half there had not been a Pontiff who can be strictly said to have suffered deposition. There were many who had acted under constraint, but their names, persons, and authority were openly respected. Very different was the fate of Pius VI. Of all the Pontiffs mentioned as suffering loss of power or of freedom, *he* may be said to have least deserved so hard a destiny.

He was a native of Cesena, and was born in the year 1717. By birth, he was noble; by education, he was a scholar; and by due training, in successfully filling various offices of the highest importance before he reached the Pontifical throne, he was admirably qualified to perform the duties imposed upon him. His election was supported by France, and fruitlessly opposed by Spain. He had not been the advocate of the Jesuits, and therefore France was on his side. He had treated Jesuit fugitives with humanity, and Spain itself was constrained to admit that he was not an ungenerous enemy of the Society. He showed himself, at once, worthy priest, wise sovereign, and indefatigable magistrate. The entire administration centred in him. He reformed abuses, displaced idle officials, reprimanded careless administrators of justice, and heavily fined those officers who had the care of regulating the markets, and who forgot the

interests of the poor. He had the rare merit of making warm friends of all who had opposed his elevation, and the still rarer one of being able to distinguish not only what were the proper duties of an office, but to fix on the most proper man for their performance. He was the terror of evil-doers, and the hope of all good citizens. His powers and acuteness were well-defined in the popular proverb, which said of him, "He has teeth made for biting, and a nose for smelling." Every quarter of Rome soon testified as to what manner of man now wore the tiara. His excellent taste was displayed in his generous patronage of arts and sciences; his usefulness, to use a homely phrase, was still more apparent in his prosecution of great public works, which promised to substantially benefit as well as outwardly to beautify and ennoble the ancient city, and the States of which it was the capital. He succeeded in one great object, in which so many other Pontiffs had failed. He drained the Pontine Marshes; and thenceforward people began to be able to live, rather than to be daily dying, in that once fatal, and even now not very salubrious, district. Had he fallen upon quieter times, he would have restored the capital to such a condition as to have afforded some idea of the magnificence which it had worn in the days of the Antonines. He would have added another sort of splendour, more becoming a city which called itself the capital of Christendom. But this was not to be. His fame, nevertheless, is unspotted. Rome had never seen a steward so faithful, a lord so charitable, or a man of more majestic deportment, more winning or more graceful. As he passed along, crowds murmured admiration of his beauty, and every mouth whispered, or shouted, the suggestion of every heart, "He is as holy as he is handsome"—*Tanto è bello quanto è santo.*

He has not escaped censure, however; and he would have been superhuman, indeed, if he had been in all things blameless. He had two nephews; he made of one, a Duke

of the other, a Cardinal. To these young men, a rich old ecclesiastic, named Lepri, bequeathed the whole of his fortune, leaving thereby, his niece entirely disinherited. After the death of Lepri, his niece, Marianna Lepri, produced a second will, of later date than that held by the nephews of the Pope. It revoked the donations made in the first, and restored Marianna to all her rights. The second document was stigmatized as forged; but at every tribunal but one, it was pronounced valid, and every appeal went in favour of the niece. At length the Pope stepped in as mediator; and the result was, that Marianna consented to take half her uncle's fortune and a wealthy husband, and to yield the other half of her inheritance to the Duke and the Cardinal. The wisdom of Pius, in this matter, is certainly questionable; but it is unnecessary to examine into it any further. Let us pass to more serious questions.

Pius VI. lived at a time when the Church was more vigorously assailed from without, and was not better served from within, than at any other period. From arms, brute force, and popular rebellion, she had frequently suffered: there was now arrayed against her what was called "philosophy." Monarchs thought it sublime philosophy to deprive her of as much power as they could appropriate to themselves. Common men, of quick wits, attacked her in encyclopædias, pamphlets, solemn essays, and smart satires. Pius confronted both, and he was the worthiest champion of his host, and sometimes with success. He went in person to Vienna, and induced the obstinate Joseph to relax a little in his active measures against old Church principles. He was equally successful against the authors of very daring innovations in Tuscany and Naples, at Venice and Modena. Kings visited him in the capital, by way of homage to his merits; and Pius began to hope that peace was established, at the very moment that irretrievable ruin was most imminent.

In the questions that had arisen between secular sovereigns and the Pontiff, the people had taken a more than ordinary interest; and when rights were being disputed, they naturally began to think of their own. At length there arrived in France that "deluge" that had been so complacently foretold by Madame de Pompadour, as likely to happen *after* her time. The Church was the first victim; and on the ruins into which it was hurled, Reason erected her showy but unstable throne. Pius VI. deemed it his duty to raise his voice in both menace and monition, but with much more of warning and remonstrance than of threatenings and reproof. But nothing that he could either say or do proved of any service to the Church and the clergy in France. Both went down in the general revolutionary wreck, while the Papal Nuncio was forced to withdraw from Paris, and the effigy of his Holiness was burnt in the territory where once had ruled the Most Christian King, the eldest son of the Church!

From burning in effigy, a provoked but not discriminating people took to shedding blood. Again the clergy were among the first victims; of these, however, some escaped, and Pius VI. received, with compassionate charity, all who reached Rome, and asked for an asylum and bread. The charity thus extended, gave offence to few except the students of the French Academy in the capital. In 1793, these students kept joyous holiday on the day (the 13th of February) on which General Flotte arrived, attended by the ex-priest De Basville, and the future philosopher Cabaras, to affix to the gates of the French Academy the well-known symbols of the Goddess of Liberty.

A tumult ensued, between the Roman people and the French, which ended most unhappily. The struggle had been carried on by hard words, and then by hard stones; but no one was materially injured, till a zealous and orthodox barber, rushing at De Basville, drew a sharp razor across

his abdomen, and slew the apostle of liberty. The French Government accused the innocent Pope of having committed a deliberate act of murder. Pius made solemn protest of his blamelessness. The authorities at Paris threatened vengeance; but they soon had more serious questions to deal with, than the infliction of vengeance on a supreme Pontiff. The latter may indeed have hoped that the worst danger was over when the Directory had succeeded to the Convention. It was then however that the supreme hour of the Pontifical dignity began to strike. The young conqueror of Italy was on his way, at the head of legions that had scattered the boasting squadrons of Austria. To avoid the fatal consequences, Pius was ready to make any terms which did not compel him to annul every Papal brief and decree that he had issued since the outbreak of the Revolution. He submitted to pay a ruinous tribute, to provide necessaries for the French army, for which he had no funds, and to see his territory devastated and his museums stripped by the triumphant invaders. The truce of Tolentino, made in 1797, left Rome a prey to misery, desolation, and anarchy. The sacrifices nobly made by the Pope and nobility did not suffice to pay the promised contribution. The people, called upon to share in the general sacrifice, only turned from a falling authority, to acknowledge that of the Tricolor. Again there was insurrection, again blood was spilt. General Duphot was shot in a street fray, and the French Ambassador, Joseph Bonaparte, fled from Rome to Florence, as if he was pursued by assassins. Pius was confined to his bed by serious illness, but every representation was made in his name, in order to appease the French Government. It suited the latter to be implacable. They accused Pius of aiding the enemies of France, of being himself openly hostile, of having shed French blood, and failed in paying what was justly due. In order to enforce what was owing, and to punish what had been done, General Berthier, at

the head of a French army, encamped before the walls of Rome, on the 29th of January, 1798. Pius had ceased to reign.

Berthier, indeed, professed to come as his friend, and with the purpose only of punishing those who had killed Duphot. There were fair speeches, but very harsh deeds. Heavy taxes were laid on the people; French troops, in detachments, occupied Rome; and in a few weeks there was an organized popular tumult, at the end of which Berthier proclaimed that Roman Republic which lasted for nineteen months, and was, in no acceptation of the word, a commonwealth.

Haller, son of the celebrated Swiss physician, rudely announced to Pius, seated amid his Cardinals, the termination of his temporal power. The Pontiff raised his eyes, to express resignation, but uttered no word. He was only provoked to speech when Cardinal Cervoni presented him with a tricolor cockade, urged him to put it on, and assured him that if he would show himself in it to the people, he should have a pension which would enable him to live at his ease. "I know no ensign," said the octogenarian Pope, "but that of the Church. I need no pension; little is wanting by him who is about to expire on a bed of ashes."

Pius was but indifferently supported by his Cardinals. Nearly the whole of them, including Cardinal York ("Henry IX. of England"), fled. The Pope had to endure alone the gratuitous insults of his persecutors; and to stand by, while they examined his drawers and boxes. On one of these occasions, Haller pointed to a small but handsome chest, and asked what it contained. "It is only Spanish snuff," said Pius. It was the yearly tribute of the King of Spain. Haller was disappointed, for he was in search of treasure; but when the chest was opened, he smelt at the contents, pronounced the snuff good, and ordered it to be conveyed to his own quarters. "Oh!" exclaimed Pius, who had seen with

exemplary resignation the destruction of much that was valuable or venerable in Rome, "you will surely not deprive me of my snuff!" "I assuredly will," replied Haller, "it is good; it pleases me, and I appropriate it to my own use." In losing this much-loved solace Pius could have cried with vexation.

The reply of the Republican, Haller, was not courteous, but it affected the fallen Pontiff less than the popular lack of courtesy exhibited against him. The title of "Sextus" had always been considered an unfortunate one in Rome, and now there began to reappear on the walls of the city that Pasquinade which had been written by an enemy when Braschi was elected to the Pontificate.

"Tarquinius Sextus, Sextus Nero, Sextus et Iste;
In Sextis semper perdita Roma fuit."

The Pope was more annoyed by the wit of these lines than he was gratified by the number of pictures of the Virgin Mary, wherein the eyes of Our Lady began "winking," in order to hint that all would yet be well with the Father of the Faithful.

By the middle of February it had been determined that Pius should be removed, under arrest, to France. On the 18th, Haller chose the moment when the Pontiff was at dinner to announce to him the resolution of the French Republic. He entered the room rudely, kept his hat on his head, and, advancing to the Pontiff, announced the purpose on which he came, and demanded the instant surrender of the Papal treasures.

"We have already given up all we possessed," said Pius, "in order to purchase the truce of Tolentino."

"Not all," rejoined Haller; "you still wear two very rich rings: let me have *them*."

The Pope drew one from his finger. "I can give you," he said, "this one, for it is indeed my own. Take it. But

this other is the 'Ring of the Fisherman,' and must descend to my successor."

"It will first pass to me, Holy Father," said Haller, "and if you do not surrender it quietly, it will be taken from you by force."

To escape insult, the ring was given up; but as it was found to be, intrinsically, of no great value, it was, soon after, restored to the Pontiff. Haller however was leaving the room with the rings in his hand, when his eyes fell on a neat little box which stood on the table near the Pontiff's chair. "Jewels!" he exclaimed, as he stretched his arm towards it. "Take all! take all!" said Pius, with a calm smile of resignation. Haller opened the little box eagerly, and found it full to the brim—of square dry biscuits!

The French Commissary was enraged. He looked round. He saw among the Ecclesiastics who had crowded into the apartment, the Abbé Baldassari. The eyes of the two encountered. Haller went up to him, took him by the arm, and said, "You would really do a good work, and render a service to the Pope, if you could persuade him to voluntarily quit this palace and Rome." Baldassari suggested that the Pope might indeed beneficially proceed to Terracina, but the idea of leaving the Pontiff free on the Neapolitan territory caused Haller to use such coarse phrases, that Baldassari stopped his ears!

To this intimation, made by Haller to Pius himself, the latter replied, "I am bordering on fourscore years; I am broken down by old-age and the anxieties of the last two months, and I feel as if this moment were the last of my life. The fatigue of a long journey would be too much for me; my duty besides commands me to remain. I will die here."

"As for that," said Haller, "a man may die anywhere. But I can admit neither argument nor excuse. If you will not go of your own accord, you will have to do so under my compulsion. Take your choice!"

The Commissary quitted the room. Pius gazed around on his old but sad and silent servants, and then slowly entered his private apartment. After some time spent there, no doubt, in prayer, he re-appeared, serene and resolved. "God wills it," he remarked, "*His* will be done. I resign myself to his just decrees."

The night was chiefly spent in transacting ecclesiastical business. Before dawn, on the 20th, a carriage and an escort of soldiers were drawn up in front of the Pontifical palace. With very scant courtesy indeed, the Pope was hurried down the stairs, to undergo a forced journey to Sienna, at his own expense. At the foot of the staircase, there stood an individual who had been exiled from Rome, for his crimes, but who had been permitted to return from banishment. "Ah, tyrant," cried the ungrateful fellow, "your reign is finished!" "Had I been a tyrant," remarked Pius, "you would not have been now alive to call me so."

It was not yet daylight when he stood in the street. He wore his scarlet mantle, and the Papal hat. One hand rested on the stick with which he was accustomed to walk in the country, the other was supported on the arm of his chamberlain, Caraccioli. With the latter, and Marotti, his secretary, Pius entered the carriage that was to convey him from Rome, never to return.

He had to listen, for awhile, to the disputes of the officers who had him in charge, and who used strong terms in denouncing the accommodation provided for themselves. The word was given to start; but the soldiers of the escort, engaged in looking into the carriage where the Pope was seated, did not at first hear it. The command was given in rougher terms, and with unsavoury comments; and under such salute, the Sixth Pius bade farewell to his capital.

By a painful journey of five days the illustrious traveller reached Sienna, his destined residence for awhile. He had met on his way both homage and insults; entered convents

at night, where there was neither fire nor food to refresh the half-frozen and half-famished octogenarian, and passed one night, at Radicofani, in the chamber of an inn, so ill-provided for the well-being of wayfarers, that the Papal cloak and other portions of costume were thrust into the broken panes to keep out the cold. He entered his conventual quarters, at Sienna, in wretched health; nevertheless the French 'Moniteur' announced the event in these hilarious terms:—"The intelligence from Sienna is, that the Holy Father is exceedingly elastic in all his members, and perfectly satisfied with our wine of Chianti."

During the month he resided in the Convent of the Augustins, at Sienna, Pius, although no longer a temporal prince, exercised his spiritual authority. He secretly sent to his scattered Cardinals, in Naples and elsewhere, instructions regulating the immediate election of a successor, in case of his own death. He also raised the long defunct Andrea di Gallerani to the honours of canonization. Some of the descendants of Andrea waited on Pius, to thank him for the honour he had rendered to their ancestor. The octogenarian Pontiff remarked, very truly, that Andrea had become a Saint not through the Papal decree, but by force of his own virtues.

The removal of Pius from Sienna was caused by a remarkable circumstance. On the 28th May, 1798, the eve of the feast of Pentecost, he was alone in his modest chamber, on his knees, and reciting his Breviary. Suddenly, there was a violent report, the sounds of a great concussion, and as Pius looked round, he saw wide rents made in the four walls of his room. This was, in fact, the effect of the earthquake, which caused immense destruction in the city, and which was well-nigh fatal to the Convent of the Augustins. Monsieur de Montor, overdoing the miraculous, states that the chamber of the Pontiff was spared by the phenomenon. Novaez, whom he professes to follow, does not say so; and

Baldassari particularly details the event, but more at length, as I have told it. There would, indeed, have been no miracle in the apartment having been untouched; but the circumstance that, with walls so rent, the roof did not fall in, does partake of the wonderful. But this description, too, may have been overdone. All parties however agree that the Pontiff was the only individual who, amid the indescribable confusion, remained perfectly calm. He gave consolation and encouragement to many who were too confused to solace and cheer themselves.

It became necessary to remove him to the Carthusian Convent, near Florence. Here his imprisonment was more close; and his health gradually deteriorated. He was harassed by petty vexations, and by intelligence of the anarchy at Rome. He was moreover nearly destitute of pecuniary means. The liberality of wealthy Catholics, indeed, in part supplied his wants; and this supply was sometimes made in a delicate or in a humorous way. For instance, his Holiness was, on one occasion, in very pressing circumstances, when he received a sum of six thousand francs, wrapped up in paper, from an unknown donor, and labelled, "One dozen shirts." The Bey of Tunis forwarded to him an ancient silver sacramental cup, with the *fleurs-de-lys* engraved on it. The Pope took, with thanks, what had doubtless been stolen long before. The Corsair's booty had fallen into excellent hands at last. Sovereigns yet preserving some power, monarchs without sceptres, and ex-reigning families without homes, visited him too, when he could obtain permission to receive them.

In the autumn, the events of the war brought the French troops into Tuscany. In the succeeding spring, they were masters of Florence, and then intimation was made "to the Citizen Pope," that he must prepare for being transferred to Parma. On the 28th of March this, properly called, transfer was commenced. The Pontiff, too weak even to

stand, was carried to the carriage-door on a stretcher. This was effected without difficulty. It was not so easy to get the heavy but helpless old man into the vehicle. At length, two stout grooms entered the coach, grasped hold of him beneath the arms; others, holding him by the legs, pushed, as the two grooms pulled, him upwards. In this ignoble way he was hauled rather than helped in, and the French officers of his court turned aside, that he might not perceive that they were witnesses of his humiliation.

It would require too much space to detail the equally humiliating incidents of the route. Often, at night, it was said that the Pope could not possibly be removed on the morrow, but the reply was, "He must be moved, dead or alive!" When there was a question of again changing his residence, he was so ill that his demise was hourly expected. The doctor declared to the French Commissaries that neither friend nor foe would dare to remove the dying Pontiff, who desired to breathe his last sigh in Parma. One of the Commissaries approached the bed, pulled down the sheets, and rudely examined the body, to see if it bore the signs of infirmity described by the medical man. The Commissary was convinced that Pius was too weak to travel, and he offered, for 500 louis-d'ors, to procure a permission from Paris, for the further sojourn of the Pontiff at Parma. The sum was subscribed with difficulty; and five days later, Pius was ordered to proceed on his journey.

It was a journey which, after several temporary sojournings by the way, did not end till the unwilling travellers reached Valence, in Dauphiny. On the road, the august wayfarer's welcome depended very much upon the political and religious feelings of those he encountered. It was observed however that from the Protestants, and from women of every rank, he received the most respectful and even tender homage. At Grenoble, the Pontifical quarters were at an inn. The travellers were surprised to find there such an abun-

dance of good things, and such a wonderful attendance on the part of the neatest-looking female servants they had ever beheld. It was soon explained: the ladies of the city had disguised themselves. They brought provisions to the house, for which they would accept no payment, and they performed, in turn, every service which faithful domestics could render to a good master, or tender woman to suffering man. A little feminine indiscretion spoiled it all. A lady, dressed as a waiting-maid, and fulfilling her office admirably, was one day changing the plates at the Pontifical table, where the French Commissaries sat with the Pope. The conversation became so interesting however that she fairly forgot her office. She listened, smiled, murmured, wept, broke into the discourse, and altogether evinced such ecstasy and enthusiasm, that the superior French officer ordered her out of the room, and "the Pope's chamber-maids" were summarily disbanded.

Pius was at this time suffering more than usual from his passage over the Alps, which he had nevertheless borne without a murmur. He thence travelled to Valence, very much like a criminal, for he was most closely guarded, and one part of the journey was performed in a sort of open cart. He reached his destination on the 14th of July; and when he entered the Citadel, he was informed that he was a prisoner of State, a citizen of a Republic, and at the mercy of the Directory of France. That mercy kept him captive in a gloomy fortress. From the ramparts, sentinels looked across the plains to watch against surprisal; in the small garden within the walls, an old man, paralyzed in arms and legs, utterly helpless, and hourly dying, might be seen at rare intervals, lying in a four-wheeled chair, drawn about by an attendant. He had only strength to sigh over the condition into which the Church had fallen, and then he would ask to be conveyed to the apartment which was at once chapel, dining-room, and bedroom. The Go-

vernment had provided only the four walls for his use; but it had been furnished, more than comfortably, by the zeal of several ladies, at the head of whom, as chief in contriving as well as contributing, was Madame de Championnet.

As the sounds of war rolled nearer towards the frontier, the Directory became desirous of removing the Pope further from the locality. They hoped he might live long enough to be quietly forgotten, and that with him the line of Pontiffs would come to an end. They now announced their resolution to transport him to Dijon, at his own expense. But paralysis had already reached the stomach, and the hand of death was upon Pius VI. Early in August he had, at the request of the commandant of the garrison, shown himself to the people. It was hoped that his health was improving; for on his being carried to the balcony, in his Pontifical robes, he looked over the kneeling crowd, and uttered with a loud voice, the appropriate words in one sense, and the very inappropriate in another—*Ecce homo!* "Behold the man!" From that day however he gradually grew worse. His patience was great under trial, and he died like a knight in harness. He had himself attired in his Pontifical robes, and held upright on his seat, while he recited his confession of faith. He then went through every ceremony enjoined by his Church for the solace of the dying; he prayed for a restoration of power to Rome, forgave his enemies, invoked a blessing upon France, and, on the 29th of August, 1799, he breathed his last, without a struggle. He was then nearly eighty-two years of age, and in the twenty-fifth year of his Pontificate, having reigned longer than any Pope since the days of St. Peter. He was the first Pontiff who, for many ages, had died in exile. The French Government had stirred the Romans to that tumult which had ended in the death of Duphot, in order that they might punish the Pope as the chief aggressor. They in fact slowly put him to death, but they did not thereby

suppress the Papacy. Pius VI., in his captivity, looked after the sovereignty of the Church, and he was so well served by zealous officials, that though the sovereignty was shaken, it was only temporarily weakened. The Popes, indeed, present to us the spectacle of being the only monarchs who can in any way exercise the duties of government from which their enemies declared them to be deposed. The Cardinal in attendance upon the dying Pius VI. saw this truth clearly enough. "I have but one regret," said the Pontiff; "it is, that I die out of *my own country*." "Holy Father," replied the Cardinal, "the Pope of Rome is *never* out of his own country!"

Pius VI. had received harsh treatment at the hands of the Republic. Pius VII. did not fare better at the hands of the Empire. There is perhaps no more truthful account of the temporary deposition of Pius VII. than that afforded by Cardinal Pacca. His Eminence was Prime Minister to the Pontiff when the French army took possession of Rome in 1808. He was a singularly enlightened and liberal man—for a Cardinal. Though reverencing the Romish Church and the Roman Court, the best he can say for the Pontifical government is, that it is a masterpiece, not of Divine, but of human policy. When he entered upon the administration of that policy, he found the Papal power like the sick lion in the fable, every ass had his heel raised at it. He acknowledges that it had been weakened by the faults of vicious Popes, and he anticipates the obvious objections that the elections of all Popes are Divinely directed, by dogmatically pronouncing that all the wicked wearers of the tiara usurped the triple crown by sacrilegious means. He labours hard to display his own master in the light of a hero, but as constantly betrays disbelief of his own assertions. He points out that when Popes, in the olden times, got into trouble, their first care was to place their persons in safety. Pius VII., on the contrary, magnanimously risked

his life and liberty, by remaining in Rome. To be sure, the Cardinal adds that it was perfectly impossible to get him away; and he allows that if Pius had made his escape, the Pontiff could have, in no degree, mended his fortunes. As it was, the Papacy fell; but Pacca consoles himself with the idea that many a greater institution had fallen before it.

When Napoleon felt France firm under his feet and obedient to his nod, he restored the full worship of the Gallican Church. Pius crowned him for his good services. Thereon arose a feud between the Pontiff and the Emperor. The former refused to sanction the Imperial nominations to bishoprics;—whereupon the French occupied Rome. The mild Pontiff became blind with fury, and it required all the Cardinal's discretion to guide the footsteps and control the temper of that great functionary. The timid master and the faithful servant shut themselves up for months, in the Quirinal Palace. There they prepared measures to deter Napoleon from annexing the States of the Church to the French Empire;—or to punish him, in the event of his resorting to so undesired an extremity. The measures were devised in something of the spirit of Forcible Feeble, and the Pope asked the Cardinal what was next to be done. "We will excommunicate the Emperor," said Pacca. "In such case," remarked the Abbé Duci, "the Emperor will certainly execute the Pope!" "There would then be one martyr the more for the Papal record to be proud of," was the comment of the Cardinal. "But Napoleon," added the Abbé, "will also hang the Minister who counselled the act of excommunication." "That is no canonical reason for withholding the advice," said the dauntless pro-secretary. But this difference of opinion perplexed and terrified Pius VII. "Let us wait," said the procrastinating Pontiff, until we are driven to our last resource. We will not *speak Latin*

till we are fairly forced to it." Deliberations like these were interrupted on the 10th of June, 1809, by the brazen throats of the French artillery, announcing in unwelcome thunder, that Italy had sunk into a mere province of Gaul. Pius and the Cardinal gazed at each other, and they simultaneously uttered the hallowed declaration of the Redeemer, "IT IS FINISHED!"

In wanton defiance, forth issued the excommunication. The poor Pope, as he flung it forth, with his arm upheld by the Cardinal, bewailed with a very unpapal sort of bewilderment, that the expressions in it were *rather* strong! The Emperor, with victory seated on his helm, was far away, triumphing on the shores of the Danube. *Procul a Jove, procul a fulmine.* He dragged the Papal Jupiter down to the earth, and smashed his thunderbolts.

When the French army entered Rome, its leaders simply announced that they were merely passing on their way to invade Naples. They had, however, other work on their way. On the 6th of July, 1809, the Quirinal was forced at daybreak, with little difficulty, and General Radet sounded a *réveillé* in the old halls, which brought the Pope and his little Court from their beds in haste, and loose attire;—yet without much sacrifice of dignity. The two parties looked for a moment at each other, in perfect silence. At length, the French General made a half-apology for what he had done; he then added an announcement, that the temporal sovereignty of the Pope was at an end; and he concluded by observing, that if his Holiness would know more, he might learn all he desired by applying to General Miollis, French Governor of Rome.

In reliance on this information, Pius and the Cardinal entered a carriage, the doors of which were immediately made fast. General Radet mounted the box, and the horses galloped off, with the two astounded captives. When the latter discovered the deception that had been put upon

them, they were momentarily affected. They were in heavy state-dresses, without provision of any sort for their future comfort, and they had not half-a-crown between them. The Pope congratulated himself and the Cardinal that they had, at least, left behind them the Bull of Excommunication, against which, as they thought, neither King nor Kaiser could long maintain an effectual struggle.

It was sunrise as the carriage rolled through the Porta del Popolo, and took its way, with its illustrious burden, towards Tuscany. The heat became insufferable towards noon, particularly as the two prisoners were accoutred in their official robes, and the blinds were closed, to prevent recognition on the part of a sympathizing people. At Viterbo, the Pope hungered. "In a miserable room that contained only one old broken chair, the only one in the house probably, the Pope, seating himself at a table covered with an extremely dirty tablecloth, ate an egg and a slice of ham. Towards the evening, the Pope was thirsty, and as we were not then in the neighbourhood of any house, the quartermaster Cadini filled a bottle from a stream that ran at the roadside, and brought it to the Holy Father, who drank and was refreshed exceedingly." While changing horses at Bolsena, a friar stood by the carriage, unconscious whom it contained, and entered into a very unreserved conversation with General Radet on the subject of an epistolary correspondence that had passed between them. The Pope listened, and remarked that the friar was a "scamp." "*Che frate briccone!*" said he, as the carriage proceeded on its journey. The day's travelling terminated at Radicofani, where the captives arrived a little before midnight, benumbed with cold, without a single change of linen to relieve them of that which was now almost frozen to their backs, and dispirited more from fatigue than from lack of courage. The Cardinal remarks, with a cheerful complacency, that in the full and imposing habit of his rank, he

helped the maid-servant of the little inn to make the Papal bed. It was a sorry couch; but on it the Pope flung himself, attired as he was, and the Cardinal followed his example, in a room adjoining.

The following morning, the travellers resumed their journey, continuing it, day after day, through a now excited and menacing population, and with one overturn, in which the Pope's seat was ominously broken to pieces. They reached Grenoble on the 22nd of July. After a sojourn there of ten days, the Pontiff was privately carried off in the middle of the night, and before daybreak, on the 1st of August, the Cardinal found himself a State-prisoner, travelling alone, towards the dreary fortress of Fenestrelle, in Piedmont. He reached his destination on Sunday, the 6th of August, and entered his prison, not without emotion. In his miserable cell he sat alone. No confessor was permitted to approach him; pen and ink were forbidden; and not the slightest comfort was to be procured, except by paying for it. The only thing given to him was a book. To his horror, it was a volume of Voltaire! He looked at it with indignation, and then read it through! With time came better treatment, and the Cardinal was furnished with a Bible, religious books, a few amusing volumes, and occasional newspapers. The fortress had hitherto been made a place of detention for prisoners of the lowest class and the greatest wickedness. But soon after the Cardinal's arrival, the prisoners consisted chiefly of priests, suspected of caring less for the interests of Napoleon than for those of the Pope. Among them was a worthy Lombard incumbent, who "talked of nothing but the fat condition of his capons, and the excellent wine left in his habitation." There was also a rural priest from the diocese of Forliz, whom the Cardinal describes as "worthy" too, but "corpulent" also.

The captivity of the Cardinal in this fortress lasted three years and a half. During this time he suffered many hard-

ships; but he found solace, not to say merriment, in devising means for carrying on the rites and ceremonies of the Church, in his prison, although such matters had been strictly prohibited by superior order.

Meanwhile, Pius was transferred from Grenoble to Valence. At the latter place, says Father Macpherson, whose narrative now supplies the necessary materials for awhile, "the Holy Father was obliged to seek repose on one of the worst beds that can be imagined." At noon of the following day, the Pontiff entered Avignon. The people of the old Papal city were so convulsed between delight and indignation, that they had wellnigh rescued the Pontiff. His escort had some difficulty in passing through the city, pistol in hand. One man, of mild aspect and civil demeanour, approached Father Macpherson, and asked, "If it were true that the Pope had formally excommunicated the Emperor Bonaparte?" On my laconic answer, says Macpherson, that I could not satisfy him, because it was death to speak; "That is enough for me," he exclaimed "that's quite enough,—I understand;" and, so saying, hurried away to the thickest of the crowd.

By a *détour* from Avignon, the Pope and his attendants were now conveyed to Nice. On the frontier of Savoy, Pius was met by another fallen sovereign, the Queen of Etruria. Over the long bridge which crosses the Varo, the Pontiff and the crownless Queen passed on foot, and countless multitudes lined the road to Nice, and asked for blessings, which were bountifully scattered.

During the sojourn of a few days at Nice, the dethroned Queen was not again allowed to see the Pope. It was a hardship for both; but each had borne, and had yet to bear, greater. From Nice the captives were transferred to Savona. They were lodged, for the first time, as became the dignity of their master, namely in the Bishop's palace. Count Saematoris of Turin, one of the Imperial Masters of Cere-

monies, came to attach himself to the service of the Pontiff. His Holiness's table was placed at the unlimited disposal of the Count's cooks. Coaches, horses, liveries, everything was spared that could contribute to his external magnificence. All the domestics were allowed to demand, to the extent of 100 louis per month, for the appointment of each individual. Observing that the Pope had nothing but a brass lamp and a common inkstand, he presented him immediately with a superb silver lustre, and a highly-wrought writing apparatus of silver; but the Pope, who could not be imposed upon by theatrical appearances, and well knew his own condition to be that of a prisoner, firmly refused everything that was offered on his own account, and prohibited his domestics from accepting anything further than absolute necessaries.

As the liberality of the Government was spurned, the authorities reduced the allowance of each person, from the Pontiff downward, to five paoli a day. All aid from without was also stopped. The Ecclesiastical Court found itself so straitened, that the Pope applied, through his attendants, for some more satisfactory arrangement, and this was readily acceded to the humbled Pontiff by the French authorities.

The Pontifical patience was nearly exhausted, when news reached Savona of the independent way in which Napoleon was then administering the affairs of the Gallican Church On the other hand, the Imperial suspicion was aroused by reports that Pius, although in durance, contrived to convey his sovereign orders to the Church in France and elsewhere. Hence numerous and unexpected visits on the part of the police to his desk and papers; and the consequent confiscation of all means to carry on correspondence. "The Emperor sent a courier to the Prefect with a despatch, to be presented by him into the hands of the Pope, in person. . . . The Holy Father, however, refused to open it." The Pre-

fect renewed his entreaties that he would read the letter. The Pope still persisting in his refusal, the Prefect at last caused the letter to be opened, and read it himself in the Pope's presence; in doing which, even *he* was confounded by the invectives and the abusive language with which his Holiness was loaded in it. It treated him as nothing less than absolutely weak and imbecile; and talked of calling together, at Paris, a Council of all the Bishops in the Empire, to decree his solemn *décadence* from the Papacy. "At the foot of this crucifix," said the Pope, "I lay the letter. I leave it to Him to avenge my cause, the cause which is no longer mine, but is thus made His own." So far Father Macpherson.

Napoleon however was resolved to exact the *Concordat* from the Pontiff, and the latter was now unceremoniously hurried from Savona to Fontainebleau. Such scant courtesy was exhibited towards the fallen sovereign, that not only was he made to travel day and night, but the Holy Father was not permitted to get out of his carriage, "which—during the short period every evening, while the attendants and servants of the illustrious prisoner were taking refreshment at the inn—was *regularly, with the Pope inside, dragged into the coach-house.*"

At length Fontainebleau was reached, and there the splendid misery of the Pontiff may be said to have increased. He was treated with mingled ceremony and neglect,—was permitted a little liberty, and then condemned to much restraint. But Napoleon subdued him to the Imperial will; and when Pacca subsequently joined him at the rural palace, the good man was aghast to find that the Pope had placed the Church in subservience to the State, as personified in Napoleon. Of the sort of life passed by the captive Pontiff, Savary gives us a graphic, rather than an agreeable or lofty description.

Savary says, "The Holy Father was very penurious, not-

withstanding all his wants were amply provided for. He used to count over, with great care, some dozen pieces of gold which he had in his desk. He kept a strict account of his wardrobe, from his Pontifical robes to his shirts, stockings, and the most trifling article of his dress. He never looked into a book during the whole day, but employed himself in a way which would not be credited, had it not been notorious. He patched and stitched up any accidental rent in his gowns, sewed buttons on his small-clothes, and washed the front of his robes to clear them of the stains of snuff, which he took to excess. A large dose of illusion certainly fell to the share of those who could believe in the infallibility of a being in whom the weakness of human nature was so strongly exemplified."

If this be a true description of Pius VII. at this period, his spirit was no longer that of a few years before. When he visited Paris in 1804, Napoleon was extremely anxious to induce the Pope to take up his residence in the French capital. One of the Chamberlains of the Pontiff has described an interview which took place between the two illustrious individuals which is worth repeating. It is quoted in Birch's translation of Eybert's 'Characteristic Traits and Domestic Life of Frederick William III.,' and is to this effect:—Napoleon "awaited the arrival of the Holy Father in the Chamber of Audience, and with an iron instrument bored and stabbed the chairs and tables, as he was wont when excited. At last the Holy Father entered, calmly and with much solemnity; with due respect, the Emperor offered him a magnificent chair, whereupon he seated himself. The then recently anointed Emperor, in a confidential and agreeable manner, stated to the Holy Father his wishes, begging and advising him to transfer the Papal Chair from Rome to Paris, and inhabit one of the Imperial palaces, that so, in community with himself, the whole earth might be governed from the world's metropolis; that his revenue should be

doubled; moreover, he should have a brilliant bodyguard appointed, and share with him in all worldly dominion, power, and glory, as *confrater*. Pope Pius VII. heard this high-flown speech and promises with the utmost serenity, and, when finished, merely uttered the word '*Comediante!*' 'What!' cried the enraged Emperor, starting from his chair, 'I, a comedian? Priest, our friendship is ended.' Snorting and pacing the room, he seized on a beautiful bit of mosaic-work, representing St. Peter's Church in Rome, which stood on the table, and dashing it on the floor, thundered out, 'Dost see?—Even so will I break thee, thy Chair, thy Church, and thy rule. The day of wrath (*dies iræ*) is o'er thee.' The Holy Father, with the same serenity as before, replied by a single word, '*Tragediante!*'—at the same time, with perfect coolness and dignity, he left the room."

It was not till February, 1813, that Cardinal Pacca, after a captivity of three years and a half, was permitted to join Pius at Fontainebleau. When the two met, the Cardinal looked with strained vision on the pale, emaciated, hollow-eyed old Pope, who, "with the glare of a man grown stupid," advanced a few steps to meet him, and welcomed the thoroughly astounded Cardinal, with the remark, "I did not expect you *so soon!*"

The poor Pope, indeed, was in a state of pitiable perplexity; but his lamentations were changed into temporary glee, when Pacca pronounced that there was a remedy for the existing evil. The evil was, that the Pontiff had signed away his supremacy over the Church in France to an Emperor whom he had excommunicated, and he was now in a condition of continual repentance for the act. He mourned his great error, and showered a childish and querulous blame upon the Cardinals and Bishops who had, he said, dragged him to the table and *forced* him to subscribe to the Imperially-dictated concessions. In describing this matter, the

Cardinal naturally suspects that "infallibility" is in peril; but he gets out of the difficulty with dexterity. He tells us that when the Pope betrayed his Church, and gave up some of its best privileges to gratify a "crowned usurper," whom he had solemnly devoted to the very nethermost Gehenna, his Holiness erred, simply because he was treating of a mundane affair. Had the Pontiff been called upon to pronounce on a question of faith, the Cardinal assures us that it was perfectly and absolutely impossible that the Pope could err in the most infinitesimal degree. The Supreme Vicar upon earth might not have sense enough to find his way through a wood, but he certainly held the clue whereby to unravel the most impenetrable mysteries that veil the throne of thrones!

The Concordat was definitively signed. It substantially transferred the temporalities, and some of the spiritualities, of the Church to Napoleon. The Cardinal enters into very long details, which, if not history, will be found of very excellent use to those who write history. Their use lies in their honest truth. The Cardinal, not without a blush, paints his master the Pope, as he was,—always of the opinion of the last comer; alternately yielding and obstinate; dignified, when answering Napoleon from a distance; childishly ecstatic when the two were together, and the Pontiff received an embrace from the bear whom he had in vain tried to muzzle. The Concordat however was no sooner signed, than hundreds of persons who had hitherto looked upon Pius VII. as an oppressed saint, tore his portrait down from their bedsides, and destroyed it, amid expressions of contemptuous wrath. This vexed the harassed spirit of the bewildered Pope. The Cardinal plainly told him that his signature was invalid; for although he was infallible, he had no right to subscribe to the injury of the Church over which he presided. The vacillating Pontiff resolved to retract. One droll excuse alleged for him by the

puzzled Cardinal is, that when he so signed away his dignity and power, he hoped that for a time, *the act would remain unknown!*

It was a matter of some difficulty to conclude the retractation. Pius VII. was helpless; he feared to put anything down in writing, as during his absence at Mass, the French attendants in the palace invariably opened his drawers, desk, and trunks in search of letters. The few Cardinals in his suite could do little when they met at table, where there presided the most disagreeable of Amphitryons. This was a certain Colonel Lagorse, director of the mounted Gendarmerie, and, in plain phrase, gaoler over the Pope and Cardinals. This rough dragoon had been a monk, but he had exchanged the cloister for the camp; and as he sat armed and belted at the Cardinal's table, his unsavoury phrases as much astounded the venerable circle as those of the naughty *Vert-vert* scandalized the *nonnettes* of Nantes.

However, in spite of the lynx-eyes, fine ears, and rough speech of the Colonel, the Cardinal contrived to get the act of retractation drawn up, signed by the Pope, and forwarded to the Emperor. The latter took no notice of it: he issued a decree, stating, that by consent of the Pontiff, the Concordat was now a part of the law of the French Empire. There was a significant addition to the decree, in the arrest of those Cardinals who had been most active in inducing the Pontiff to break his engagement.

Pius VII. was now reduced to a very limited society. He became more than ever like "old Double." Endless were the jokes made by the lively French bishops at the long and tedious nothings which the Pope would repeat, touching the quiet days when he was Bishop of Tivoli or of Imola. Savary's account of the Pontiff's way of life at Fontainebleau, makes Cardinal Pacca very indignant. The latter stigmatizes the account as impertinent and audacious; he even says that it is ridiculous; but he does not say that it is

untrue. As for the Pope residing in a palace where there was a superb library, without ever taking down a book from its shelves, he remarks thereon, that "the accuser, who cast such a censure on Pius VII., was evidently not aware, that for a pious, religious man, a crucifix, and a picture of the blessed Virgin Mary, are alone an ample library, sufficient to employ him by night and by day for years successively." The pious Cardinal forgets, that when he himself was shut up in the fortress of Fenestrelle, his intellectual appetite condescended to make even Voltaire more palatable than no literary food at all.

The Pontiff, in fact, sat, as Pacca admirably pictures him, "with his hands in his girdle," until they were taken out for him. In the summer of 1813, hearing that a Ministerial Congress had assembled at Prague, Pius signed a letter to the Emperor of Austria, in which he implored his aid to re-establish the rights of the Holy See. The Congress however was dissolved before the Emperor received the letter. But in the meantime, there was a loosening of the Imperial *fasces* of France. The Government, foreseeing coming events with tolerable accuracy, despatched now a lady, now a prelate, to the Pope, for the purpose of inducing him to enter into a new treaty. The Pontiff, emboldened by the perils which beset Napoleon, refused to enter into any negotiations anywhere but at Rome. The French Government, by no means anxious that the Allies should crown their great triumph of overthrowing an empire by giving freedom to a Pope, suddenly despatched the latter on the 23rd of July, 1814, to his capital.

His return was one long ovation, with an odour of incense from beginning to end. As a restored sovereign he disappears from these imperfect pages. There only remains to be told of him that when he entered the Quirinal he at once repaired to his own private room. In his absence, it had been redecorated by order of the French Government, and

in the very highest French taste. On every panel there was a bevy of nymphs in very transparent costume, and not much even of that. "Well!" said the restored Pontiff, smiling good-humouredly the while, "we will have some of these lively ladies changed into Madonnas, and then each party will have acted *à modo suo!*"

Once since the restoration of Pius VII. has the world seen a temporarily-deposed Pontiff. In 1848, the iniquity of the Papal administration, and the fashion set by Paris, threatened the establishment of a new Roman Republic. Pius IX. was a prisoner in his own palace, where the French Ambassador resided, in order to give him the protection of the French flag. This was a double thraldom, from which the Pontiff was relieved, chiefly by the ingenuity of the Bavarian Minister, De Spaur, and his wife, an English lady. One day in November, 1848, the Bavarian Minister left the Quirinal, followed to his carriage by a livery-servant, who took his place by the side of the coachman. On arriving at the Bavarian Embassy, the footman, who was no other than the illustrious Pontiff, changed his dress for that of one of the ambassadorial chaplains, and was speedily and safely conveyed across the frontier into the territory of Naples, which had afforded an asylum to the fugitive Hildebrand.

The Pope did not very long remain the guest of the King of Naples. The Roman Republic was indeed established, but, lo!—

> "The Frank Republic on its banner waves,
> And marches forth to tell the Pontiff's slaves,
> That new-born freedom shall not find a home
> Within the precincts of St. Peter's dome."

So sang Quillinan: but there may be something better in store for Italy, than a stiletto-republic. A Papal abdication has been suggested, and it is one of a novel and not unreasonable character. There is in France a certain Abbé Michon; he is a zealous and orthodox churchman, but he can

read the signs of the times; and, discerning their threatening aspect, he has published a pamphlet in which he advocates the expediency of relieving the Pontiff from the burden of temporal power, and establishing his Holiness at Jerusalem, as the spiritual Prince of Catholic Christendom. The Abbé rightly thinks that the Pope would win more respect on his new throne than he does now, upheld by foreign bayonets, which only stand between him and inevitable revolution. The Abbé looks to great opposition on the part of the Cardinals; but he thinks these of little importance compared with the great end in view. Such a revolution of the Church, wisely regulated, would undoubtedly tend towards establishing that Christian unity which has, for so many centuries, ceased to exist. With a sagacious spiritual chief at Jerusalem, who thoroughly comprehended his position, the world might yet realize the sublime spectacle of one fold under one shepherd. But the obstinacy of the scattered flock, as well as the pretensions of the pastor, may render this desirable consummation for ever impossible. One thing however is certain, the removal of the Pope to Jerusalem would help Italy to freedom; and then

> "Again the buried genius of old Rome
> Would from the dust uprear his reverend head,
> Roused by the shout of millions."

LIST OF POPES WITH TEMPORAL POWER.

A. D.		A. D.	
752.	Stephen II.	824.	Eugenius II.
757.	Paul I.	827.	Valentinus.
768.	Stephen III.	828.	Gregory IV.
772.	Adrian I.	844.	Sergius II.
795.	Leo III.	847.	Leo IV.
816.	Stephen IV.		(Pope Joan.)
817.	Paschal I.	855.	Benedict III.

A.D.
858. Nicholas I.
867. Adrian II.
872. John VIII.
882. Martin II.
884. Adrian III.
885. Stephen V.
891. Formosus.
896. Boniface VI., deposed.
897. Romanus, Antipope.
——. Stephen VI., strangled.
898. Theodorus II.
898. John IX.
900. Benedict IV.
903. Leo V., deposed.
904. Sergius III.
911. Anastasius III.
913. Lando.
914. John X., resigned, and was smothered.
928. Leo VI.
929. Stephen VII.
931. John XI., died in prison.
936. Leo VII.
939. Stephen VIII.
942. Martin III.
946. Agapetus II.
956. John XII., deposed; murdered.
963. Leo VIII. supported successfully by the Emperor against
963. Benedict V.

A.D.
965. John XIII.
972. Benedict VI., murdered in prison.
974. Boniface VII.
974. Domnus II.
975. Benedict VII.
983. John XIV.
984. John XV.
985. John XVI.
996. Gregory V.
999. Sylvester II.
1003. John XVII.
1003. John XVIII.
1009. Sergius IV.
1012. Benedict VIII.
1024. John XIX.
1033. Benedict IX., by purchase; expelled.
1044. Gregory VI., abdicated.
1046. Clement II.
1047. Benedict IX., again deposed.
1048. Damasus II.
1048. Leo IX.
1055. Victor II.
1057. Stephen IX.
1058. Benedict X., expelled.
1058. Nicholas II.
1061. Alexander II.
1073. Gregory VII., Hildebrand.
1086. Victor III.
1088. Urban II.

A.D.
1099. Paschal II.
1118. GELASIUS II., retired to a monastery.
1119. Calixtus II.
1124. Honorius II.
1130. Innocent II.
1143. Celestine II.
1144. Lucius II., killed.
1145. Eugenius III.
1153. Anastasius IV.
1154. Adrian IV. (Nicholas Breakspear, a monk of St. Albans.)
1159. Alexander III.
1181. Lucius III.
1185. Urban III.
1187. Gregory VIII.
1187. Clement III.
1191. Celestine III.
1198. Innocent III.
1216. Honorius III.
1227. Gregory IX.
1241. Celestine IV.
1243. Innocent IV.
1254. Alexander IV.
1261. Urban IV.
1265. Clement IV.
1271. Gregory X.
1276. Innocent V.
1276. Adrian V.
1276. Vicedominus.
1277. John XX., sometimes called XXI.
1277. Nicholas III.

A.D.
1281. Martin IV.
1285. Honorius IV.
1288. Nicholas IV.
1294. CELESTINE V., resigned.
1294. Boniface VIII.
1303. Benedict XI., poisoned
1305. Clement V. (at Avignon)
1316. John XXI.
1334. Benedict XII. (Nicholas V. at Rome.)
1342. Clement VI.
1352. Innocent VI.
1362. Urban V.
1370. Gregory XI.
1378. Urban IV.
Clement VII., elected by the Cardinals;—provoked by the cruelty of Urban.
1389. Boniface IX.
1394. BENEDICT (XIII.) at Avignon.
1404. Innocent VII.
1406. GREGORY XII., deposed, with Benedict (XIII.).
1409. Alexander V., poisoned.
1410. JOHN XXIII., deposed.
1417. Martin V.
1431. EUGENIUS IV., deposed by the Council of Basil, in 1439. Felix V. Antipope.

A.D.
1447. Nicholas V.
1455. Calixtus III.
1458. Pius II. (Piccolomini.)
1464. Paul II.
1471. Sixtus IV.
1484. Innocent VIII.
1492. Alexander VI., Borgia; poisoned.
1503. Pius III.
1503. Julius II.
1513. Leo X.
1522. Adrian VI.
1523. Clement VII.
1534. Paul III.
1550. Julius III.
1555. Marcellus II.
1555. Paul IV.
1559. Pius IV.
1566. Pius V.
1572. Gregory XIII.
1585. Sixtus V.
1590. Urban VII.
1590. Gregory XIV.
1591. Innocent IX.
1592. Clement VIII.
1605. Leo XI.
1605. Paul V.

A.D.
1621. Gregory XV.
1643. Urban VIII.; gave title of "Eminence" to the Cardinals.
1644. Innocent X.
1655. Alexander VII.
1667. Clement IX.
1670. Clement X.
1676. Innocent XI.
1689. Alexander VIII.
1691. Innocent XII.
1700. Clement XI.
1721. Innocent XIII.
1724. Benedict XIII.
1730. Clement XII.
1740. Benedict XIV.
1758. Clement XIII.
1769. Clement XIV. (Ganganelli.)
1775. Pius VI., dethroned.
1800. Pius VII., deposed, 1809-1814.
1823. Leo XII.
1829. Pius VIII.
1831. Gregory XVI.
1846. Pius IX. (Mastai Ferretti.)

Russia.

THE CZARS.

"La tyrannie Russe est la plus dure, car elle s'exercice au nom des droits les plus sacrés."—ANONYME.

IT is now a thousand years since Ruric, the Scandinavian chief, assisted by a piratical force, invaded the eastern shores of the Baltic, and laid the foundations of a dominion, which his successors held for something like seven centuries. Before two hundred years had elapsed from the conquest of Ruric, the Russians had made no less than three attempts to plunder Constantinople. The policy of the chiefs of that first period is followed by the Czars of the fifth. The former erected a statue on the square of Taurus, on the base of which there miraculously appeared a written prophecy, that the Russ would one day sit in the seat of the Greek Emperor.

This mendacious system is still pursued. Nicholas sanctioned the falsehood by which declaration was made that the Virgin Mary hovered over the Russian army proceeding southwards, and that the Panagia thereby testified that the Muscovite march, in the direction of Constantinople, was blessed by her approval.

All the early expeditions made against the last-named city were by sea. Despite the ferocity with which they were maintained, the commercial relations of the Greek Empire and the Russian State were but slightly affected; and conse-

quently, the civilization of the Russ was not materially impeded.

Ruric was succeded by his son Igor, whose wife and successor, Olga, went to Constantinople to be baptized. This religious circumstance did not prevent her son Sviatoslav from attempting to destroy the holy city. He was so roughly treated, however, by John Zimisces, that he humbly thanked the latter for a safe-conduct back to his dominions.

The late Czar Nicholas had the effrontery to cite this occurrence as a proof of the friendly union which was begun in early times between the Russ and the Greek! Under Vladimir, the son of Sviatoslav, all Russia was converted to a very equivocal sort of Christianity. Thousands plunged at once into various rivers, and, on emerging, were pronounced converted! With Sviatoslav terminates the list of the Chiefs of the first period, A.D. 1015.

Vladimir divided his dominions among his ten sons. An internecine war of succession followed. During two centuries and a half, the land knew not peace. At the very highest of the confusion the Tartars, under the command of Batou Khan, the grandson of the great Zinghiz, ravaged the country, made vassals of the Russians, and established a sovereignty. It is from this horde of Tartars that the Russians of the present day are descended. The Tartar sovereignty, and the opposition to it, fill up the second and third periods of Russian history.

This sovereignty became intolerable, from its tyranny. Ivan suceeded in establishing himself at Moscow, in 1325; but he and his successors had to struggle daily with the forces of the great Tartar chiefs, who were not thoroughly subdued till 1462, when the great Ivan (III.) mounted the Ducal throne, opened the fifth period, and, after a reign of what is called "glory," left a large inheritance, which ultimately fell to Ivan (IV.) Vasilievitch, the "Terrible,"—one

of the most savage, yet one of the most enlightened monarchs that ever reigned. A.D. 1533.

This intellectual monster had not cut his teeth when he succeeded to his sire's greatness. His mother, Helena, acted as regent. In comparison with her, Messalina was an angel of purity. The boy was trained to ferocity, to maim animals, and to ride over people in the streets. Ivan was only in his teens when he had one of his attendants worried to death by dogs in the public highway. The Gluiski family encouraged the young sovereign in these acts. They taught him that God had excepted him from responsibility in respect to the commandment, "Thou shalt do no murder!" They inculcated that, in a great prince, assassination was a virtue.

Ivan robbed his people, not only by oppressive taxation, but by vulgar open plunder. Complaint brought death. In his frolicsome moods, Ivan compelled parents to slay their children, and children one another. Where there was a survivor, the amiable monarch, if he was not too weary, would slay him himself, and would laugh at this conclusion to so excellent a joke. His devotion was ostentatious, and he was ever exemplarily devout when he was most stupidly drunk. One of his playful traits was the letting slip wild bears among the affrighted citizens in the streets; and he would calmly recite his prayers, while he looked on at the slaughter. He compensated for any little irregularity in the matter, by flinging a few coins to the wounded, after he rose from his knees.

Southey, quoting Giles Fletcher, says that "Ivan Basilowitz" sent to the city of Moscow "to provide for him a measure-full of fleas, for a medicine. They answered, it was impossible; and if they could get them, yet they could not measure them, because of their leaping out. Upon which he set a mulct upon the city of 7000 roubles."

When Ivan suffered from depression, his professional

jesters were summoned to amuse him. They must have addressed themselves to this task with delighful buoyancy, for a bad joke was sure to be strangled in the throat of the utterer. The noblest were not safe. Ivan once threw, over Prince Gorsdorf, who had failed in an attempt to be witty, a tureen of scalding-hot soup; and as the Prince endeavoured to escape, the Czar plunged a knife into his side. The unhappy noble fell dead; and Ivan, remarking that he had "carried the joke far enough," bade the physician attend to him. "It is only God and your Majesty," said the medical man, "who can restore the Prince to life. He is quite gone." The Czar was a little affected at the event, but he took a pleasant way of forgetting it. It chanced that a favourite noble came, at this moment, in sight, and approaching, he bowed in reverence before the Czar. The latter, delighted, took hold of him by the ear, just as Napoleon used to do with his arch-favourites. The French Emperor, however, was accustomed to leave the ear he pinched, upon the head of its owner. Not so Ivan, who, using his knife, cut off the member, and flung it into the face of his ancient friend. The noble received the same with many acknowledgments of his master's condescension.

This Czar was the husband of seven wives—at once. This was the only circumstance in his character which the Greek Church affected to blame. His offer to espouse our Virgin-Queen Elizabeth must have made that gracious lady merry. Ivan himself soon ceased to be so. In a fit of fury, he smote his own son dead, by blows from an iron bar! God and outraged nature no longer spared this most hideous monster. He became gloomy, but hardly less cruel. Partial madness succeeded to gloom; and death, at last, to both.

This savage was one of the ablest of men and of rulers. He introduced printing into Russia, gave it a code of laws, encouraged religious toleration, and promoted civilization by patronizing the fine arts, with a liberality perhaps

never known out of his dominions. But his intemperance made him cruel, and indulgence in wine and savageness rendered him insane. His son, Feodor Ivanovitch, was poisoned; and thus ended the last of the male line of Ruric, 1598.

Boris, the brother-in-law of Feodor, succeeded, and fell by poison administered by himself. His disastrous reign was followed by the more disastrous one of his son, Feodor II., who was speedily strangled, and his place taken by a monk who called himself Demetrius. The Demetrius whose identity was thus usurped, was the brother of Feodor I., who was said to have been slain by Boris. Whether the monk was the real or false Demetrius, has never been satisfactorily determined. However this may be, he met the fate he had inflicted on his predecessor. Under the reign of his successor, Vasili, Russia was a prey to insurrection and famine. To make confusion worse confounded, the Poles swept over the country, destroyed everything before them, reigned over ruin, and displayed such execrable tyranny, that the nation rose, drove them out, and chose for its Czar, Michael Romanoff, the first sovereign of the present dynasty.

This dynasty occupies the throne of Russia by right of popular election, alone. The first sovereign of that dynasty, Michael, created his father Patriarch of the Greek Church in Russia. He chose for his wife, the daughter of a man who was ploughing in the fields when intelligence reached him that he was father-in-law of the Czar (1613).

Michael Romanoff, by his pacific and prudent policy, secured the prosperity of his dominions, After a reign of thirty-two years, he left the throne to Alexis. When Alexis died, he left, by his first wife, Feodor, Ivan, and Sophia; by his second, Peter and Natalia. Feodor (III.) succeeded his father, but he soon died, after naming his young half-brother Peter as his successor. The imbecile Ivan nominally reigned

with the latter; and their sister Sophia, with her favourite, Prince Galitzin, ruled all.

Peter could endure no brother near the throne like Ivan; still less a superior, like Sophia. The first was quietly got rid of; the latter stood more obstinately in her half-brother's way, supported by the Strelitzes, or guards, who had made of her, virtually, an Empress. Ultimately, however, Peter subdued all his opponents. He compelled Sophia to shave her head and retire to a monastery; and he destroyed the arrogant soldiery by whom her cause had been espoused. When such of the Strelitzes who had not been assassinated, were being judicially executed, they were called by name, one after the other, to the block. At length the turn came of a youthful soldier named Orel. He boldly advanced, and as the heads of his dead comrades impeded his way to the block, he put them aside with his feet, saying, "Make room, comrades, I am coming to join you." His boldness won for him his life; and Peter, ennobling his name of Orel (Eagle) by an additional syllable, subsequently bestowed on him the dignity which is now worn by his descendant, Count Orloff.

Peter the Great reigned alone from the year 1689 to 1725. He was the founder of St. Petersburg; he raised the country to a position it had never hitherto attained, and he was the first of the Czars who assumed the title of Emperor. His consort, the great Catherine, reigned two years after his death; and at her decease, the throne was occupied by Peter II., the grandson of Peter the Great. After a brief reign of nearly three years, the early death of Peter II. left the throne open to Anne, the younger daughter of the last-named Ivan. The names of Anne and Biron, Duke of Courland, are inseparable. Her acts were, in a great measure, the result of his influence. Her reign was marked by her intrigues in Poland, her successful wars against Turkey and Tartary, and her injustifiable invasion of the Crimea.

Anne adopted the daughter of her sister, the Duchess of Mecklenburg. This adopted child married Ulric, Duke of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel, and their son was the unfortunate Ivan VI. On the deposition of Ivan (1740), Elizabeth, daughter of Peter the Great, seized on the crown, which she wore during twenty-one years. In 1762 she was succeeded by Peter III., son of Anne (daughter of Peter the Great) and the Duke of Holstein-Gottorp. The deposition and murder of Peter III. will be found noticed in a subsequent page. These acts raised her who committed them, Catherine (II.), the consort of Peter, to the throne; a position which she occupied for the long period of thirty-four years. She left an enlarged dominion to her son Paul, A.D. 1796. At the end of five years, the murdered Paul was succeeded by his son Alexander, who dealt very tenderly with the assassins of his father. At the end of twenty-four years, Alexander having died, and his next brother, Constantine, having resigned, the Czar Nicholas was raised to the throne. The reign of Nicholas extended to thirty years; at the end of which period, the Czar died, broken-hearted at the failure of all his attempts to subdue Turkey, or to vanquish the allies of a state which Nicholas thought he held at his mercy. In 1855, Alexander II. was proclaimed Czar, and in September, 1856, he was crowned, amid circumstances of much barbaric pomp, at Moscow. Alexander II. is the sixteenth sovereign of the House of Romanoff.

IVAN VI.

"There is a majesty which awakens our reverence more than that of the crown,—the majesty of woe."—EMILIE CARLÉN.

WHEN Biron, Duke of Courland, was the reigning favourite in the Court of the Czarina Anne, his ambition prompted him to aspire to be the successor of his mistress! The latter had adopted the daughter of her sister, the Duchess of Mecklenburg. The young lady's name was Catherine; but, on becoming the adopted daughter of the Czarina, she changed her baptismal appellation, and assumed that of her new "mother." Thenceforth, at Court, she was called the Princess Anne.

In 1733, the authoress of "Letters from a Lady who resided some years in Russia, to her Friends in England," speaks of the then youthful Princess as a child, "not very handsome, and has such natural bashfulness, that no judgment can be formed what she will be." The Princess was only twelve years old at the period of her adoption. In 1731, the whole nation had already taken an oath to acknowledge her as the successor of the reigning Czarina; and even then, the youthful heiress-apparent was named as the destined bride of Ulric, Duke of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel.

On days of public ceremony, the youthful Princess, and the Princess Elizabeth, her great after-enemy, occupied thrones on either side of that on which the Czarina was seated. The young Prince Ulric had been brought to Russia, in order that he might be educated with the Princess,

who was to be his bride, and in the hope that the early intimacy would ripen into a sincere attachment. His lot was considered one of the most brilliant upon earth. "Fortune," says Manstein, "was opening her arms to place him on the pinnacle of happiness; but time showed that he arrived only for his own misfortune and that of others."

Ulric was a fair, effeminate-looking lad, on whom his youthful spouse-elect looked with a feeling very much akin to contempt. He was somewhat stiff and awkward of carriage,—a defect that was the result of timidity and awe at the lofty position to which he had been called by the Czarina.

The idea of his marriage with the "Lady Anne" was highly distasteful to Biron. The latter was the grandson of a groom named Van Büren,—a name which he "Frenchified," when he saw the path of nobility opening to him. His views were now of the most aspiring. "Last week," says the lady letter-writer, in 1739, "the ambitious Duke of Courland waited on the Princess, and told her, he came from her Majesty, to tell her she must marry either the Prince of Brunswick, or his (Biron's) son, the Prince of Courland. She said, her Majesty's commands she should always obey, though in this, she owned, with reluctance, for she had rather be shot than marry either; but that if she must marry one, she chose the Prince of Brunswick. You will guess the Duke was mortified."

A world of formality ensued, and preparatory ceremonies were gone through, which had very much the aspect of a "ballet." The betrothal was especially dramatic. On the 30th of July, 1739, when the Czarina was seated on the throne in the great gallery, "the Prince came in to thank her for giving him the Princess. He was dressed in a white satin suit of clothes, embroidered with gold; his own fair hair, which is very long, curled, and all loose; and I could not help thinking he looked like a victim. Then the

Grand Marshal and the Prince Czerkaskoi led in the Princess, who stepped just before her Majesty; and she told her that she had given her consent to the Prince, that he should have her for his wife. On this, the Princess clasped her hands round her aunt's (the Czarina's) neck, and burst into tears. Her Majesty stood some time with a grave composure, but at length melted into tears also. At last, the Ambassador took hold of the Empress, and the Great Marshal of the Princess. Her Majesty composed herself, and took a ring from the Princess, another from the Prince, and changing them, presented hers to him, and his to her. She then tied his picture round her niece's arm, kissed them both, and wished them joy. The Princess Elizabeth came then to salute the bride, and embraced her in an agony of tears; but the Empress pulled her away, and the Princess retired, to make way for the others to kiss her hand, she all the while weeping; the Prince supported her, and really looked a little silly at all this passion of tears. Her Majesty soon withdrew, and the company went home to prepare for the wedding next day."

The wedding was not accomplished without a vast amount of cumbersome ceremony. The bride "was dressed in a stiffened gown of silver stuff, embroidered with silver, the stomacher all diamonds, and a little coronet of diamonds, and a great many between the curls of her hair, which is black, so that the jewels looked well in it." The whole matter, —processions, matrimonial service, and processions again,— consumed eleven hours, from nine in the morning, till eight at night, when a nuptial banquet was served, at which there were many so worn out with fatigue as to be scarcely able to sit upright. A ball followed the banquet, from which the jaded revellers wended homeward in the broad sunlight of a July morning. "On the following Saturday, the Empress and all the company dined at the new married couple's apartments, where was the ceremony of their *waiting at table*,

which it is usual for the bride and bridegroom in that country to do; and thus ended this grand wedding."

On this wedding Biron looked with the most intense disgust; nor was this feeling mitigated when the Princess Anne became mother of a Prince,—the unhappy Ivan. The intrigues of the indefatigable noble were not however altogether unsuccessful. It was in consequence of these that Ivan was declared next heir to the throne; and Biron was nominated to the office of Regent, in the event of the Czarina Anne dying before the little Prince had attained his majority. It was further stated that, failing Ivan, or Ivan's brother, Biron was to exercise the power of proposing a new Czar, for the sanction of the States. On the 17th of October, 1740, the Czarina Anne died. It was in her reign that a corps of Muscovite troops was seen, for the first time, on the banks of the Rhine. They appeared there, as allies of Austria against France. The dying Czarina solemnly nominated Ivan VI. as her successor. The boy was then two months old. The Czarina also fixed the majority of the young Czar at eighteen years of age.

Within three weeks from the accession of the unconscious baby Ivan VI., the active mother of the little sovereign, arrested and sent into exile, not only Biron, but several members of his family. His friend Field-Marshal Münnich carried him off from his bed, and Münnich helped the mother of Ivan to assume the vacant office of Regent.

Anne of Brunswick, and her husband Ulric, were constantly at issue on the system of policy to be adopted. Münnich supported "her Imperial Highness the Grand Duchess;" Ostermann was the head of the party who sustained the policy of the grand Duke. In addition to these two factions, there was a third, that of Elizabeth, the youngest daughter of Peter the Great. This last party looked upon Elizabeth as the rightful sovereign of Russia. That Princess was too indolent to put forward her own claims; and Anne, jealous

as she was, of all interference with her authority, was too amiable to suspect her kinswoman of disloyalty, and too self-confident to believe that her son's throne was endangered.

Something more than a year had thus passed, when the birth-day of Elizabeth, the 18th of December, 1741, came round. Anne sent her a pair of costly bracelets. The child-Czar, Ivan, dropped into her lap a gold snuff-box with the Imperial Eagle. At this very time, her friends were projecting the deposition of the innocent Sovereign and the elevation of Elizabeth in his place. The project was not impeded by the dissensions which reigned around the Regent; Anne was cold towards Münnich,—for the sufficient reason that though, by accomplishing the fall of Biron, he had helped her to reign, she could not but hate a traitor guilty of such treachery.

There was a French party also working zealously to pull down both Anne and her son. The party met at the French Ambassador's. The very soul of this faction was a certain Hanoverian, Lestocq, who was, for the nonce, physician to Elizabeth. The latter also received visits from persons who could only be acceptable to that princess as political instruments: they were not of a quality to warrant for them a welcome either as lovers or friends. Ulric was uneasy on hearing of these visits, and talked of shutting up Elizabeth in a monastery. "She would not be the first Russian princess," said the Duke, "who has been so treated, after being proved guilty." The English Ambassador then resident in Russia says, upon this threat, "Of all things in the world, this would not please her; and it might be also a dangerous expedient, for she has not one bit of nun's flesh about her, and she is extremely well-beloved and very popular."

The popularity of Elizabeth saved her from being put into confinement. The intellect, penetration, amiability, and humanity of Anne, on the other hand, in nowise tended to place her son in greater security. Besides, her own reserved manners rendered her unpopular.

A suggestion was made to arrest Lestocq; but, despotic as the Government was, this step appeared too hazardous. A truly Russian idea got possession of the mind of Ostermann: he proposed that Lestocq should be made so drunk at dinner as to cause him to betray his confidential secrets. But this plan also proved abortive. The best system would have been to have rendered Elizabeth contented, by furnishing her with ample revenues. Like Christina, she held that the greatest pleasure to be derived from money was in spending it upon pleasure. She was kept ill-provided; and Lestocq not only improved the opportunity thus offered to him, but spoke indiscreetly in Russian society. His words were, of course, reported at Court, but the Regent Anne refused to disbelieve in the treachery of the daughter of Peter the Great. It was only on the receipt of a letter from Breslau, in Silesia, in which information was given of the organization of a plot to dethrone the youthful Czar, that Anne became convinced of the peril which surrounded her. *After* conviction, came doubt; and then, in a burst of foolish enthusiasm and confidence, she placed the letter before Elizabeth herself. That little-scrupulous lady shed tears, looked up to Heaven, and, with that alacrity for mendacity which has been so common in the Russian Sovereigns, she protested that the details of the letter were wretched calumny.

The fact is, that every detail was true, but Elizabeth affected to believe that the season had not yet arrived for the accomplishment of the design. Lestocq was, doubtless, aware of the interview which had taken place between the two ladies, on the 23rd of November, 1741. Within twenty-four hours, the "body-physician" of Elizabeth entered her apartment, with professional confidence. He placed in her hand a card. On one side was represented a female figure, wearing an Imperial crown. On the other, was the same figure, the face covered with a conventual veil, and surrounded by instruments of torture. Elizabeth looked at the double

illustration, and then at Lestocq. "Madam," said the conspirator, "you have but to make your choice,—a crown or a nunnery."

The Princess, who had, the day before, called the angels to witness the pure loyalty of her conduct and intentions, was not long in coming to a decision. At one o'clock in the morning of the 25th of November, she left her apartments, accompanied by three individuals, of whom Lestocq was one. They proceeded to a neighbouring barracks, where their coming was expected. Three hundred Grenadiers, with fixed bayonets, and grenades in their pouches, awaited *them* and their orders. Elizabeth, throwing off her indolence, placed herself at their head, and led them to the Imperial palace. There, too, everything denoted that they came not unexpected. They had no difficulty in rendering themselves masters of all the outlets. This done, Elizabeth and a chosen few repaired to the sleeping apartments of the Imperial family. The little Czar and his little sister were asleep in their respective "cribs;" their parents were equally unconscious, in their own bed-chamber. Elizabeth aroused the whole party, consigned them to arrest, and, with a person designated as "the favourite Julia Mengden," ordered the illustrious prisoners to be conveyed to her own house.

Meanwhile, all the chief adherents of the fallen family were also secured. Elizabeth returned to her own residence to look upon the more illustrious captives; and these heard her proclaimed "Empress" by the soldiery, horse and foot, assembled in the street, and who hailed with shouts the announcement made to them that the members of the nobility, within the house, had resolved that the throne was vacant, and that it should be occupied by Elizabeth.

The change was complete. The French Ambassador, who had secretly brought it about, became virtually the Prime-Minister of Russia. Lestocq was raised to the rank of Privy Councillor, which put him on an equality with a General-in-

Chief. The new Czarina also conferred on him a pension of 7000 roubles a year; and she presented him with her picture, set in jewels, of the value of 20,000 roubles. He wore it about his neck, attached to a blue ribbon,—till he went the way of all men in Russia, who have too peculiar claims in the gratitude of the Sovereign,—namely, to Siberia.

Before we follow the unfortunate principals in this drama, some notice is due to the subordinates. A commission, over which Elizabeth herself secretly presided,—at which she was present, but invisible,—sent Münnich, Ostermann, and five others to the scaffold. The last-named was the first who was placed on the platform, seated in a chair. He stood, however, dignified by his grey whiskers and his long beard and his noble bearing, while his alleged crimes were read over at great length, and the sentence which condemned him to suffer the penalty of death. He then reseated himself. The soldiers immediately dragged him from his seat, towards one of the blocks, by each of which was an axe. The executioner approached the kneeling old man, made bare his head, unbuttoned his shirt-collar, tore open the neck of his night-gown, and then bade him place his head on the block. When Ostermann had calmly obeyed the order, an officer stooped and informed him that her Majesty had commuted the capital punishment for that of perpetual exile. The old man made a nod with his head, as if he approved of that fact, yet was a little indifferent, and rising, said, "Very well, then be so good as to give me my wig and cap again!" These he quietly fitted to his head, lately in such peril, and then carefully pulled together his night-gown, fastened his shirt-collar, and went away, as if nothing extraordinary had happened. A similar process was observed towards the other alleged criminals.

The deposed Czar and his family were despatched to the fortress of Riga, and there kept in close confinement. In that portion of the 'State-Papers,' published by Von Raumer, having reference to this matter, we find it recorded that "a

subaltern officer was sent after the deposed Czar and his parents, to give one of the Grand Duchess's chamber-maids the knout, without saying why, and immediately returned."

It is said that when the young Ivan heard the acclamations which hailed the enthronement of his successor, he clapped his infantine hands, and crowed for joy. Elizabeth looked on him with a feeling of compassion, and exclaimed, "Poor child! thou little knowest thou art joining in the noise that is raised at thy undoing." Her compassion did not prevent her from sending this 'poor child' into rigorous captivity, in which he remained during the rest of his unhappy life.

A year and a half were spent by the wretched, although united, family in the fortress of Riga. They fared miserably, but underwent the hardships to which they were exposed—and these embraced insufficiency of food and clothing—with dignity. The Grand Duchess, Anne, was grievously ill, in addition to other miseries; but her spirit was so far from broken that, ill as she was, impatient too as her husband was at his confinement, and detrimental as the close imprisonment was to her children, she refused an offer to transfer all the captives to more pleasant exile in Germany, on condition of her renouncing all right to the crown. This refusal was followed by an aggravation of their suffering. They were transported to Dünamünde, and on their way they were plundered of their valuable effects by the Guards, under whose escort they were conveyed from one dungeon to another. The brutality of the soldiers who watched over them at Dünamünde was so unmanly and continual, as to prove that it had the sanction of the highest authority. The impatience of Ulric, too, increased the general misery. He reproached his wife with having concealed from him the letter from Breslau, but for which act of folly their son might have been upon the throne. She endeavoured to reconcile him to his lot, and the caresses of the deposed Czar were added to win a smile from him. The condition of the prisoners at Düna-

münde was ameliorated before they changed that scene of captivity for another; and there was born that charming Princess Catherine, whose death may be in the memory of many persons now living.

The next change, from Dünamünde to Ranienburg, was an agreeable one. They were still captives, but they were under the guardianship of a man who was not a mere gaoler,—an officer named Korf. This humane governor did his utmost to render the lives of his captives as tolerable as life can be, without liberty. In doing this, however, he went beyond his instructions. When it was known at St. Petersburg that Korf had a heart that could feel for his prisoners, he was removed. This was bad enough, but worse attended it. The Grand Duchess and her family were suddenly transported to the little town of Cholmogori, situated on an island of the Dvina, about fifty miles south of Archangel. The mother at least would have been indifferent to this transportation, but Ivan did not accompany her. Mother and child were separated, because the boy, now in his sixth year, alleviated the wretchedness of captivity, by his artless conversation and amiable ways; and because he was beginning to be old enough to receive from his mother instructions which Elizabeth considered could well be dispensed with.

The poor little prisoner, thus abandoned, was not entirely without friends. A good monk, with a stout heart beneath his gaberdine, and a clear head under his cowl, actually succeeded in escaping from the fortress with the too happy boy,—and much to the consternation of his keepers. The fugitives even got as far as Smolensk, but there they were captured. The brave monk's fate was swift and secret. The trembling little ex-Czar was flung into the fortress of Schlüsselburg,—and, for ever!

The treatment to which he was subjected was, in the extreme, horrible. This poor child was shut up in total dark-

ness; the seclusion was so complete, that this victim of "holy Russia" was unconscious of the changes of day and night. His consciousness of other changes was also imperfect. He was altogether neglected. He was buried alive; and terror of the dreadful loneliness rendered him partially imbecile. Twice only, it is said, he saw the daylight during his protracted captivity. On each occasion he was taken in a close carriage to St. Petersburg, for Elizabeth to look at him and contemplate her work. He probably knew nothing of where he was, nor before whom he stood or lay. The personage who spoke to him, and endeavoured to make him speak in return, was in male attire. Elizabeth was fond of this disguise, and she would have been well pleased had England sent her the Order of the Garter, that she might have worn it, after the fashion of the Knights Companions.

"In St. Petersburg," says Du Swart, as cited by Von Raumer, "Ivan III. was placed in a good house, belonging to a widow of the Secretary of the Secret Police. He is closely watched. The Empress had him brought to the Winter Palace, and saw him. She was dressed in man's clothes." It has been said that Elizabeth saw him but once; and that there was some question as to whether Ivan or his parents should be declared next in succession to the throne. This last matter, however, is more than doubtful. If the question was ever entertained, it was soon dismissed, and Ivan was again plunged into the foul air, the darkness, and the terrors of his dungeon. Here the pale prisoner had no other amusement, as years came on, but in passing his fingers through his long beard, which grew prematurely. This was his sole pleasure and occupation.

The hopes of the friends of Ivan,—if he had friends, and *they* had hopes,—of a succession to the throne, were annihilated when Peter, grandson of Peter I., and son of the Russian Princess Anne and the Duke of Holstein-Gottorp, was declared Grand Duke of Russia, and heir-presumptive to the Empire.

By this Peter, after his accession to the throne, the unhappy captive of Schlüsselburg was once visited. The material condition of the prisoner had then improved. Peter III. was accompanied by Baron Korf, and one or two other confidential persons; and the visit was made in great secrecy. Peter wore the costume of a subaltern. The visitors found the captive in an orderly room, plain but clean. Ivan was very simply dressed, but his clothes were also clean, as was his person. Peter asked him who he was; and he readily answered that he was the Czar Ivan. On being questioned as to how he knew *that*, his reply was that he had been told so by his parents, and also by the soldiers who guarded him. The poor prisoner remembered his parents, spoke of them with considerable feeling and animation, and deplored their hard and unmerited fate, as well as his own. Ivan also recalled to mind that there was, at one period of their common imprisonment, a humane officer who held them in custody. He was asked if he thought he should know that officer again. To this query, he returned a reply in the negative; he added however that he very well remembered the officer's name, and that it was Korf. The latter was so affected at hearing these details, that he was obliged to retire for a moment, lest he should be betrayed by his emotion.

Peter III. also evinced some sympathy for the sufferings of Ivan. He ordered a small separate house to be built and furnished for his use; and, by his command, the comforts of the poor prisoner were materially increased.

This dissolute but well-intentioned Czar might have continued to occupy the throne of Ivan undisturbed, but for two circumstances. He robbed the Church as well as secular Corporations, and he manifested symptoms of an inclination to depose and divorce his wife, the celebrated Catherine II., and to marry his mistress. When this concatenation of circumstances presented itself, it was broken through by the very vigorous proceeding of the Czarina.

Her chief instruments were Orloff and Potemkin. These headed a conspiracy against Peter, of which there were many members, and among them the Archbishop of Novgorod. In July, 1762, Peter was at Oranienbaum, with a dissolute company. Catherine was at Peterhoff, which she left at the instigation of Orloff, hurried to the capital, made appeal to the soldiery, was received with acclamations, and was crowned Czarina, by the Right-reverend Archbishop.

Within a few days, the undecisive Peter fell into her power, and was thrown, after signing an act of abdication, into the fortress of Rostopol. He only requested that he might have the company of a favourite Negro, his Bible, and a fiddle. From such a prison to a grave was a natural consequence. Catherine felt uneasy at the consciousness of a reaction having taken place in Peter's favour. Decisive action was speedily adopted. Alexander Orloff and others repaired to Peter, gave him reason to hope that his freedom was at hand, proposed a carouse in honour of the event, and poisoned the Czar in a glass of brandy. Death however tarried too long for their impatience, and Orloff strangled or suffocated the unhappy sovereign.

Announcement of the death was made to Catherine as she was at table. She affected to be much overcome. On the 20th of July, the following notification was made to the foreign Ambassadors :—"The Imperial Ministry of Russia think themselves obliged to inform the foreign Ministers, that the *ci-devant* Emperor, having had a violent colic, with which he was frequently incommoded, died yesterday!"

In August, 1762, Walpole writes to Lord Strafford, "We throw away a whole summer in writing Britons and North-Britons; the Russians change sovereigns faster than Mr. Wilkes can choose a motto for his paper. What years were spent here in controversy on the abdication of King James and the legitimacy of the Pretender! Commend me to the Czarina! They doubted—that is, her husband did—whether

her children were of genuine blood-royal. She appealed to the Preobrajenski Guards,—excellent casuists; and to prove Duke Paul heir to the crown, assumed it herself. The proof was compendious and unanswerable."

In a letter to Mann, of the same month, Walpole notices a report that Peter III. had named Ivan as his successor. Catherine had the courage to allow the body of her murdered husband to lie in state in the church of St. Alexander Nevski. The marks of a violent death were visible to every spectator; but the throne of the Czarina was not affected by it. She issued a manifesto, which, as Walpole remarked, "made one shudder. This modern Athaliah, who has the modesty not to name her murdered *husband*, in that light, calls him *her neighbour!* and, as if all the world were savages, like Russians, pretends that he died suddenly of a distemper that never was expeditious, mocks Heaven with pretensions to charity and piety, and heaps the additional inhumanity on the man she has dethroned and assassinated, of imputing his death to a judgment from Providence. In short, it is the language of usurpation and blood, counselled and apologized for by clergymen! It is Brunehault and an archbishop!" It is the system of mendacity and blasphemy which is still in favour at St. Petersburg, as "the system of Catherine."

Two years later, another murder was added to the register of crime. The existence of Ivan was a source of annoyance to the Czarina. It is in some degree uncertain whether the conspiracy of Mirovitch had the sanction or co-operation of Catherine or not. It was so organized as to carry with it an air of being approved. Mirovitch, on the 4th of July, 1764, accompanied by some sixty soldiers, forcibly entered the fortress of Schlüsselburg, and, after some opposition, made their way towards the chamber of Ivan. In that apartment, two officers resided with the captive. Mirovitch was well aware that these officers had received orders to slay Ivan, in case of any attempt made to rescue him. While

Mirovitch and his followers were endeavouring to batter in the door of the chamber, the two officers proceeded to perform their mission of slaughter. They fell upon their most hapless victim with their sabres, furiously shrieking the while. The wretched Ivan fought for his life with as much energy as if it had been worth contending for. He at first implored for mercy, but, finding this refused, he struggled fiercely, although unarmed. His hand was gashed again and again, by his attempts to seize the sabre of one of his antagonists; but he succeeded in his object at last, although not till his body was covered with wounds. While one antagonist was contending with him for the sword which Ivan had now broken in two, the other stabbed the bleeding prisoner from behind. He immediately fell, and then he was hurriedly despatched with a few bayonet-thrusts. The door was then thrown open, and Mirovitch, expressing disappointment, surrendered himself a prisoner. On the following day, the corpse of the most innocent of deposed monarchs was publicly exposed, attired in a sailor's dress. It excited a universal sympathy and silent indignation. Mirovitch was tried for treason, but he behaved with such indifference at the trial as to appear certain of a verdict, as a matter of course. He was found guilty, but he went to the scaffold with the careless gait of a man who feels that he is only going through an empty formality, and that safety is at the end of it. Nevertheless he was executed; nor was it likely that Catherine would spare such a tool or confederate.

"It is well for me I am not a Russian," is the comment of Walpole, in August, 1764, to Lord Hertford; "I should certainly be knouted. The murder of the young Czar Ivan has sluiced again all my abhorrence of the Czarina. What a devil in a diadem! I wonder they can spare such a principal performer from Hell!"—"I have almost wept for poor Ivan," remarks the same writer, in a letter to Mann; "I shall soon begin to believe that Richard III. murdered as

many folks as his Lancastrian historians say he did. I expect that this Fury will poison her son next, lest Semiramis should have the bloody honour of being more unnatural!"

A few words will serve to describe the fate of the family of Ivan. After their removal to Cholmogori, the ex-regent, Anne, gave birth to a son, Peter, in 1745; and she died, after giving birth to another son, Alexis, in 1746. The prisoners resided in an isolated and well-secured dwelling.. They were strictly guarded, and their seclusion, except on rare occasions of a drive, or a walk in the adjacent gardens, was complete. They had no books, save a few tracts. What instruction the father could impart to the children was done verbally. If any of the captives fell ill, they were obliged to send fifty miles, for permission to consult a physician! Hard indeed was the fate of these high-born and innocent victims!

After a lapse of a score of years, Catherine offered to send Ulric, in freedom, to Germany, on condition of his leaving his children behind him, in Russia. The father refused to purchase liberty at such a cost.. He lived on in confinement, surrounded by his legitimate and illegitimate children, till the year 1776, when he died, after thirty-five years of imprisonment, and at the age of sixty-two. During the succeeding three years, his surviving children were treated with great barbarity. The Courts of Vienna, Berlin, and Brunswick, in vain implored the clemency of Catherine. She remained unmoved till the Privy Councillor, Melgoonoff, presented to her a letter written by the Princess Elizabeth. The humane bearer supported the prayer of the letter with a warmth which merited the success by which it was attended.

Melgoonoff announced to the bewildered prisoners that they were free, well provided for, and that a frigate awaited them at Archangel, to transport them to Norway. They were so terrified at the idea of visiting distant lands, that

they requested permission to remain during life at Cholmogori, but in a condition of freedom.

Their terror however was easily overcome; and they joyfully pursued their way, of some length, and by more than one voyage, to Horsens, in Jutland, their assigned residence. There was an ostentatious prodigality in all that was provided for them. This was not a consequence of compassion: this course was adopted in order to persuade the world that the prisoners had never been subjected to cruel treatment. Even now, they had one great source of sorrow, in the fact that the illegitimate children of Ulric were compelled to remain behind in Russia.

The little Court maintained by the Princes and Princesses, who had spent nearly forty years in captivity, was modest, becoming, and dignified. They sought not society, for their course of life had unfitted them for mingling much with an intellectual brotherhood. They did not long remain together. The Princess Elizabeth, overwhelmed with grief at her continual separation from her half-sisters, sank into a decline, and died, two years after she had taken up her residence in this part of Denmark. Prince Alexis died in 1787, to the universal regret of a town where his virtues had procured for him the highest respect. This tribute, indeed, was deservedly rendered to the entire family, the last member of which, the Princess Catherine, survived till the year 1807. These children of misfortune all lie within one tomb, in the church at Horsens; where a plain black monument bears the record of the merits and misfortunes of the family of the unhappy and innocent Czar, Ivan VI.

SOVEREIGNS OF RUSSIA.

From Ruric (862) to Jurie, or George I. (1155), who built Moscow, there were seventeen Dukes of Kiev. To these follow sixteen Grand Dukes of Vladimir, ending with Jurie, or George III., in 1325. The succeeding sovereigns, nine in number, bore the title of Grand Dukes of Moscow. In 1517 commences the list of

CZARS OF MUSCOVY.

A.D.

1547. Ivan (IV.) Vasilievitch.
1584. Feodor I., poisoned.
1598. Boris.
1606. Feodor II.
1606. Demetrius the Impostor.
1608. Vasili Shuiski.
INTERREGNUM.
1613. Michael Feodorovitch, of the House of Romanoff.
1645. Alexis.
1676. Feodor III.
1682. Ivan, Peter I. } brothers of Feodor.
1789. Peter alone. He took the title of Emperor in 1708.
1725. Catherine I.
1727. Peter II., grandson of Peter I.
1730. Anne, daughter of Ivan V.
1740. IVAN VI., deposed.
1741. Elizabeth.
1762. PETER III., deposed and murdered.
1762. Catherine II.
1796. Paul, murdered.
1801. Alexander, 1825. Nicholas } sons of Paul.
1855. Alexander II., son of Nicholas.

Sardinia.

"Alas for Kings, if state and throne,
If splendour and monarchal pride,
Were all that royal minds could own;
Or crowns and fawning courts provide."

R. MONTGOMERY.

THE Kingdom of Sardinia is only one hundred and thirty-eight years old. It dates from the year 1718, when the Duke Victor Amadeus assumed the royal title and dignity. At the accession of the present monarch, Victor Emanuel II., in 1849, eight kings had preceded him; and of these, just one-half had abdicated. The island from which the little kingdom takes its name, has been the abiding-place, successively, of Phœnicians and Greeks, before the Christian era; of Romans, both before and after; and, since then, of Moors and Spaniards. The latter finally established Christianity there in the fourteenth century, when Alphonso IV., of Arragon, became master of the island. After a Spanish sovereignty of nearly four centuries, it fell before an English naval force in 1708; was recovered nine years later; and in 1720 was ceded by Spain to Victor Amadeus, in exchange for Sicily. Sicily had been ceded to Victor Amadeus, Duke of Savoy, in 1713, by the Treaty of Utrecht. After a tenure of seven years, this exchange was gladly made by the Duke, who, in the meantime, had assumed the regal dignity.

Savoy itself, after being a Roman province, being subjected by the Alemanni, possessed by the Franks, and shar-

ing in the revolutions of Switzerland till 1040, was in that year conferred, by the Emperor Conrad, on Hubert, Earl of Savoy. About four hundred years later, the Emperor Sigismund made of the Earldom a Duchy. At the end of three centuries more, the Duke became a King.

The first King resigned his crown to his son, in 1730. He repented of the act, attempted to recover what he had given up, was captured, and died in prison, in 1732. From that period to 1796, three successive Kings kept their Court at Turin. The Sardinian dominions were then overrun by French Republican troops, and Charles Emanuel II. resigned his crown to his brother Victor Emanuel I., in 1802. Three years later, the kingdom was united to Napoleon's kingdom of Italy, but was restored, with Genoa annexed, to Victor Emanuel, in 1814. He wore the crown till 1821, when he resigned in favour of Charles Felix. He died in 1824. Charles Felix was succeeded by his nephew, Charles Albert, in 1831. The last-named monarch placed himself at the head of the cause of Italian regeneration, and defeated the Austrians at Goito and Peschiera, in 1848. The victory of the Austrians at Novara, in the subsequent year, led to the abdication of Charles Albert, March 23, 1849. The ex-King retired to Oporto, where, worn out with fatigues and disappointment, he died in July of the same year.

VICTOR AMADEUS I.

RESIGNATION AND REPENTANCE.

"Greatness hath his cankers. Worms and moths
Breed out of too much humour in the things
Which after they consume."—BEN JONSON.

THE first King of Sardinia, the second of the Dukes of Savoy, of the name of Victor Amadeus, was one of the most remarkable men in an age when men of mark abounded. He was a great hero who could never be trusted. His career of heroism and duplicity commenced early. In 1680, when he was fifteen years of age, and Sovereign Duke, he agreed, at the instigation of his mother (Jeanne Marie de Nemours), to marry a Princess of Portugal, who brought in her hand a promise, at least, of the crown of that country. The people of Savoy, however, were terror-stricken at the idea of their native land becoming a Lusitanian viceroyalty; and the young Duke, convinced by their reasoning, issued an order for the arrest of his mother. He had no sooner signed the order, when he proceeded to inform the Dowager-Duchess of what he had done. He immediately signed another, for the arrest of the nobles who had counselled him to reject the Portuguese Princess and to imprison his mother; and, having performed this unexpected feat, he broke off the match, and, before he was out off his teens, married Anne, daughter of Philip, Duke of Orléans, the brother of Louis XIV.

Although he thus became the nephew of the *Grand Monarque* and prosecuted the Vaudois with terrible ferocity, he and the King of France were mutually jealous. Victor was uneasy at the presence of a French army perilously near his frontiers; and Louis was disquieted by the discovery that Victor was secretly negotiating with those enemies of France, William III. of England, and the Duke of Bavaria.

Louis despatched Catinat and 1800 men into Savoy, to demand of the Duke the delivery of certain fortresses, as pledges of his friendship towards France. Victor (in 1690) immediately entered into an alliance with England, Spain, Holland, and the German Empire. War ensued. The best captains of the time took part in it. Among the English allies, were Russel, by sea, and Galloway by land. Campaign followed campaign, with varying fortune; but it may be said of Victor Amadeus, that he was never more hopeful than when he had been thoroughly routed. There are many anecdotes of the war which temptingly present themselves, but which must be passed over, and as many touching the intrigues which at last accomplished a peace. The latter fact can alone be recorded. The treaty was signed in 1696, and the usual satire on the uses of war followed. Victor recovered all his lost towns, and a magnificent compensation. Louis took from Victor only his daughter, Marie Adelaide, who became the wife of the Duke of Burgundy, the son of the Dauphin, and who was the only individual in France who could offend the King with impunity.

After this event, the Duke of Savoy openly joined his forces with those of France. When the Spanish throne became vacant in 1700, and Austria and France disputed the prize, Victor took the side of the stronger party, and gave his second daughter, Maria Louisa, to the young Philip V., whom France placed on the Spanish throne. In the war of the succession, "Monsieur de Savoie," as Louis XIV. used insolently to call him, was once engaged in a particular

contest, from which he issued sorely mauled and shaken. This result had been foretold him by an astrologer, and from that day forward, Victor Amadeus believed in the ruling of the stars.

The Duke again grew uneasy at the power and vicinity of one neighbour—France; entered into an alliance with another—Germany; England and Holland were with him; and of course France took prompt measures to destroy the coalition. Catinat, Villeroi, Vendôme, and Berwick were on the French side; but Eugene was on the other; and although for a time the destruction of the Duchy seemed inevitable, a victory was gained in the eleventh hour, which recovered all that was lost. The recovery was not immediate, and it was retarded by the treachery of Austria. It came nevertheless, and therewith a desire on all sides, not least on that of England, for peace. The treaty of Utrecht added to the possessions of Savoy the Island of Sicily, with the title of King, now surrendered by Spain, "in the interests of peace."

The new King disobliged his old subjects, by leaving Turin for Palermo (in 1713), and he had little felicity among his new liegemen. His endeavour to render them ecclesiastically free of Rome, destroyed his and their tranquillity. His happiness was further affected by the death of his son, by smallpox. The astrologers had foretold that the Prince would recover, and poor King Victor reproached the physicians for killing a youth whom the stars had decreed should survive!

From 1713 to 1718, there were perpetual intrigues on the part of Spain to recover Sicily,—on that of Germany to have it surrendered to the Empire, and annexed to the Kingdom of Italy. Finally, came the treaty of 1720, by which Sardinia (lately captured by the Spaniards) was restored to the Emperor of Germany, who surrendered it to Victor in exchange for Sicily. This treaty restored King Victor Amadeus to Turin. During ten years, the King of Sardinia

was the most popular, most active, and most beneficent of monarchs. In 1730, he astounded his subjects, however, by the expression of his desire to resign his crown.

Victor had reaped a harvest of glory, but he sat beneath the shadow of many sorrows. He was weary of greatness, and he longed for, or fancied he longed for, the easy hours of privacy. His Queen had died in 1728, but Victor consoled himself by espousing the widowed Countess Sebastiani. For this derogation, the romantic apology is offered, that he had loved the lady in her youth, and now, with half a hundred years on her brow, the old King, who was then sixty-four, took her to wife, and created her Marchioness of Spigno.

Neither tears, which are invariably shed in history, nor entreaties, could move the King from his design. The ceremony of abdication was, however, one of great pomp. On September 3rd, 1730, in the hall of the Castle of Rivoli, Victor Amadeus assembled around him the male Princes of his family, the Ministers, and the nobles of his realm. With some solemnity, and with dignified self-possession, he requested all to listen attentively. He needed time, he said, for reflection, between the troubles he had incurred as a sovereign, and the tribunal at which he should have to stand as a man. Much more was said to the same purpose, before the act was read, by which he made over the crown to his ungainly son, Charles Emanuel. When this was done, he descended from his seat, conducted his son to the throne, and was the first to render him homage, by hailing him as King, and kissing his hand. He stood by while this service was rendered by all present, and then addressed Charles Emanuel in terms of admirable wisdom and warm affection. At the conclusion, the ex-monarch, now only Count of Tenda, requested the new King to introduce him to his Royal Consort. Hand in hand, they proceeded to the apartment of the Queen (Polyxena of Hesse). As they entered, there entered also, by another door, the lady who had been

lady-in-waiting to the late Queen, and who was now her successor as the wife of Victor Amadeus. The last-named personage took her by the hand, and leading her to the Queen, said:—"Madam, I present here to your Majesty, a lady, who has been pleased to sacrifice the remainder of her days to me, and to pass them in my company. Should she survive me, I warmly commend her, her sons, brothers, and entire family, to your protection." The Countess of Tenda bent her knee to the Queen, but the latter raised her, kissed her affectionately, and presented her to the new King, who received her with similar demonstrations of kindness.

On the following day, Charles Emanuel escorted his father and the Countess on the way to Chambéry, which the latter had chosen for their residence. Victor carried with him gold and jewels to the amount of four millions of francs, and he had reserved to himself and wife an annuity of fifty thousand crowns. From the couple thus endowed, the new King and his company parted with evidences of honest, hearty feeling on both sides. On being received by the authorities at Chambéry, Victor said to the latter: "Gentlemen, I come among you as a simple citizen, will you bid me welcome under that name?"

He lived in a truly simple and citizen-like style. He refused to entertain an aide-de-camp, or to have a sentinel at his door. One carriage and a single pair of horses formed all his equipage. A *valet*, four other men-servants, and a couple of cook-maids, formed the whole of his household. The Countess of Tenda began to think that she had been a far greater lady when she was in waiting on the deceased Queen.

Charles Emanuel frequently visited his father, the "simple citizen." Sometimes it was to take counsel of him; at others, out of filial affection. On one occasion, we hear of a fire taking place in the castle, and the two Kings having to leap for life, from their respective beds. On another occasion, Charles Emanuel gave rise to infinite speculation, by

suddenly leaving the castle soon after his arrival there. The old King had clearly imparted some secret to his son, which drove the latter to Turin, to consult with his Ministers.

It will, perhaps, be more easy to discover the source of the disturbed mind of the new King, by remaining at Chambéry, rather than following Charles Emanuel to Turin. The Count and Countess of Tenda assuredly were the least happy of recently married couples. The Countess was indeed liberally provided for. Her husband had conferred on her, lands to the amount of one hundred and fifty thousand crowns, and had secured to her a dowry of "twenty thousand a year." She was, nevertheless, not content. She longed to be a Queen; and she resolved to allow no tranquillity to the aged Victor, until he had resumed his royal authority and conferred on her—what he had not ventured to do before his abdication—a crown. On this subject, there were many and loud controversies. The Countess insisted on the return of the ex-King to Turin. The latter resisted as long as he was able, but he at last gave way. The General who had drubbed Catinat was overthrown by an ex-lady-in-waiting!

The last of these conversations had been overheard by a young priest. He was accidentally in the way, and was somehow hidden from the interlocutors. Of set purpose, however, did Michon (as he was named) set forward to the capital, to inform the King on the throne of the coming of him who was intent upon pushing him from it.

The messenger found Charles at Evian. The message drove the King headlong upon Turin. If there be mortal sights at which the angels weep, there was now one at which they might legitimately have smiled. Old Victor Amadeus, wife-driven, was posting over Mont Cenis, on his way to Turin; his son was galloping by the Pass of the Little St. Bernard, in order to be at the goal before him. The race was won by the son. Victor only entered Rivoli as the artillery of the capital announced the arrival there of Charles Emanuel.

When the two met on the following morning, Victor was

the only one who looked ashamed. He had faced a cannonading from Vendôme, but he could not stand against a son who had just ground of offence against a father. The latter confined himself to pleading ill-health and abusing the air of Savoy. "Your Majesty," said the son, "shall enjoy change of air in my castle of Moncalieri."

At Moncalieri, however, the pseudo-invalid and his wife were more restless and unhappy than ever. They could neither recover their health nor compass their ends. Stratagem had not served them; they resolved to see the effect of a bold stroke of statesmanship,—a *coup d'état* on a small scale.

In the night of the 25th of September, 1731, the ex-King sent for the chief minister, the Marquis del Borgo, and demanded from him the surrender of the deed of abdication. The Marquis affected to be ready to obey, withdrew, and gave immediate notice of what had happened, to the King. The latter, aroused from his sleep, woke up in a fit of unwise generosity. He professed to be prepared to obey his father's desires,—*if* his Ministry and Council approved of his design. There was more prudence than generosity in this, after all!

It is a strange fact that the Ministers were thrown into inexplicable perplexity by this communication. When they assembled around the bedside of Charles Emanuel, they did not presume to oppose his alacrity in rendering obedience to his father's will. There was not a spark of patriotic energy in any of them, save one. Had it not been for the Archbishop Gattinara, Victor would have been back on the throne, and the Countess of Tenda would have been a crowned Queen. The prelate denounced the idea of repealing the Act of Abdication, and counselled the prompt arrest of Victor and his consort.

It was time, for the ex-King had nearly had the start of them. They were yet hesitating on the subject of arresting

the once heroic King of Sardinia, when a note was presented to Charles Emanuel, from the Baron of St. Remy, commandant of the citadel. By this, Charles was informed that Victor had appeared, on horseback, before the citadel of Turin, and had demanded the keys of that fortress. On the respectful but determined refusal of the commandant, "the old King, in a towering passion, had turned his horse's head back to Moncalieri!"

Charles Emanuel burst into tears, but he ordered his father to prison. The order, signed with an unsteady hand, was delivered reluctantly to the Marquis of Ormea. The Marquis, with foot and horse, surrounded the castle of Moncalieri, in the middle of the following night. To four colonels was assigned the honour of arresting the ex-King.

The only difficulty was in getting Victor to awake and comprehend the fact. The colonels reached the royal bedroom without hindrance. The Countess, or Marchioness, for she was called by either title, awoke at the first footstep in her room, but all her screaming could not arouse a heavy sleeper like her husband. This soporific tendency was not the result of heavy drinking. Victor was not like that Duke of Savoy who carried on such orgies in his Castle of Ripaille as to give a new phrase to the French language;—in which *faire Ripaille* stands for all sorts of bacchanalian indulgences. The profound sleep was natural to Victor, who lay unconscious and loudly snoring. The gallant colonels adjured the lady to be silent, but she only leaped from the bed and screamed the louder. Wearied by her obstinacy and clamour, they at length rolled her up in a portion of the bed-covering, and carried her off! She was rigorously examined by the authorities, and then despatched to a nunnery at Carignano.

Meanwhile the somnolent Victor had been sufficiently aroused to be conscious of something extraordinary being in course of transacting, but he could not tell what. It was with great difficulty, after much shaking and irreverent pull-

ing, that they had succeeded in inducing him to open his eyes. He lay on his back for a few moments, with his eyes wide open, but without speculation in them. They then slowly dropped, and he addressed himself again to sleep. Four vigilant colonels were not thus to be defeated by one sleepy man; and returning to the charge, they succeeded in getting the ex-King to sit upright, in which position he only yawned continually, and betrayed symptoms of falling asleep again. He observed however that Colonel Solero had got possession of his sword, which he had left on a table in the chamber. This moved him to demand their purpose, which, when told, speedily awoke him. He burst into a paroxysm of fury, declined to listen to them, and refused to stir from the couch. With as little ceremony as had been observed with his consort, they rolled him up too, in what was left of the bed-clothes, and conveyed him away.

All the peril of the feat was however yet to come. As his bearers carried Victor away, they had to pass the troops. These had been accustomed to hear and heed his voice at the head of his battalions, and that voice could not now appeal to them without reaching their hearts. Symptoms of open mutiny became manifest in both cavalry and infantry; but the Colonel, Count of Perosa, commanded silence, on pain of death, and a roll of the drums drowned the voice of the helpless Victor. He was borne along to a carriage in attendance. He would allow no guardian to enter with him, on the plea of respectful companionship; and alone, locked in, and strictly watched, the hero of many a fight was hurried to the Castle of Rivoli.

He who once had ordered the imprisonment of his own mother, was now the captive of his own son. He endured a harsh captivity, and that with an insane impatience. His fury was that of a madman only, and so also was his strength. With one blow from his uplifted arm, the old and enraged prisoner cracked a marble table which stood in his room, and

which was long exhibited as a sample of his power of stroke. He was debarred from correspondence with his wife, who was in close confinement at Ceva. His servants were taken from him; and altogether his condition was so pitiable that the principal Kings of Europe interceded on behalf of one who at least *had been* their fellow, and often their superior. For a time, this mediation was disregarded, and Charles Emanuel published a manifesto in explanation and defence of the course he had taken. Subsequently however the fury of the enraged King gradually subsided. It was succeeded by a profound melancholy. He was now treated with respect, but the vigilance of his guards never slackened. He who in dire straits had contrived in former days to make them only stepping-stones, not merely to safety but to glory, might still be feigning with some selfish end in view. But the melancholy of the prisoner increased; his health began rapidly to give way, and when at length his wife, the cause of his condition, was allowed to share his captivity and alleviate his misery, the boon, though acceptable, came almost too late to be of service. Nevertheless he found some solace in her company, and in that of his books, till mind and body seemed irretrievably failing. Ere that end came, he expressed a desire to be personally reconciled with the son who had given him captivity for a crown. A priest conveyed the message to Charles Emanuel, who prepared to obey his father's last will. But policy arrested affection; and either by the counsel of his ministers, or the entreaties of his consort, the son declined to visit his father,—yet sent to him messages of affectionate greeting. The message brought tears to the eyes of the dying parent, who was removed to Moncalieri in the last months of his captivity, and there died, on the last day of October, 1732, in the sixty-seventh year of his age. In the words of Justin, applied to Artaxerxes, Victor Amadeus was "rex quam pater felicior" —more happy as a monarch than as a father.

THREE CROWNLESS KINGS.

"Nihil rerum mortalium tam instabile ac fluxum quam fama potentiæ non suâ vi nixæ."—TACITUS.

VICTOR AMADEUS II. was unable to resist a conqueror too powerful for the armies of greater monarchies than his. The then young Bonaparte, in 1796, setting out on his career of victory, divided the hosts of Austria and Piedmont, who refused peace with the French Republic, and defeated both. Long before the end of the year, the old King of Sardinia had surrendered nearly all his important fortresses into the hands of the French,—an act of humiliation which was followed by his own death, by apoplexy.

His son, Charles Emanuel, took up and wore his father's 'crown of thorns.' He was a weak, nervous, superstitious prince, but he was by no means deficient in intellect. At his accession, he was treated with outward respect by the French; but that treatment ceased as soon as France, by concluding an armistice with Austria, saw in the isolated King an easy victim. After the peace of Campoformio had been concluded with the Austrians, the French Republic made quick work with Piedmont.

The latter country, impoverished by war, was now torn by insurrections fostered by France. The bloody reprisals made wherever the Royal Government was successful only strengthened the hands of the enemy. The King became a mere puppet at the disposal of Guinguené, the French Ambassador, who led, or rather compelled, Charles Emanuel to con-

cession after concession, till the enemy insisted upon the surrender of the fortress of Turin to French troops, as a testimony of the King's goodwill towards France. On the 3rd of July, 1798, the French troops occupied the citadel, and the sovereign was a prisoner in his own palace. Whenever he went abroad French soldiers escorted him. "They spared him," says Gallenga, "no insult nor contumely. The garrison from the citadel serenaded him with Jacobin airs and ribald songs. Journals, pamphlets, obscene prints, squibs, and pasquinades,—all was studied to wound the King's feelings and provoke the indignation of his people. They longed for a popular disturbance, and had wellnigh obtained their intent. On the 16th September, a masquerade issued from the citadel, exhibiting grotesque caricatures of the King, his family, and court. The Piedmontese troops and people fell enraged upon the offensive mummers, killed several of them, and a general slaughter was only prevented by General Minard, who ordered the French officers guilty of that unseemly frolic, as well as all the troops of the garrison, to withdraw into the citadel."

By unfounded accusations of a conspiracy to massacre the French, by repeated demands on the King for a supply of his troops against the enemies of the French Republic, and by directing the cannon of his own citadel against his own palace, Charles Emanuel was driven, in self-defence, to write an exculpation of his conduct. Grouchy, who commanded in the citadel, threatened to bombard the royal residence and city, if the exculpation were published. Thus degraded, the King, on the 9th of December, 1798, signed the act, whereby he surrendered the whole of his continental territories into the hands of the French.

"He then," says Gallenga, "instantly quitted his capital, by torch-light, in a snow-storm, refusing to take with him the crown jewels, or to strip the royal residence of its precious ornaments. He left those valuable objects under the pro-

tection of seals, to which the French and other democrats paid but little respect."

The precipitate departure of the deposed King was, perhaps, not altogether his own act. Talleyrand, then Foreign Minister in France, was aware that the Jacobins were desirous of parading the captive King in triumph through the French capital. To prevent this disgrace, the Minister wrote secretly to Grouchy and Clauzel to hasten the departure of the royal prisoners. Clauzel however would not allow the King's brother, the gallant Duke of Aosta, to escape, under a less valuable bribe than a picture by Gerard Dow. The royal family were flying into Parma when orders reached Turin, from Joubert, to secure their persons and convey them to France.

After some delay in Italy, Charles Emanuel, deserted by his attendants and even by his confessor,—all of whom dreaded the confiscation of their property by the French, if they followed his fortunes,—arrived at Cagliari, in the island of Sardinia, in February, 1799. His first act on landing was a solemn protest against "the violence which had hurled him from the throne."

From this period to 1814, Piedmont was included within the map of the French dominions. In 1802 Charles Emanuel resigned his island crown to his brother Victor Emanuel I. From the period of the arrival of the former in the island, down to that of the return of Victor Emanuel to Piedmont, in 1814, the history of the monarchy is called, by Gallenga, "a mere blank; not so much," he says, "because the royal family lived in obscure exile in the island of Sardinia or elsewhere, as because the very state and country of Piedmont were eclipsed."

The causes of what may be termed the second, and now the voluntary, abdication of Charles Emanuel, were weariness and disappointment. The Peace of Amiens did not restore him to his continental dominions, and he made over his in-

sular territory, as before stated, to his brother. He spent seventeen years in retirement. Like some of the Anglo-Saxon Kings of the olden times, the uncrowned monarch meekly betook himself to Rome. During thirteen years he lived in the once Holy City, in "easy obscurity and religious retirement. In 1815, soon after his brother, to the profound surprise of Charles Emanuel, was carried triumphantly to the throne from which the latter had been hurled, the ex-King closed the door between himself and the world altogether. In the year just named, he entered as a novice in a Jesuit convent; where, after a four years' sojourning, marked by calm resignation, he died in 1819;—being then a little more than sixty-seven years of age."

Now, as soon as Victor Emanuel appeared in Turin, he announced that the years of his absence had been those of a long dream; and now that men were all awake again, everything must fall into the routine which had been of long establishment before they had fallen asleep. But the people had not come into contact with the new French system for nothing, and they were in despair at seeing the clock put back, as it was said, to the regulation pace of the old *régime*. The King however would so have it. The old laws were restored, the people were put aside, all that had been enacted in the interval was declared illegal. Dire confusion and irreparable wrong were the inevitable consequences. But still, Victor Emanuel "would have it." He was as obstinate as the pig-tail Elector of Hesse, and as resolute in bringing back all the old fashions. The absurdity went so far, that he meditated illegitimatizing all the children born and baptized in his dominions under the "Godless French rule;" and he only refrained from an attempt to destroy the grand road of Napoleon, "la Route du Mont Cenis," because it was impossible to render the wretched *old* road practicable. To address to him a "petition" was to ensure its rejection: the word was a new-fangled French word; Victor would look at

nothing but a "supplication." Even then, it was likely to be rejected, if the letter *r* had its tail turned up in the vile French style, instead of down, as was the orthodox Italian fashion. Nor was all safe even then: if the *supplicator* did not speak through his nose, he was in peril of being set down as an enemy to both his King and his God!

For several years the discontent increased. Louis XVIII. had given a constitutional charter to his subjects. Victor derided his royal cousin as not being half a King, since he thus stooped to favour the democracy. His own people, however, began to desire a constitution also. There was an Italian question growing up, and an anti-Austrian feeling, in which latter indeed Victor himself shared, for Sardinia had seldom gravely suffered but through Austrian treachery. He was not indisposed to be at the head of an Italian movement, and his subjects trusted they had seized on the propitious moment, when in March, 1821, soldiers and civilians united in shouting, "The Spanish Constitution and the King of Piedmont for ever!"

The amalgamation terrified the once bold Duke of Aosta. He was pledged, he said, to the Sovereigns at Laybach, to have nothing to do with constitutions. Nothing could move him from this position. Sooner than put his signature to any constitutional charter whatever, he declared he would lay down his crown. He spoke seriously, and acted accordingly. On the 13th of March, 1821, he abdicated in favour of his brother, Charles Felix, whose character may be read in his assertion, that if a man became a King, it was not in order that he should be bored with business. He leant upon Austria as his sole support, cared little or nothing for kingly duties, and was only happy at an Italian ballet, or within his palace, surrounded by old courtiers amusing him with ancient jokes.

Victor Emanuel died in retirement, at Moncalieri, four years after his abdication, January 10, 1824. He was at

least a consistent Prince, with whom to grant a constitution was an error, but to withhold it when promised, as Charles X. of France did, was a crime.

Charles Felix reigned from 1821 to 1831. He was little regarded when living, and is forgotten now that he is dead. He was the last of three brothers who successively wore the crown of Sardinia; and, as in France, when such a circumstance has happened (from the time of the Capets), a change in the line of succession ensued.

Charles Albert, the late ex-King of Sardinia, was celebrated in his early days, under the title of Prince de Carignano. He was a descendant of the old Dukes of Savoy, and was an infant when Piedmont became annexed to France. His childhood was passed in Savoy, his boyhood partly with a Protestant minister in Geneva, partly in Paris. In the latter capital, he took military service as an officer of dragoons; and he was early celebrated for the liberality of his principles, or rather of his impulses.

These impulses were fostered by Austrian agents, whose mission it was to endanger the succession of the Prince de Carignano to the throne. He was accordingly driven into association with the Carbonari; but he purchased forgiveness by betraying his associates. He was not yet allowed to return to his native country; but, having joined the Angoulême expedition to restore Ferdinand VII. to his throne, and having lost a boot in the ditch at Trocadero, where he met some of his old revolutionary comrades face to face,—his return home was at length sanctioned. He now sought excitement in dissipation; and when physical exhaustion had rendered him incapable of pursuing this destructive course, he turned to the practice of the most severe religious asceticism. From the period of his own accession to the throne, he seems to have been beset by an irresistible desire of wearing the crown of Lombardy, if not that of a united Italy. When the terrible year 1848 brought Austria into

a difficulty, and gave power to the democracy in Piedmont, which Charles Albert could not resist, the flattering prospect appeared nearer than ever, and Sardinia was soon at sanguinary issue with the Empire. What was at first a subject of caprice became at last a matter of inevitable necessity. The first campaign was discouraging enough to the King's hopes; but even if he had learned discretion, the power behind him would not permit him to rest, and the war was at once resumed and concluded. On March 25, 1849, the French Minister at Turin wrote to his Government:—"The army has been forced back to the mountains of Biela and Borga Manero. The Austrians occupy Novara, Vercelli, and Trino. The King has abdicated and fled. The Duke of Savoy has not yet written to Turin. The Government has requested Mr. Abercrombie and me to apply for an armistice to cover Turin. We have placed ourselves at its disposal. Turin is tranquil, and everything is disposed to remain so."

Two days subsequently, the French Consul at Nice wrote to his Government:—"Charles Albert, after abdicating in favour of the Duke of Savoy, passed through Nice on the 26th at eleven in the morning, on his way to France. The Piedmontese army has been beaten at Novara, *but its honour is safe.*" The broken-hearted King himself did not think so, if it be true that his last words, on turning from the field on which all his hopes lay wrecked, were, "All is lost, *even* honour!"

There is but one incident of his brief career between the throne and the grave, which is worth narrating, and for that we are indebted to a correspondent whose communication was first printed in the 'Athenæum.' "I will conclude my letter (he says) by a morsel by way of a *bonne-bouche*, of genuine and authentic royal biography. My informant is the *fille-de-chambre* at my inn, in the Hôtel de l'Europe; a source of information, if not very exalted, equal probably in point of

dignity to that of much gossip which reaches ordinary mortals anent their rulers. It so chanced that my predecessor in No. 4 at the Hôtel de l'Europe, was poor Charles Albert, passing by Toulouse, in his sad journey from the fatal field of Novara, to his retirement in Portugal. He arrived in an ordinary carriage, with a valet and courier only, and nobody guessed who he was. He was put into the first bed-room that happened to be vacant, and might have quitted Toulouse in as strict *incognito* as he entered it, had not my friend the chambermaid received from the hands of the *valet* a silver warming-pan for the purpose of warming the royal sheets. On the lid of this magnificent, but tell-tale pan, were emblazoned the royal arms of Sardinia. The maid showed the pan to her master, and 'the cat was let out of the bag.' Hence, monarchs may learn that when they travel *incog.*, they should leave at home the state warming-pan with the other trappings of royalty. *Au reste*, if any inquiring mind should speculate on the possible reasons which induced the King of Sardinia to travel with so strange a piece of furniture, all that I can do towards elucidating the matter, is to remind the reader that warming-pans are not generally met with in Italian inns, their functions being performed by placing between the sheets a simple apparatus of a pot of burning charcoal, suspended in a little wooden frame, an operation which the Italian chambermaids call, by a metaphor more expressive than reverent, 'putting a priest in the bed.'"

Charles Albert retired to Oporto only to die. The year of his abdication was the year of his death. He surrendered his crown in March, and his life in July. His son gave him a royal entombment among his ancestors at Superga.

Of the four sovereigns of Sardinia who died crownless, one alone, Victor Amadeus I., descended from the throne voluntarily,—and *he* repented of listening to his will. Foreign invasion drove Charles Emanuel from his continental

possessions; and while the resolution of Victor Emanuel, not to gratify his people with a constitution, cost him his crown, the attempt of Charles Albert to establish a constitutional sovereignty in Italy, was followed by a similar result.

Neither of the Kings of Sardinia would have found himself reduced to the necessity of laying down his sceptre, had he, at starting on his career, remembered the injunction of Euripides, that "a King should remember three things:—that he governs *men*, that he is bound to govern them according to law, and that he will not govern them for ever." Had they remembered this, they would not have died with "Sardinia tinctura" on their cheeks,—blushing with shame at their failures and their fall.

KINGS OF SARDINIA OR PIEDMONT.

1718. Victor Amadeus I. (the II. as Duke of Savoy), abdicated in 1730.
1730. Charles Emanuel I.
1773. Victor Amadeus II.
1796. Charles Emanuel II., abdicated.
1802. Victor Emanuel I.
1805–1814. Piedmont possessed by France.
1814. Victor Emanuel returns from the Island of Sardinia, —abdicated.
1821. Charles Felix.
1831. Charles Albert, abdicated.
1849. Victor Emanuel II.

Scandinavia.

DENMARK.

"Impune quæ libet facere, id est regem esse!"—SALLUST.

IN sketching the royal roll of Danish sovereigns, although mention may be fittingly made that the first of them was named 'Dan, who gave a name to the country, and that O'Dan, Odin, or Wodin ruled, or is said to have ruled, a great part of the north of Europe, from his capital in the Mark of Dan, it will not be necessary or profitable to state further than that, for several centuries, the barbarous chiefs of the north were the vanquishers of various neighbours whose territories they devastated or occupied, and whose people turned pale at the very thought of a piratical fleet coming towards them from the wild shores of Denmark.

Saxo Grammaticus tells the early story of Scandinavia, whose limits are not generally known, with the credulity of a monk and the erudition of a scholar. That portion of it which is comprised in modern Denmark, was in its greatest glory under "Knute," who built his throne in England, and held his seat with safety and dignity.

Till Queen Margaret united the three crowns of Sweden, Denmark, and Norway, on her own brow, in the fourteenth century, there is little of unconfused detail in the history of those kingdoms. The nephew and successor of Margaret, ERIC IX., suffered deposition for his incapacity, folly, and tyranny, and passed several years in a strictly private sta-

tion in Pomerania. He was followed by Christopher III., who raised the political power of both the clergy and the people. In the middle of the fifteenth century, the first of the present reigning house, Christian I., of Oldenburg, ascended the throne, received Holstein, that recent source of contention between Germany and Denmark, from the German Emperor Frederick, and gave Orkney and Shetland to Scotland, as a dowry, with his daughter Margaret, spouse of the Scottish James III. Then followed John the Wise, and to him succeeded CHRISTIAN II., whose want of wisdom was only exceeded by his want of humanity, and whose stupendous crimes at length raised his people in rebellion against him, by whom he was deposed in 1513.

The other sovereigns who ruled in the sixteenth century, were the Pacific Frederick, the virtuous and Protestant Christian III., the statesmanlike Frederick II., and the brave, able and magnanimous Christian IV., who for sixty years was the defender of the Reformed religion, and the pillar and glory of Denmark.

The first sovereign of Denmark in the seventeenth century (Frederick III.) did not ascend the throne till nearly the middle of that century (1648). He had fierce enemies in the Swedes, but obsequious subjects in the clergy and people, who made voluntary surrender to him of their liberties, with the alacrity of those Cappadocians of old, who told the Romans, by whom they were offered the freedom of citizens, that they would neither accept liberty for themselves, nor willingly endure it in others.

The surrender above alluded to was made only to enable the King to crush the aspiring class of the nobility, and it was successful in its object. This success however enabled the next monarch, Christian V., to be more ambitious than the nobles, and to establish a policy against neighbouring nations, in which justice was the last thing regarded. The anonymous author of 'An Account of Den-

mark, as it was in the year 1692,' regrets that the Kings of Denmark were so often governed by French counsels. "At the time," says the author, "when Mr. Algernon Sydney was ambassador at that court, M. Terlon, the French ambassador, had the confidence to tear out of the 'Book of Mottoes,' in the King's library, this verse, which Mr. Sydney (according to the liberty allowed to all noble strangers) had written in it:—

"Manus hæc inimica tyrannis,
Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietem."

Though M. Terlon understood not a word of Latin, he was told by others the meaning of that sentence, which he considered as a libel upon the French Government, and upon such as was then a-setting up in Denmark by French assistance or example. It was indeed once the fashion in Denmark to speak of England as the "Regnum Diabolorum."

The last King of this century, Frederick V., paid the penalty of the lawless policy of his predecessors. Charles XII., of Sweden, humbled him, his capital was destroyed by fire, and he left an almost ruined kingdom, to be restored, as indeed it nearly was, by Christian VI. (1730), who as well merited the title of Father of his Country, as his predecessor, the third King of his own name. The next sovereign, Frederick V. (1746), exceeded them both perhaps in faultlessness of character. This was so well appreciated that when his son, Christian VII., was crowned (1766), the spectators cried aloud, "May he live as long as his father, and may he reign as wisely as he!" Vainly was the latter part of this wish uttered. Christian was a debauched and worthless sovereign, who, having little understanding of his own, was the more easily influenced by evil persons who excelled him, however little, in this respect. His mother, Louisa, daughter of our George II., died when he was young; and his father subsequently married a daughter of the Duke of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel. This step-mother of Christian

VII. was his evil genius. He had espoused Caroline Matilda, the sister of George III., King of England; and the imprudent favour shown by this latter lady for the famous Struensee, physician and prime-minister, was so skilfully employed by the Queen-dowager, that she wrought upon her son to send Struensee to death, to shut up the young Queen in the fortress of Cronenburg, and to place political power in the grasp of her who had selfishly caused a miserable amount of woe, for her own especial advantage.

Christian VII. became insane in 1784, and remained so till his death in 1808. During the intervening period, a Regency was established in the person of the Crown-Prince Frederick. At the date last-mentioned, Frederick VI. ascended the throne, and occupied it for the additional period of thirty-one years. In 1839, he was succeeded by his son, Christian VIII., and *he*, in 1848, by *his* son, Frederick VII. —the reigning monarch. Since the year 1513, Denmark has been ruled by an alternate succession of Christians and Fredericks; no monarch of any other name has worn the crown of Denmark since the death of John,—nearly three centuries and a half ago.

ERIC IX.—CHRISTIAN II.

"O fragilis damnosa superbia sceptri!
O furor, ô nimium dominandi innata cupido!"—MAPHŒUS.

ALTHOUGH Margaret of Valdemar wore on her brow the united crowns of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, she made a great distinction between her Danish and Swedish subjects. She was accordingly held in opposite degrees of estimation by the people of the two countries. The Danes accounted her holy, and deemed her worthy of canonization. The Swedes believed that there was no pit in hell deep or dark enough to accord with her demerits. "Fundissimo digna inferno" is the phrase of Eric Olaus.

Under her sceptre, Danes alone held authority in Sweden; and the natives of the latter country were driven to exasperation by a heavy tax with a clumsy name. The "Rumfro Skalt"—a cruel poll-tax—drove them to poverty and frenzy.

But the little-finger of her nephew Eric was heavier on the poor Swedes than the loins of Margaret. This result arose rather from the indifference than the natural cruelty of Eric. The responsibility with him, however, was the same. His Danish lieutenants acted in his name. The atrocities they committed, especially those upon women, do not admit of detail. To record the fact must suffice. This oppression drove the people to rebellion. A sanguinary struggle ensued, and Eric was at length compelled to accept the terms imposed upon him by the Council and people of Swe-

den. All the fortresses of the latter kingdom, except three, were to be placed in the hands of native commandants. Native officials were also to be appointed to exercise certain restored, old-fashioned Swedish offices. Among these persons was the noted Charles Knutson. He was appointed to the office of "Marshal of the Kingdom;" and he waited on the Danish King to receive his instructions. Eric, who knew of his unbounded ambition, looked at him intently, and replied, "My advice to you is, not to stretch your feet beyond your bear-skin." Eric was remarkable for the Laconic fashion of his sentences. On one occasion, when he had acceded to many demands, and the Swedes still urged him to further concessions: "Hold there, good Sirs," cried the monarch, "I am not going to be *Ja-Herré* (Yes-King) to everything you propose."

The Danes grew almost as weary of their King, as the Swedes; and Eric found his condition insupportable among either people. When the former renounced their allegiance, he retired to Gothland. He had long before repudiated his English wife, Philippa, daughter of our Henry IV. Eric had married this exemplary, able, and courageous princess, in 1406. His brutality drove her into a convent; and this un-queened Queen died at Vadstena in 1439.

Eric had in his company, in Gothland, a lady of more beauty than principle. The life he led there was especially to his taste: by day, he was the chief of pirates, and after the booty was brought home, the feasting and attendant extravagancies commenced. The Swedes succeeded in throwing off his yoke in 1439: this was the result of united popular movement. The deposed King survived his abdication, or deposition,—for the loss of his crown is spoken of as the result of either,—twenty years. Half this period was passed in Gothland; and when he was driven from this refuge, he fled to Rügenwalde, in Pomerania. There he died, A.D. 1459, "aged seventy-six years, in obscurity and contempt."

Exactly a hundred years later, and at little more than the same age, died another unsceptred monarch of the north. The "Kings of the Union," as the sovereigns who ruled over the united kingdoms were called, continued to rule amid harassing disputes and sanguinary rebellions. The contest, as between Sweden and Denmark, would have been more speedily, and not less satisfactorily, decided, but for the selfish conduct of the heads of the Church in Sweden. These threw the whole weight of their influence and authority on the side, native or foreign, which promised most prodigally, to support their privileges. The patriots of Sweden who ejected the Danes were principally among the people at large; there were a few, but not many, in the Church.

In 1520, the triumph of Denmark over Sweden seemed secure. Christian II. had, after an heroic struggle for independence, been proclaimed King of Sweden also. On the 1st of November, he summoned the Swedish nobility to meet him at Stockholm, to celebrate his coronation.

The hands of Swedish bishops and archbishops were united to place the crown of Sweden on the head of Christian II. of Denmark. The oaths by which the latter bound himself to protect the rights and liberties of the Swedes, were many, and of great solemnity. Christian swore to them with as much gravity as if it had been his intention to respect them. Not a Swedish noble, however, was allowed to take the slightest part in the ceremony. Christian ungraciously excused himself, by remarking that they had not helped him to the crown he wore; but that if they proved themselves loyal, he would put his trust in them, at a future opportunity.

"These are unquiet fellows," said Christian, subsequently, in council; "what may best be done with them, to secure tranquillity?" After some consultation, a resolution was formed to give a religious aspect to the quarrel,—in which

Christian was to take the religious side. His adherent, Archbishop Trollé, had been roughly handled by the patriot Swedes. Christian resolved to put to death all who had taken part against the Prelate. As a temporal King, he would not raise a finger against the Swedish nobles: he had sworn to forget and forgive everything. But here was an offence against the spiritual head of the Church. The offenders would therefore be punished, not as rebels against the King, but as disobedient children against the well-being of their ghostly father.

Within a week, these heretics, as they were called, were doomed to die. All Stockholm was summoned by sound of trumpet, to witness the execution; and cannon was placed in every street, to suppress any disloyal remarks that might be elicited by the scene and its circumstances.

Some of the noblest among the Swedes fell on this fatal day. Two Bishops and twelve secular nobles were among the first who were executed. Their crime was no other than patriotism, which had led them to be at issue with the heads of the Clergy, whose love of country was less than theirs. The brother-in-law of the great Gustavus, Joachim Brahé, was of the number.

But this was not all. There was as good blood spilt as that of the good priests and aristocracy. Town Councillors, well-to-do burghers and citizens, with less fortunes, but equal love for liberty, were massacred by the headsman, in the presence of Christian II. About a hundred of the noblest were beheaded. Bnt the massacre went on for three days. Such of the spectators of the horrible scene as shed tears, or otherwise manifested their sympathy, were dragged from the trembling crowd, and butchered. "Some," says an anonymous author of the Life of Gustavus Vasa,—"these chiefly the servants and retainers of the great nobles—were dragged from their horses as they rode into the town, and hanged in such numbers, that girths and stirrup-leathers

must supply the lack of halters. The gutters ran red with blood, and the miserable survivors stepped over them with superstitious care, lest a stain upon their dress should seem to mark them out as the next sacrifice. For three days, the bodies remained upon the market-place. They were then carried out and burnt in the south suburb, on the site of the present Church of St. Catherine." When the King, in short, had slain all whom he feared or suspected, he published a proclamation, in which he exhibited the profoundest religious sentiment, and pledged himself, henceforward, to "govern the country mildly and peaceably, after the law of St. Eric."

The Blood-Bath, as this massacre was called by the Swedes, produced more effect upon them than the exceedingly religious tone of Christian's proclamations. If Gustavus was reduced to thresh in a barn, he had arms left to wield other weapons. The Dalesmen were soon in arms for the salvation of their country. They were hardy fellows, who lived upon bark-bread, made of the inner rind of the birch-tree, mixed with rye-meal. They were content, too, to have no other beverage for awhile, but what they derived from springs and rivulets. The first brush with the Danes, terrified the latter. "A people," said the philosophical Danish commander, to his troops, "who can exist upon wood and water, the Devil himself could not conquer, much less any other. Let us go hence!"

An order to execute another massacre did not further the cause of the pious-spoken but assassin-like Christian. The insurrection progressed; and when Christian received despatches, which announced that its progress tended to overthrow Danish supremacy in Sweden, the King tore the documents, and hung the messenger by torch-light. Within nine months from the period of the Blood-Bath, Christian had ceased to be King in Sweden.

Meanwhile, the Danes themselves were beginning to grow

weary of him. He had offended the pride of the Church by ordering that when an Archbishop travelled, he should not have in his train above thirty followers; nor a Bishop, above ten. For meek, apostolic men this might have been considered sufficient for either dignity or comfort. The Danish Nobility distrusted him, because he had begun to court the Commons. He forbade the nobles to sell their serfs and traffic in the persons of Christians, as if these were no better than brute beasts. The serf, too, was allowed to run away if he could, in the case of his being habitually ill-treated by his master. Kindness to the Commons was not natural to Christian, and the exercise of it deceived nobody. The King summoned his nobles to Council, in order to discuss measures for the recovery of Sweden. They excused their non-attendance, on the ground of the severity of the weather, roughness of the roads, and tempestuousness of the seas. The summons was renewed. A whisper got abroad, that they who obeyed it would experience a repetition of the Blood-Bath of Stockholm. The summons was for Aarhus. The nobles met at Viborg. There, on the 20th of January, 1523, they drew up a deed, by which Christian II. was declared to have forfeited the throne which his uncle Frederick, Duke of Holstein, was invited to ascend.

Having signed this deed, the nobles did not know what to do with it.

Their perplexity was natural; but a man was found, not bold enough indeed to actually "bell the cat," but to further its being done. Magnus Munk, of Jutland, repaired to Aarhus, where Christian was to meet his nobility. Monarch and noble entered the locality together; Christian invited Magnus to dine with him, and Magnus, after a dinner according to the fashion of the times, saw the monarch to bed. Still, Magnus showed more discretion than valour. He thrust not the document openly into the King's hand, but slipped it furtively into one of the royal gloves, and then

betook himself, in hot speed, back to his confederates. The paper was found by a page, who respectfully placed it beneath the King's eyes. If the nobles had been frightened, Christian was more timid still.

He addressed to them an impassioned document. He appealed to Emperors and Princes, to judge what he had done. With regard to the little matter of the massacre at Stockholm, it could easily be atoned for. He would cover the country, he said, with churches and monasteries: nay, he would undergo any penance the Pope might propose,—and what could man do more? Was more required of him? Did they ask for fresh oaths and securities? He was prepared to grant them to any amount! To anything was he ready to subscribe, if the nobles forming the Council of the State would only recall their unpleasant resolution.

Finding him abject, they declared themselves inflexible. Christian, now convinced that this inflexibility was not to be overcome, at once looked to his own safety. He selected a score of his best and fastest-sailing ships. On board these, he placed a vast amount of property, state-papers, gold and silver, which were the results of years of accumulation. He went on board with his Queen, his son, his two daughters, and his favourite Sigbrit;—"the last packed away in a chest," says Celsius, with the other treasures. On the 20th of April, 1523, he steered for the Netherlands, where, we are told, on the authority of Tegel, Holberg, and Celsius, "he vainly endeavoured to draw Henry VIII., of England, into a treaty to recover his dominions, offering Iceland as a security for the outlay."

The new Kings of Denmark and Sweden (Frederick and Gustavus Vasa) declared Christian to be their common enemy. But there were yet many Danish fortresses on island and continent held by Christian's lieutenants. His most resolute adherent was an officer named Norby, who occupied Gothland, ruled there like a King, and maintained

himself by piracy. He was indiscriminate in his attacks: as long as a rich vessel was before him, he cared little as to the flag under which it sailed. But he had a predilection for attacking the vessels of the Lübeckers. These had been hostile to Denmark, and he declared that it was "health and delight to him to overhaul their bales, and rummage in their spice-bags." His booty was conveyed to Visby, which became the magnificent storehouse of captured merchandise. "The empty ships he sent back to the merchants, wishing them a happy return, with fresh and fuller cargoes!"

Norby subsequently placed himself at the head of an expedition which had for its object the restoration of Christian. That ex-monarch wrote a letter in support of the most zealous of his captains, and in furtherance of his own views; it was dated, Lyre, 23rd April, 1525, and was highly characteristic of the religious hypocrisy of the writer, who professed in it "an especial love for the common people, whom he had always protected, and thereby had given mortal offence to the great Lords, temporal and spiritual, who cared for a poor peasant, their equal in the sight of God and Jesus Christ, no more than a dog, often exchanging them, head for head, and putting one to death with as little remorse as the other. They knew that his father and himself had taken up many a poor man and made him rich; but those who had eaten his bread and been made Lords by him, had sought his life, so that he had been compelled to fly his country, and seek help elsewhere. The Emperor (Charles V.) having conquered the French King (Francis I.) and taken him prisoner, would soon, he expected, give him aid to punish such ingratitude. The Emperor had promised to come, if possible, in person; if not, to send a large army, to reinstate him in his dominions. He (Christian) warned them of these expectations, that the guilty might repent of their rebellion. In the meantime, and until he should come himself to punish all his enemies, and to pardon all who

should submit to and aid Norby, he gave that officer full powers to complete the work which he had begun."

The expedition however signally failed, although it lacked neither numbers, money, spirit, nor discretion. Norby himself, escaping from a united attack at sea, by Frederick and Gustavus, repaired to Moscow, was detained three years in Russia, and was finally killed in the army of Charles V., at the siege of Florence, in 1530. His zeal and fidelity, Christian was unable to find in any other of the supporters of his cause.

In the year following the death of Norby, Christian made one grand attempt, in person, to recover the single crown of Sweden, if he could not regain the others. He had been instigated thereto by some Swedish nobles, who had fallen under the displeasure of Gustavus, and who sought to avenge themselves. They had assured the ex-King that not a man in Sweden would oppose him; and they sought to impress upon the Dalesmen that he was no longer the merciless King of old days, but a sovereign whose heart was full of tenderness. The Dalesmen bethought themselves of the Swedish Blood-Bath, and would not listen to the seductive persuasion.

In October, 1531, with eleven out of twenty-five ships, with which Christian had sailed from Holland, he arrived at Christiania, in Norway. He announced himself as the extirpator of heretics, and he was cordially received by the Bishops, of the old faith especially.

He did not move forward over the Swedish frontier till the spring of 1532; and then, in Bohusland, he saw himself opposed by 3000 Swedish troops. "You told me," said he, turning to Turi Johnson, "that I should not find a man in Sweden to oppose me; are these women then? Such representations may be to my loss, but they will not be to your advantage." The following morning, the headless trunk of Turi, the High Steward, was found in the streets of Kongelf.

The military talent of Christian gained for him some successes, but he was eventually compelled to fall back on Christiania, with the loss of a great portion of his army, and under the impossibility of procuring provisions for the troops who remained. On the other hand, the forces of Gustavus and Frederick entirely destroyed his fleet; and in this condition, he found himself compelled to surrender.

The stout commander of the enemy was a Bishop-elect of Odensee, named Gyldenstjerna. The negotiations between these parties commenced on the 12th of May, and were protracted for seven weeks. At the end of that period, a treaty was mutually signed, by which it was agreed that hostilities should cease, and that Christian, with two hundred attendants, should repair, under a safe-conduct, to Denmark, and there adjust all differences with his uncle, the actual King. Should this adjustment not take place, Christian was to be set at liberty, either in Germany or Norway.

The first step of the ex-monarch was to write, as he well knew how to write, a highly religious letter to his uncle Frederick, to whom he said he was returning like the Prodigal Son to the father whom he had offended. But the arrival of the royal writer in Copenhagen Roads, threw Frederick into the utmost perplexity. The latter had enjoined Gyldenstjerna to agree to nothing but an unconditional surrender. This injunction did not reach the martial Bishop-elect till towards the close of the negotiations. He continued, therefore, to act by the written letter of the original powers entrusted to him, and extricated himself very cleverly from his delicate position, by bringing the principals together, and leaving on them the responsibility of all further proceedings. Frederick was not sorry to have his dangerous nephew in his possession, but then the latter was guarded by his safe-conduct. Now, to give him his liberty, would be to set free the most pertinacious adversary that King or uncle could possess. The King, the Nobility, the

Prelates, all the honourable men of the Council, cudgelled their brains, in order to discover how they might commit an act of barefaced rascality without losing any of their reputation as men of honour. It was found to be the easiest thing possible. The treaty between the Bishop-elect and the monarch deposed, did not bear the King's seal. It had been signed after the full powers of Gyldenstjerna had been revoked; and besides, added the promising Prelate, Christian has violated the treaty himself, by sending to the Emperor the act whereby the Norwegian bishops had recognized his authority, and acknowledged his son as his successor.

Putting all these matters together, it was found that an act of treachery towards the captured King would have in it nothing that could injuriously affect the characters of those who committed it. Orders were accordingly issued to transfer the royal prisoner to the strong fortress of Sönderborg, in Holstein;—Christian was not to be made acquainted with the order till it was carried out. What was next required was a deputation of honourable men who would repair to the ex-King with a falsehood on their lips. After a decent delay of five days, four State Councillors were found, who had the courage to visit Christian on board his ship, where they informed him that the King his uncle was at Flensberg, awaiting his arrival. They would accompany him thither, they said, and present him to their Sovereign.

The prow of the vessel was turned towards the sea, and Christian was in high spirits at the prospect of an adjustment of his difficulties. Suddenly he perceived that the ship was passing, instead of entering, Flensberg Firth; and he burst into the most unmanly fits of weeping at the deception which had been put upon him. His sorrow was disregarded. As Mallet says, Christian II. experienced that a King who has forfeited the general esteem, remains without resource as soon as he ceases to inspire fear. With scanty

ceremony, the ex-King was deposited in the Blue Tower of the fortress. His companions were a deformed dwarf, and four young noblemen, his attendants. At first, there was no more than ordinary severity in his imprisonment; but, impatient of restraint, he endeavoured to obtain succour from his relations in Germany. When this was discovered, his attendants were dismissed, and he and the poor dwarf were shut up in a dungeon in the eastern tower. One small window alone served to convey to them some idea of difference between day and night; and so completely were they isolated from the world, that provisions and fuel were conveyed to them through a hole in the wall.

The eyes of Christian grew accustomed even to such gloom as that in which he was now plunged. A drawing of Copenhagen Castle was roughly executed by him on the walls, which bore other sketches by the same hand; and "by marks on a marble table, which stood in the middle of the apartment, he kept a register of the circuits round it, which made up his daily exercise."

During twelve years there was an unmitigated severity of imprisonment. The poor dwarf grew naturally weary of it, and was liberated on a plea of sickness. An old soldier took the place of the dwarf, and Christian became so much attached to him as to feel an acute increase of misery when he became deprived of *him* also.

The condition of the dethroned monarch was in some degree improved under Christian III., son of Frederick, in 1544, when, at Imperial intercession, he was permitted to enter the town occasionally, and even to go out shooting. Five years later, a still greater and a welcome change was effected. He was then transferred to Callundborg, "where eight noblemen, and eighty other attendants, formed at once his household and his guard." He was allowed many indulgences; was supplied by Christian III., the establisher of the Lutheran religion in Denmark, with money, and

occasionally with the prisoner's favourite beverage, foreign ale. This however was not always procurable, and the King of Denmark then excused himself to his captive for not having forwarded some of this ale to him. Of the indulgences granted to him, he was never deprived but of one: that however was the much-prized indulgence of shooting,—which he forfeited by an attempt to elude his guards, who were sharing in the sport.

This forfeiture increased a melancholy which sometimes approached to insanity, and to which he was subject during the closing years of his long captivity. The chief cause of this depression was traced to his intemperate use of Italian wine. The death of Christian III., on New-Year's day, 1559, was a severe blow to Christian II., and it increased his mental gloom. It would have been more fatal to him than it was, had his own life been prolonged. A fortnight afterwards an order reached the castle from Frederick II., son of the lately deceased monarch, to the effect that the ex-King should be subjected, in future, to close confinement. It is hardly possible to imagine than an old deposed monarch, who had been six-and-thirty years in captivity, and who was nearly fourscore years of age, could be an object of alarm to any sceptred sovereign. The new King nevertheless seems to have been jealous of the old and helpless captive. Frederick's rigour towards him was gratuitous. When the cruel order reached Callundborg, Christian II. was dying. He breathed his last sigh on the 24th of January, 1559. Shortly afterwards the gates opened, and the body of Christian passed free. It was conveyed to Odensee, where it was buried in the Church of the Franciscans, by the side of his father, John;—that father whom the unhappy son resembled in nothing but his vices.

Thus lived and so died the King who is variously described as the "Nero of the North," and a "living saint;" as "a man in advance of his time," and the "most short-

sighted of mortals;" a "monster of iniquity," and a "humanito-political martyr." He was, in truth, a man without fixed principles, careless of truth, merciless of disposition, a Lutheran today, a Catholic tomorrow, utterly without sympathy for others, yet weeping bitter tears over sufferings of his own. His liberality was like that of James II., when the latter advocated toleration for Dissenters, only with a view of so strengthening Romanism as to be able to crush all other persuasions. When Christian became the friend of the Commons, it was because he hated and feared the nobles. When he declared that if he ever should refuse to listen to the suggestions of the Danish Senate, that body would be authorized in pronouncing his deposition, he did not intend that the members should have the power to back their own authority: the words on his royal lips were not in accordance with the thoughts of his heart. For no human life, save his own, had he the slightest regard. Three dozen years of captivity could not expiate the Blood-Bath; and he most unquestionably merited a doom,—which they who condemned him to it had no shadow of right to inflict.

KINGS OF DENMARK.

The Danish annalists give a list of fifty-six Kings, to the period when Margaret, the Semiramis of the North, united on her head the three crowns of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, 1387. Of the first twenty-five, to the reign of Harold, 813, little is known; of the remaining thirty-one, there are reliable accounts, which do not require notice here. The subjoined is a list of their successors.

A.D.

1387. Margaret.

1397. ——— with Eric IX. (XIII. of Sweden).

A.D.

1412. Eric IX. alone; resigned both crowns.
1440. Christopher III. of Sweden.
1448. Christian I., elected King of the three kingdoms.
1481. John.
1513. Christian II.; dethroned for his tyranny, 1523; died in prison, 1559. Sweden independent.
1523. Frederick of Holstein.
1534. Christian III.
1559. Frederick II.
1588. Christian IV., head of the Protestant League.
1648. Frederick III. made the crown hereditary.
1670. Christian V.
1699. Frederick IV.
1730. Christian VI.
1746. Frederick V.
1766. Christian VII. married Caroline Matilda, sister of George III.
1784. Regency, in consequence of the insanity of Christian.
1808. Frederick VI., the Regent, succeeded to the throne.
1839. Christian VIII.
1848. Frederick VII., born in 1808.

SWEDEN.

"Good Kings are mourn'd for after life, but ill;
And such as govern'd only by their will,
And not their reason, unlamented fall."—MASSINGER.

THE most indulgent readers would resist any attempt to trace to them the fortunes of the various dethroned Kings who fell from greatness in Scandinavia (Sweden, Denmark, and Norway), between the period of Magog, great-grandson of Noah, and the establishment of Christianity.

Even when Christianity became in Sweden an established fact, in the ninth century, order in the succession was by no means its accompanying good. There was occasionally a nominal King, but the lay barons and the dignified clergy were the real sovereigns. Between the dissensions of these several parties, and the bloody invasions of the Danes, who profited by such dissensions, the people were crushed as between the upper and nether millstone. It was not till 1276, when Magnus Ladalus not only made himself King, but caused his power to be respected, that the nobles and clerics found that they had got their master, and the people as joyfully hailed him—the right man in the right place. The greatest of men, however, are seldom followed by a progeny worthy of them; and great was the confusion in Sweden, for many a long year after the death of Magnus, until, in 1394, the Semiramis of the North, Margaret, Queen of Denmark and Norway, the Swedes, in very despair, elected her as their sovereign, and thus, by the Treaty of Calmar, did one woman reign over three kingdoms. The Treaty enjoined that the

successors of Margaret should be elected by each of the three kingdoms, in turn; and should alternately reside in each. The confusion which ensued was natural, but it is indescribable also, at least in my contracted limits. Denmark sought to hold her sister crowns in subjection; and when the Danish Christian II. attempted to establish himself absolute King over Sweden, and massacred those who were opposed to him, the people of the latter country began to consider how they might best select a native monarch of their own.

To the general reader, and more especially to the youthful reader, Gustavus Ericson (called *Vasa*, from the fasces, or wheatsheaf, as some describe it, on his shield) presents himself with a very melodramatic aspect. In our outlines of history, he is the chief and popular actor in a stirring little drama, full of shifting scenes and varied incidents. Peril tracks his footsteps; he moves about, now in disguise, anon heavily dealing his irresistible strokes in open field. At one moment, he is on the stormy main; at another, lying hid in the silent recesses of the earth. His great object is to rescue his country from great and sanguinary oppression. He addresses himself to the achievement, with fearful odds to contend against. At length triumph crowns his work, and the curtain descends upon King Gustavus, seated on the throne of Sweden, and gracefully bowing to the chorus of Dalecarlian miners, who helped to put him there.

His subsequent career as King was less heroic; and Gustavus, the young warrior, after hewing his way to the throne, and promising more liberty than he ever intended to allow, sinks into a middle-aged gentleman with a sharp eye to his own interests. He was, moreover, sadly perplexed with his family affairs, somewhat infirm of temper, and with more of King Stork about him than his old friends and allies of Dalecarlia had expected to find or were willing to tolerate.

From his birth he had been looked upon as set apart for

great work; for he came into the world with a caul like a helmet, and a red cross upon his breast. He drew his little sword upon his Danish school-master, for daring to sneer at Sweden; and having been taken in an armed attempt to dissolve the union of the countries, he was shut up in the castle of Eric Bauer, with nothing better to live upon than salt junk, sour ale, black bread, and rancid herrings.

The Church of Rome committed a fatal blunder when she excommunicated the Swedes who had taken up arms against Denmark. The act made Lutherans and freemen of the Swedes; but it did not render them tolerant. During several years, a Romish priest could not show himself in the land without peril of being subjected to most atrocious mutilation. He could hardly complain, however: it was but a retributive Nemesis that descended on him.

The "Blood-Bath" in which Christian of Denmark drowned the noblest of the Swedes, was the fountain from which sprang liberty for Sweden. When this was accomplished, Gustavus became undisputed King. In 1531, he espoused the Princess Catherine of Saxony; and in December of the same year, all the Court was in delight at the prospect of the birth of an heir to the throne. For three long days and nights the Queen lay between life and death. The courtiers were praying for a speedy end to her trial, when the physicians startled them by exclaiming, "Pray, rather, that the child may not yet be born; for if that were to happen during the present hour, the child will be to the whole kingdom a child of sorrow." And five minutes after, the child of evil augury first saw the light.

After an uneasy wedded-life of four years' duration, Queen Catherine "died rather suddenly," and Gustavus speedily remarried with a Swedish lady, the submissive Queen Margaret, who loved nothing better than to superintend her large dairy-farm at Gripsholm, where she looked sharply after the two-and-twenty pretty dairymaids who churned the

butter. This Queen died in 1551, leaving five sons and as many daughters, the fruit of her union with Gustavus Vasa. The widowed King found comfort in once more wedding,—this time with Catherine, the niece of his late wife.

Eric, the son of the first marriage, was for ever quarrelling with the children of the second, particularly with John and Charles. He was as hot-headed as, but of a more brutal temperament than, his father, who was, indeed, something of a stepfather to him. Both father and son loved music, and were well endowed with learning. They were however in continual antagonism. When Eric proposed a marriage with our Queen Elizabeth, Gustavus sneered at a Lutheran Prince espousing a Calvinistic Princess—as he called her. Eric made the trial, but he did not prosper in it. When the Swedish Ambassador applied in his behalf, Elizabeth characteristically remarked, that, to the best of her remembrance, she had never heard of the Ambassador's master before that time, and that she so well liked both the messenger and message as, "I shall most humbly pray God upon my knees, that from henceforth I may never hear of one or the other." This was but a "lady's answer," and some wooing followed, though nothing came of it.

The elected King Gustavus obtained from the States a recognition of Eric as King. He did this almost against his will; and he gave such power and fortune to the brothers John and Charles, that Eric himself complained that his father was heaping up misery for his successor. Gustavus perhaps had some misgivings too on this point, for as the dissensions among his children increased, he once remarked, with a sigh, "The time will come when the Swedes would gladly pluck me from the grave, if it were in their power." The stern old monarch died on Michaelmas-day, 1650, and Eric, his son, reigned in his stead.

He stood alone,—beyond his family circle, the members of which hardly recognized him, even as a half-brother. Of

John, he was chiefly jealous. This jealousy had been life-long: as was said by Messenius, "he quarrelled with him first for playthings, then for fiefs, and finally for the whole realm of Sweden." The old King used to speak of Eric as his "Absalom;" but many of the faults of him who was now about to grasp a sceptre and to lose it speedily, may be traced to evil training on one of evil passions. He was the worst qualified man in Sweden to be her monarch; and in a very brief time, indeed, was he a monarch without a sceptre.

Previously to narrating the romantic story of Eric, it may be well to complete the outline of Swedish history down to the present day.

The reigns of John III., Sigismund, and Charles IX., brought the sixteenth century to a close. They occupied the period of fierce religious disputes; and Sigismund's attachment to Popery cost him a crown which he in vain endeavoured to regain, after his deposition.

The unlucky Charles was succeeded by his more glorious son, Gustavus Adolphus, 1611–1635. He was beset, at once, by many enemies, and triumphed over all. His ambition alarmed both Russia and Austria. His very reverses called forth in him such strategic ability, that he was chosen as the champion of German Protestantism against the oppression of Austria. He exercised his office with unparalleled success; captured cities which had been pronounced impregnable, vanquished generals whom flattery had pronounced invincible, defeated the "unconquerable" Tilly, and was deemed worthy of being confronted by the greatest of Austrian leaders, the magnificent Wallenstein. He fell, a conqueror, at Lützen. His death saved Austria from the annihilation which the victory threatened to inflict upon that country, whose Government still exultingly exhibits the bloody suit of buff worn by the great man whose name Austria hates, but whose memory she dare not but respect; and whose fall is not without suspicion of having been effected by treachery.

His eccentric daughter, Christina, a child six years of age when her father died, after winning the admiration and the scorn of mankind, by her talents and follies, excited the wonder of all nations by her voluntary abdication (1654) in favour of her cousin, afterwards Charles X. The three Charleses who, in succession, followed Christina, may be said to have lived with their swords in their hands, and their kingdom to have suffered from a chronic state of war. At the death of the last of them, Charles XII.,—the most able, the bravest, the maddest, and the most unfortunate (1718),—Sweden was exhausted of blood and treasure; and Ulrica, the sister of Charles, with her husband the Prince of Hesse, was content to hold the crown by the suffrages of the people, and to reign under the guidance of the wisest among them.

But the wisest from among the people, the Senate, had as little wisdom as the maddest of Kings. The reign of Frederick of Holstein (1751–1771) was a luckless one for sovereign and people, and that of Gustavus III. (1771–1792) not less so. The 'Caps' sought to circumscribe his authority. The 'Hats' supported him in his endeavours to overturn the constitution which he had sworn to uphold. By a *coup d'état* he rendered himself despotic monarch of his kingdom; but as this revolution inflicted more loss on the tyrannical aristocracy than on any other class, a pistol-shot from Ankarstrom, the champion of the nobility, fired at a masked ball, ended the career and life of Gustavus III., in 1792.

The fourth GUSTAVUS was an "incapable" King. He saw Finland yielded to Russia, and would have seen the Russians partitioning Sweden, had not the Swedes themselves been more national than their sovereign, and compelled him to lay down the sceptre which he was unworthy to wield (1809). This revolution gave to the people a new constitution and a new King, Charles XIII., previously Duke of Sudermania. The nomination of the amiable Prince of Augustenburg as "Crown Prince" was made, in order to secure

a quiet succession; but the appointed heir died suddenly, and an ex-private soldier of France, Baptiste Bernadotte, then Prince of Ponte Corvo, was selected as heir-presumptive to a crown, which he wore, not without dignity, as King Charles John, and which he transmitted to his son Oscar, the present sovereign.

There only remains to be added, that Norway remained united to Denmark till the political arrangements of the year 1814 destroyed the ancient connection, and, under pretence of giving freedom to Norway, annexed it, preserving however all ancient privileges, to Sweden. Norway is loyal to its new sovereign; but the sympathies which she manifested for the success of Denmark against Germany, in the old Holstein quarrel, proved that she had not ceased to remember affectionately her old connection with the Dane.

It may be added here that the policy of a Swedish King, as laid down by a learned prelate, is not one very difficult to follow. Old Bishop Sorenius, when taking leave of the King of Sweden, after the Revolution of 1772, observed to him, that if he wished to preserve the love of the people, there were two subjects with which he would do well never to meddle,—namely, *religion and brandy*. The following Chapter will perhaps show that there were other subjects of which he should be cautious, if he would preserve his throne.

THE STORY OF ERIC XIV.

"*Alph.* Great princes have,
Like meaner men, their weakness.
Hip. And may use it without control or check.
Cont. 'Tis fit they should.
Their privilege were less else than their subjects'."
'*Duke of Florence.*'

ERIC THE FOURTEENTH, eldest son of Gustavus Vasa, was crowned at Upsal early in the summer of 1561. On the 12th of July all Stockholm was early afoot, awaiting less to welcome him than to witness the spectacle of his triumphant entry into the capital. All the outward sounds and signs of rejoicing were there,—booming cannon, pealing bells, gaily-dressed people, and delightedly-wondering children. But therewith it is recorded that the faces of the burghers were not wreathed in smiles. The children indeed laughed loudly, and thought of nothing, not even of themselves. The young people, who wended along in couples, thought of nothing *but* themselves. The middle-aged and elder burghers wore more serious aspects as they passed onwards, or stood about in groups. These, with hearts ready to leap for the heir of Gustavus, had much misgiving as to his worthiness of their homage; but since 1520 Stockholm had not witnessed the entry of a newly-crowned King; and as curiosity was stronger than misgiving, people of all classes and ages ranged themselves orderly to witness the novel sight.

The common heirs of Gustavus had already seized upon the rich treasures which he had painfully amassed, and much

of the wealth had been already squandered. Of these riches Eric, the first heir, had been the most largely prodigal. The cost of the embassy despatched to England, to solicit for him the hand of Elizabeth, was defrayed therefrom; and much of it was flung away upon the barbaric splendour of his coronation. For the latter ceremony half Europe had been laid under contribution, and had been lavishly rewarded for every tribute brought in work or ware. The "crowning" had been the drama—"a grand spectacle," got up especially for the nobles. The entry into the capital was another, prepared for the citizens generally, whose impatience was provided against by the presence of such amusements as burghers generally delight in. On the wide square, near the gate, were to be seen caged lions, and dromedaries gravely walking about, led by men who looked as strange to the citizens as the animals over whom they held custody. In one corner the drama of 'Faust,' rapidly enacted, offered a moral which the Swedes could not comprehend; and in another an astrologer prattled about the stars, as grandly mysterious as Mrs. Browning's Adam, in the 'Drama of Exile.' In short, there was "all the fun of the fair," on that wide square! but it contrasted so completely with the uneasiness in men's hearts, and with the dark scenes which so soon followed, that I know of nothing wherewith to compare it, unless it be the exhibition of 'Punch' by the side of the guillotine of Louis XVI. Moreover, from these scenes each man ever and anon turned away impatiently, to gaze towards the North Gate: and even they whose eyes were still turned to the sports, continually asked of the watchers, like the distressed lady in Blue-Beard, "Friend, do you see anything a-coming?" But as yet there was nothing to be seen but the lightsome fountain, which

> "At its height o'errun,
> Still shook its loosening silver in the sun."

Soon however came "a start of trumpets," and then a rush

of the people and a serrying of ranks, and a satisfied yet nervous consciousness that the grand scene was about to commence. The record of the scene reads like nothing so much as the account of some theatrical pageant. Heralds and pages; knights and squires; half-mailed soldiers on foot; heavier-clad warriors on horseback; troops in fancy dresses; the old aristocracy and the new nobility; men with an antediluvian age to their dignity, and Counts and Barons of yesterday, whose nobility had been made by Eric's breath, and whose titles were now first known in Sweden. These were the precursors to the Dukes John and Charles, who, at a lordly distance from this splendid vanguard, rode into the square on steeds flinging the creamy foam as they passed onward. After a still longer interval appeared Eric himself, mounted on a charger ruled by him with infinite dexterity and grace, followed by his unpopular tutors Burræus and Goran Persson, and welcomed by a shout which went up like thunder, from the hearts of the citizens, to the skies above them. A cloud of armed men, officials, and liveried valets, closed in upon his rear.

He was the handsomest of the handsome sons of Gustavus; was less tall and less strongly built, but more graceful and supple, than his sire. There was something effeminate in the fall of auburn curls about his brow; but that broad and already slightly-wrinkled brow, his brown eyebrows, shading his blue eyes, his grave, closed lips, his solemn smile, and his thick moustache and pointed beard, lent him a severe aspect, which was not affected by his gay attire,—his tightly-fitting, white silk pourpoint, partially covered by what is called, in theatrical phrase, an Almaviva cloak, held on one shoulder by an agraffe in diamonds. His thighs were covered also with white silk, relieved by pink rosettes; and with superb morocco boots and golden spurs to the heels, and a broad, black felt hat, surmounted by an ostrich plume, on his head, he thus presented himself to the ad-

miring crowd. The thunder of their joy mingled with that of the welcoming artillery, and it startled the horse more than it did the monarch. The steed, in suddenly swerving from the frantic demonstration, stumbled, and, but for as sudden a reining of him up, Eric would have been precipitated to the ground. The royal rider muttered a curse, and expressed his wonder to the Count Svante Sture, who was riding close at his crupper, at the unsure-footedness of so well-trained a steed. "Sire," said the Count, "on this square of Brunkeberg the noblest heads in Sweden have fallen beneath the axe, and perhaps the horse smells blood." At this remark, the superstitious Eric scowled alike on the speaker and on the multitude before him. Clapping spurs to the flanks of his steed, he put an end to all ceremonious order of going, and, with an air of mingled fury and fright, dashed forward in the direction of the palace.

The citizens stood mute with astonishment. The Dukes John and Charles looked at each other, and smiled; they felt that their half-brother Eric was already a monarch without a sceptre.

Scholar as he was, he assuredly lacked judgment. He is indeed said to have lacked that rather rare possession since the day when, some years before, he had been stunned by a violent fall. He now assumed the title of "Majesty," and wooed four ladies at once. Twice he attempted to appear in person at the feet of our Elizabeth, but storms flung him back upon the coast, and the King of Denmark would not allow him to abridge the water-passage by permitting him to traverse the Danish territory. The Court of Elizabeth was thrown into a comic sort of consternation at the idea of his coming, as may be seen by the amusing instructions (detailed by Haynes, i. 370) issued in consequence. Meanwhile he offered himself to Mary Stuart, to the Princess Renée of Lorraine, and to the Princess Catherine of Hesse. The father of the latter had consented to the union, yet

was somewhat reluctant to deliver his daughter; but even this he had promised to do, when the King of Denmark placed in his hands an intercepted letter from Eric to Elizabeth, assuring the latter that, notwithstanding his courtesy to other ladies, his heart was in her keeping, and hoping that her hand would soon be in his own. The false lover having been thus betrayed, the Prince of Hesse broke off the engagement between his daughter and the young King, and all the ladies in Christendom thought the latter rightly served.

Eric chafed under his annoyances: but as he had been told by an astrologer that all his perplexities would be owing to the treachery of a man with fair hair, he forthwith cast his brother John into prison. The latter *was* fair-haired, and Eric bitterly hated him. The King would probably have assassinated his brother in prison, but for the intervention of Charles de Mornay, a French gentleman, whose good counsel prevailed over the fiendish advice of Goran Persson. Liberty and wealth were offered to the young wife of Duke John, but she showed the device on her wedding-ring ("Nemo nisi Mors") to those who made the offer, and at once accepted imprisonment in the Castle of Gripsholm with her husband.

The act brought no tranquillity to the disturbed mind of Eric; on the contrary, he every day became more gloomy, morose, and maniacal. He looked upon every man with suspicion, and interpreted the most natural and most insignificant of gestures as some dreadful telegraphing of hideous treason. His violence was frantic, and even his repentance may be said to have been of the same quality. After a day of frightful outrage, he would make record against himself, in his journal, that he had sinned, and would then start from agonizing depression to commit further crime. There was really no King in Sweden, save in name.

Rarely indeed did Eric appear in public, and never with-

out a superstitious dread of impending calamity. On one of these rare occasions he was riding homeward when he observed a group of persons surrounding some object that was not visible to him. His thoughts, ever ready to leap to sinister conclusions, found expression in his declaration that a revolt had commenced, and that his safety must be looked to. The group however had only assembled around a fruit and flower-girl, named Catherine Mone, who had been knocked down and rendered senseless through the incapacity of some inexperienced charioteer. The group appeared so peaceable of character that even the King ventured to approach it. He looked down upon the unconscious girl; and was at once struck with pity and admiration. She was just on the point of being carried into a neighbouring house, when she languidly opened her eyes. Their glance in an instant reached the King's heart; and giving orders, in a hurried tone, that she should be conveyed to the palace, he rode forward a new and seemingly happy man. During the whole of that evening, calm appeared to have settled upon his soul. He was thoughtful, but tranquilly thoughtful; and even the witticisms of Hercules Cæsar Antony Steinberg, his fool, could not win a smile from the happily preoccupied Eric. The King of Sweden was in love with Catherine Mone, the granddaughter of an old soldier of the army of Gustavus; a girl humbly born and homely bred, who knew nothing but her Scripture history, was as pure as the flowers she sold, feared God, and loved a young sergeant.

To no public business could Eric give his attention that night. He was even incapable of reading the despatches of Horn, announcing victories over the fleets of Denmark and Lübeck. But he consulted his favourite astrology, and, with the aid of Burræus, he joyfully discovered that the stars promised felicity to himself and the flower-girl. He could hardly wait with patience for daybreak. When it came, and therewith intelligence that Catherine had been but slightly

injured, and that she had expressed an eager desire to be permitted to depart, Eric sent her notice that he had appointed her one of the maids-of-honour to his sister Cecilia, and that her office rendered her presence in the palace necessary. The Swedish chronicle asserts that the flower-girl protested vehemently against being detained, and gave no heed to the assurances that her veteran grandsire and her widowed father (a soldier in active service) should be provided for. The announcement of her elevation to an unexpected dignity, and the assurances that her family would be raised far above want, were made to her by a royal Aide-de-camp. She replied to them only by entreaties and tears. Before noon however the King himself had pleaded his cause in person; and the result was, the reluctantly-yielded consent of Catherine to remain.

She was kept in ignorance of the stern refusal of her relations to share in any way in her good fortune. That she herself seemed deserving of it, was not to be contested. She rapidly acquired fresh graces; learned with ease all that accomplished masters could teach her; gained the esteem of her mistress Cecilia; behaved with all modesty and reserve; and when the King confessed his affection for her, she accepted it as an honest avowal, and—forgot her first lover, the young sergeant.

The report that the young sergeant was less oblivious, is probably true; but the assertion that he was detected at the feet of Catherine by Eric, and that the latter not only imprisoned the lover, but, urged by Persson, rushed into the commission of the most frantic acts, is more doubtful. That Eric became again however as one mad, is not to be gainsaid. He murdered the head of the noble family of Sture with his own hand, and massacred Burræus, who had endeavoured to soothe him. He sent innocent men to the scaffold, and then wandered about the fields likening himself to Nero, and heaping execration upon his own head. From this con-

dition, more aggravated than any from which he had yet suffered, he was recovered solely by the voice and attention of Catherine. There had been a temporary separation, and as the song says, "Love will find out the way," the alleged interview of the young sergeant and the ex-flower-girl may not, after all, be entirely void of foundation.

What poor reparation Eric could make to those families, many members of whom had been judicially, or otherwise, murdered through his blind fury, was now effected. He distributed money, implored pardon, flung his evil counsellor Persson into prison, and released his brother John from captivity. His mind however became once more unhinged by his excitement in repelling, at a fatal cost, a Danish invasion. The excitement was increased after Catherine became the mother of two children,—a daughter and a son: and no one was more aghast than herself when he announced that he would at once espouse her, fixed a day for her coronation, and summoned to that ceremony, not only the grandees of his kingdom, but the Princes his brothers. They treated the citation with a silent contempt.

The ceremony took place nevertheless, and it was one of splendid misery to the unwilling Catherine, although it made of her child the recognized heir to a crown, and ennobled her family, the male members of which consented to be created knights on the wedding-day of their kinswoman. The people looked on in menacing silence; the nobles were as mutely, but more haughtily, indignant; but when, at the coronation banquet, Nils Gyllenstjerna, who stood behind Catherine, let the crown fall from his hands, the inference drawn by all present was, that the momentary splendour would be followed by a dark and destructive storm.

And it was even so. The Dukes John and Charles raised the standard of revolt, and every one who had something in the past to revenge, or something in the future to dread, rallied beneath their banner. The best friends of Eric aban-

doned him, fortress after fortress fell into the hands of the enemies who pronounced his deposition, and it was not till the daily increasing foe appeared at the gates of Stockholm that the monarch without a sceptre seemed worthy of what he had lost.

For a moment indeed he bore himself like one crushed under the great calamity; and repairing to his physician, he extended his bare arm, and begged of the astonished official to open his veins. The medical officer replied that it was his duty to prolong and not to abridge the King's life. The remark had force enough to arouse Eric to action, and, donning his armour, and drawing his sword, he vigorously attacked, and with transitory success, the army of his hostile brothers. But it was the resistance of an individual against a multitude. All Sweden, save the quarter of the city in which his little force was assembled, had declared against him; hourly his own forces decreased by desertion; the Queen-mother and his sisters passed over to the enemy, and at length no one stood by his side but Catherine and a chosen few, true to the last to the bad King to whom they had sworn fidelity. But even this chosen few, terrified by the threats of the besiegers, and the menacing aspect of the people, were rejoiced when the Archbishop privately released them from their oaths. They opened the gates to the assailants, and Eric was at prayers in the cathedral when the news reached him that his enemies were within the city. He rushed from the church to the citadel, but ere he could reach the latter, the foe was upon him. Sten Leyonhufwud was the first who reached him. He clapped a horse-pistol to the King's throat, and bade him surrender, or give up hope of life. "I am your prisoner then," replied Eric; but at the same moment, one of his guards passed his sword through Sten's body, and the ex-King, cutting down a French and subsequently celebrated officer, named La Gardie, who had deserted to the enemy, rushed forward, gained the

palace, claimed the co-operation of the troops, and was received with acclamations. But resistance was useless. The Duke Charles, with an overwhelming force, invested the edifice, and Eric at length consented to yield, on condition of a principality and a revenue being awarded him. He was no sooner however in the hands of his brother, than Charles flung him, without ceremony, into a neighbouring church, and placing a picquet over him, left him there for the night.

There was "true woman" in Catherine at this conjuncture. On her knees she besought the guard to allow her to share her husband's captivity; and being refused, passed the time till break of day, seated on the stone steps, bewailing the misery of Eric and the ruin of the fortunes of her child. When the fallen monarch was led out, early in the day, to be taken into the presence of his brother, John, Catherine vainly endeavoured to obtain a place by his side, and to kiss his hand. "Farewell, Catherine!" were the words of Eric, as he was borne along,—"farewell! we shall meet again."

The States of the Kingdom, convoked by John, condemned Eric to perpetual imprisonment, but with such attendant respect as was due to a man who had been King of Sweden. This recommendation to mercy was unheeded by the new King. Eric was cast into a horrible dungeon, and, for guardians, there were placed over him men whom he had offended, and who claimed to be revenged. The vengeance which they exacted was diabolical. They aggravated, as far as in them lay, the horrors of his position; and one of them fastened to his crippled limbs a mass of iron, which may yet be seen in the Museum at Abo.

As he was fond of reading and of music, he was expressly deprived of all means of satisfying such simple tastes. He was not permitted to have even a Bible. His humble petition to be allowed to pass a few minutes daily in the open

air, heavily fettered as he was, met with derisive rejection. He contrived to forward a deprecating appeal to his triumphant brother, in the name of their common father, the Great Gustavus. John gave orders that books and musical instruments should be furnished to the prisoner, but Eric had not had two full days' enjoyment of them before they were taken from him, and his captivity made to him more bitter than before.

The very people who had rebelled against him took pity upon him, and solicited their new King to vouchsafe some mitigation of severity to his hapless brother. John punished such interference as rebellion; and, after every such petition, treated Eric with increased rigour. The captive was successively removed from Stockholm to Abo, Kastelholm, Gripsholm, Westeras, and, finally, to Orebyhus. At each change, the prisoner experienced only an increase of suffering.

The qualities of Catherine were respected by John, who offered her an estate and a pension, which she refused, as, therewith, permission was not given her to have access to her husband. She retired to a humble dwelling in Stockholm, taking with her her little son. She was constantly to be seen at the grating of Eric's cell, from which she was constantly driven by the guard. Occasionally, a sentinel, more compassionate than his fellows, would affect not to see her, and she and Eric could thus exchange a few words. All her time was passed between the prison of the father and the cradle of the son. She was the comforter with one, the guardian and teacher with the other.

When Eric was transferred to Abo, strict orders were issued that she should not be allowed either to accompany him, or to join him there. So strictly were these orders obeyed, that every attempt made by Catherine to reach her husband completely failed. During a whole year, she remained shut up in her dwelling at Stockholm, and devoted herself to the watching over their child.

It was not till Eric was confined at Gripsholm, that Catherine and he were again permitted to meet, and their son allowed to share in the pleasures and sorrows of the meeting. Subsequently, Catherine had permission to inhabit a room beneath that occupied by Eric; but nearer intercourse was debarred. They could not meet within speaking distance; but day after day, Catherine was to be seen seated in front of the prison, her child at her feet, within sight of Eric, and exchanging with him signs of greeting and sympathy. Long hours were passed in these silent, yet not inexpressive interviews. They were sometimes interrupted by an application to Eric of the most exquisite torture. This consisted in his being suddenly torn from the window, when Catherine and his child first appeared in front of his prison in the morning. He was, on such occasions, chained in the furthest corner of his room, so that he could not behold the dear ones who were yet so near to him. But these remained on their long watch; and often throughout the day they might hear him singing some Psalms of David, wherein the singer prayed God to pardon him, and send him deliverance, though it were even through death, from the snares of Satan and despair.

It was on the discovery of a plot for the rescue of Eric, that he was transferred from Gripsholm to Westeras, and shortly after, to the solitary castle of Orebyhus; into one of the lowest dungeons of which, he was cast, never again to enjoy freedom. He was here deprived of every comfort and solace. The unsceptred King sat in a dark cell, the whole furniture of which consisted of a coarse deal table, a stool, and four planks, which composed his bed. He was deprived of his books and music, was treated with cruel rudeness, —was deprived of all intercourse with his wife and child; and was even debarred from light, fresh air, and almost the aspect of Heaven—the window of his cell being closely barred up.

It was when he was thus secure and harmless that his brother John, affecting to think him most menacing to the safety of the kingdom, induced the States to pronounce against him a sentence of death. The ever-vigilant Catherine was the first to hear of this terrible fact; and she immediately, and secretly, departed from Stockholm in a sledge, which she abandoned within a few leagues of Orebyhus, intending to accomplish the remainder of the journey on foot. This journey of love and duty she accomplished in the month of February, when the snow was not only thick on the ground, but in the air also, sweeping into drifts by the violent action of the wind. The country she had to traverse was scarcely inhabited, save by beasts of prey; darkness and difficulty beset her, and the presence of her young son only increased her terror, her fatigue, and her despair. Within a league of the castle, and just as death was upon mother and child, she received some succour from a family of compassionate peasants who sheltered her for the night. On the following morning, she again set forward with her boy, hoping, yet scarcely knowing wherefore she so hoped, to afford aid to the dethroned husband, who was already beyond all need of earthly help. The murderer commissioned by John, had travelled more swiftly than the poor wife of Eric. Monsieur Marmier, who has narrated the incidents of a Swedish Chronicle, in his 'Souvenirs de Voyage et Traditions Populaires,' says that the executioner, after having notified to Eric his irrevocable doom, gave him the choice of three sorts of death,—suffocation, opening a vein, or poison. Eric chose the latter—swallowed the fatal draught (according to some writers, in a plate of soup), recommended his soul to God, wrote a few lines for his wife and son, and was soon after alone, struggling in his death-agony. At that moment, Catherine had reached the grating of his cell, and called on him aloud, by name. A plaintive voice, the feeble accents of which she could with difficulty

hear, murmured her name. She again called upon her husband, but was answered only by a dull groan and a suppressed sob. Stricken with strange terrors, half-mad, thoughtless of herself, she wound her arms round the bars, and endeavoured to tear them from their sockets, screaming the while, frantically, "Eric, can you hear me? Be on your guard against those who surround you! Take care against assassins. They seek to slay you. Eric! for the love of Heaven! if you can hear me, answer!"—But Eric never answered more.

This tragic scene was enacted in 1566. The hero of it was the first Swedish King who was greeted with the title of "Majesty." In Sweden, as in England, the title was not a new one; but it now began to be exclusively appropriated to sovereigns. In the early times of England, the title was applied indifferently to all persons in authority. In the reign of Stephen, the Abbot of Westminster, in a letter addressed to Henry, that monarch's brother, and the Pope's legate in England, alludes to "Egregiæ Majestatis vestræ præconia"—"Your excellent Majesty's proclamations;" and by the same title, Stephen addressed Innocent II.—But to return to Sweden.

The widow of Eric XIV. withdrew from the neighbourhood in which her husband died, and selected for her residence a manorial seat, called Lixuala, situated amid the tranquil solitudes of Finland, where she lived in unmolested retirement, in exemplary piety of life and innocency of manners. There, too, she died, after surviving her unhappy husband upwards of forty years. She was entombed in the cathedral at Åbo, where her daughter Sigrid raised a tablet to her memory, and engraved thereon an inscription which renders justice to the mother and attests the pious affection of the daughter. This child of Eric and Catherine became the wife of the brave Achatius Tott, whose heroic deeds adorn the page of Swedish story.

The son of Eric XIV. merits a word of notice, in this place. His destiny was remarkable. He was born in 1568, and had been declared heir to the throne. On the death of his father he was carried out of Sweden, and he found a poor refuge in Poland. So great was his destitution that he was compelled to hire himself out, as an ostler, and the Crown Prince gained a wretched subsistence by looking after horses and cleaning out stables. But young Gustavus Ericson could not long endure such a life, even though his identity was unknown. He was a scholar, and he resolutely made his way to Prague, where he gave lessons to the students of that then learned city. He attempted, but without success, to reach the dwelling-place of his mother, but a price was put upon his head by his uncle John. The son of John Sigismund, then King of Poland, gave him an asylum in the latter country, and added thereto the revenue of an abbey, whereby he might support life with dignity. Even at that remote period, Muscovy longed to remove her neighbour's land-mark, and the Czar proposed to establish Gustavus Ericson as King of Finland, on condition that he would declare war gainst Sweden. Gustavus patriotically refused to accede to this proposition, but he accepted the hospitality of Russia, and took up his residence within that empire. He fell upon evil times. The "false Demetrius" rose to temporary power, and in the troubles which ensued, the son of Eric was thrown into prison, whence he was not released for many years, and then only to end his days in misery and indigence, at Koschin, in 1607. He would have been a happier man had he not lived within the chances of ascending a throne; but with all the temptations which that circumstance brought, to win him from contentment and render him restless, his scientific knowledge was very considerable; and his acquaintance with chemistry was so profound that the great scholars of the day hailed him by the name of Theophrastus Paracelsus the Second.

CHRISTINA.

"Regum maxima, grandiorque regno,
Terque Augusta Virago, terque fortis,
Necnon ter sapiens; Jovisque veri
Cerebro edita Pallas."—FILICAIA.

WHEN Christina of Sweden, after she had resigned the throne, addressed herself to the task of writing her own life, she commenced her autobiography with the remark that, except Charles XI., then reigning, she was the only living being who had any right to the Swedish crown. The remark was characteristic of the author. Despite her abdication, she never made entire surrender of her right.

Her birth, at Abo, on the 8th December, 1626, put the astrologers to shame. They had foretold that a son would be born to the great Gustavus Adolphus, and that matters would go ill with mother and child. The prophecy failed in every point. "She will be a clever girl," said Gustavus, "for she has already deceived every one of us."

Thus the royal birth was contrary to expectation;—so was there in the baptism something opposed to ordinary custom. The Lutheran minister signed her with the sign of the cross. This was accounted a superstitious usage. Christina, after she went over to the Romish Church, remembered it with joy. "O Lord," she wrote, with enthusiasm, "he enrolled me in your militia, without being aware of what he was about!" Her next subject of congratulation was, that although she was born a girl, Heaven had inspired her with manly sentiments, and endowed her

with a virile constitution. If she had only died, she said, when young and innocent, her happiness would have been complete.

At two years of age, Christina listened to salvos of artillery with delight. She remembered, long after, that the Christmas before her father left Sweden for the seat of war in Germany, the river Motala, at Nikoping, stopped in its course. This river was always supposed thus to foretell the death of a Swedish King. On the subject of that glorious death, she remarked (then being a Romanist) that she trusted that a ray of the triumphant grace of God fell upon her (Lutheran) father. But, added the orthodox ex-Queen, whether that was, or was not, the case, I submit to, admire, and adore the decrees of God. And with this observation, she dismisses the subject of her father's salvation.

Christina was but a child when, by the death of the great Gustavus, she became Queen (or *King*, for the old Swedes, like the Hungarians, applied the latter title to female sovereigns) of Sweden. She remembered little more of her accession than the delight she experienced at seeing many grand people kissing her hand.

The peasants too had their share in *consenting* to receive her as Queen. The little lady was introduced to a body of them, and their chief, Lars Larsson, after examining her closely—never having seen her before—exclaimed, "Yes, I recognize the nose, eyes, and forehead of Gustavus Adolphus. *Let her be Queen.*"

In the fragment of her autobiography she confesses that she soon forgot her father; and she avows that the long and weary speeches of congratulation to which she was obliged to listen, gave her more annoyance than her father's death.

The Queen-Dowager mourned for her lost husband in a very characteristic fashion. She shut herself within her apartment, which was hung, ceiled, and carpeted with black. The light of day was excluded; and beneath the lamps sus-

pended from the roof, the disconsolate widow lay, laughing till her sides ached, at the jests of the buffoons and the drolleries of the dwarfs, by whom the apartment was crowded.

Educated by men, and under the guardianship of men like Oxenstierna and his colleagues, Christina imbibed a hatred of all that was womanly. She swore like a dragoon. It was the little foible of persons of all ages. She was passionate, proud, revengeful; but her application to study was wonderful, and the success more wonderful still, even when an application of twelve hours a day is taken into account. The difficulty would be to say what she did not know; and of half of what she *had* acquired, she was herself the teacher.

She states, as one of her characteristics, that she sometimes passed days without drinking. She detested wine and beer, and did not particularly care for any other liquid. There was one exception, however; she was extremely fond of the rose-water with which her royal mother washed her face. To the Dowager's toilet-table the thirsty little Queen would repair, and there drink the cosmetic with great enjoyment. At length she was caught in the fact, and, Queen as she was, the dowager lady administered to her such a whipping, that Christina could never think of it, to her latest hour, without a feeling of uneasiness.

She endured hunger and fatigue with singular patience; and she rallied those who did not resemble her in this matter. For womanly refinements she had the most extreme contempt; but she boasted of a delicacy of sense which prevented her from falling into vices, against which she was by no means disinclined. And it was judging upon a thorough knowledge of herself, and supposing all other women to be like her, that she expressed her conviction of the utter disability of women for conducting the affairs of a nation.

The affairs of her own kingdom were indeed admirably conducted during her minority by Oxenstierna, eminent as both warrior and statesman. With such success was his

policy carried out that, in 1648, she may be said to have almost dictated the Peace of Westphalia, which commenced a new era and a new system in Europe.

The Senate nobly carried out her father's views with respect to her education. Noble ladies, sage men, skilful instructors surrounded her. She learned the dead languages as easily as the living,—and by the same simple means,—not merely by grammar and dictionary, but colloquially. She was an excellent Latin scholar when very young, and she turned her scholarship to excellent account when Sweden was abandoned by her ally, France. On that occasion, Christina designed a medal and inscription. Sweden was represented as a female towards whom a hand was extended from the clouds, while a cock (the emblem of France) was flying away, in an opposite direction. The legend was, "A Socio derelicta, a Deo restituta Suetia"—"Sweden, forsaken by her ally, upheld by God." On the reverse was the Swedish Lion with uplifted head, and the words "Confidenter et Solus"—*Boldly though singly.*

The great Gustavus had provided for the succession of his daughter, when he repaired to Germany, in the event of his death. Christina was eighteen years of age when, in 1644, her mother Maria Eleanor ceased to be Regent, and the three Oxenstiernas (Gabriel Gustavus, Axel, and Gabriel Benedict), Jacques de la Gardie, and Charles Guldenheim, surrendered their faithful stewardship, without ceasing to be faithful servants, and left her to both reign and govern.

The war which was raging when her father fell at Lützen, was continued on the part of Sweden, under Banner, Torstensohn, Horn, Wrangel, and Königsmark. Success departed from them at Nördlingen in 1634, and the cause upheld by Sweden was perilled by the defection of the Elector of Saxony, in 1635. The alliance, however, of France with the Swedish crown, was rendered glorious by several victo-

ries within the nine immediate succeeding years. Austria was weary of the contest, and when the Treaty of Westphalia was signed, five millions of thalers, with Pomerania, Rügen, Bremen, and Verdun, were added to the Swedish territory.

Meanwhile Sweden had engaged separately against Denmark, the friend of Austria. Torstensohn carried on a successful invasion of the enemy's country; and this war concluded in 1646 with an augmentation of the Swedish possessions, at the expense of Denmark.

After the Treaty of Westphalia had secured, for awhile, the tranquillity of Sweden, Christina was crowned, under circumstances of more than ordinary splendour and rejoicing, in 1650. She then named, as her successor, Charles Gustavus, son of the Pfalzgraf John Casimir and Catherine, sister of Gustavus Adolphus.

Among the greatest glories of this celebrated Queen was the founding of the University of Abo, in Finland. She invited, and that at great cost, to her aid, as well as for her own intellectual entertainment, great scholars from all countries; Grotius and Descartes, Salmasius, Vossius, Nicholas Heinsius, Comingius, Freinshemius, and others not less celebrated, gave splendour and dignity to a Court where the Muses were as much in favour as deeds of arms.

Her liberality, however, extended to extravagance, and she was prodigal in laying out money, even on worthless objects. The nation bore silently with the faults of the daughter of Gustavus. The people became more discontented and less reserved in manifesting their displeasure, when they observed the closeness of her intercourse with Romanists,—particularly with the French doctor Bourdelot and the Spanish ambassador Pimentelli. Both were deeply in her confidence; but while she trusted Bourdelot she was first led, then commanded, by the Spaniard. Her close intimacy with the latter was complete, and it excited against

her the indignation, not unmingled by compassion, of those who loved the daughter of Gustavus, but who saw the abyss into which she was descending. She resolutely refused to contract any matrimonial engagement, although several princely suitors offered themselves to woo a lady who would not be won—in *that* fashion.

Her impatient spirit manifested itself even at church. She there used two chairs, one of purple velvet, in which she was seated, and one in front of her, over the back of which she would lean her head or arms, thinking of divers matters,—but apparently not of religious subjects. If the good minister were a little prosy, or a trifle long, Christina would begin playing with the couple of spaniels which always accompanied her; or she would chat with some gentleman-in-waiting; and if the minister still continued dividing and subdividing his subject,—for he would do so, regardless of her impatience,—the Queen would rattle her fan on the back of the chair before her, and distract the attention of the congregation, if she could not stop the preacher.

Her own acknowledgment that she was never nice of speech, hardly needs confirmation. It is, however, confirmed by an anonymous writer (1656), who states that one of his friends used to entertain her with stories of a very unseemly character, with which she was abundantly delighted; "yet because there were some of his narrations, which did sometimes require more modest expressions than the genuine or natural, chiefly before a Royal Majesty and in a maid's presence,—as she saw him going about his circumlocutions and seeking civil terms, she would boldly speak out the words, though they were never so filthy, many of which he hath specified to me, which modesty forbids me to write here."

A Flemish writer in the 'Mercure Hollandois,' writing of her in the year of her abdication, 1654, is loud in praise of her queenly qualities, and of her intellect and discernment. But the Fleming confesses that she had nothing of the wo-

man in her, save her sex; and that her presence, voice, and manners were altogether masculine. Her horsemanship was of the *haute école;* and nothing pleased her more than to drive a sledge with the utmost rapidity and carelessness. Any fare was welcome to her; and hard beef was devoured by her with the same indifference with which she swallowed the most exquisite dishes. Five hours' sleep she thought too great a luxury. The Flemish writer adds, that the great reserve of Christina gained for her, from her courtiers, more profound homage than was ever paid to mortal potentate. He must simply mean that she was haughty, for as to *reserve*, he adds, that although she went great lengths in her conversation, yet her authority suffered nothing thereby, as she knew when to stop. "It was a wonderful thing to see how, at the very opening of her mouth, every one present trembled; even the great General Wrangel, who had made all Germany tremble, was in presence of this Princess as submissive as a child."

Manneschied, the confessor of Pimentelli, the Spanish Ambassador at the Swedish Court, and a great admirer of the Queen, who was a lukewarm Lutheran, and who execrated Calvinism, agrees with this portraiture, to which he makes some additions. He speaks wonderingly of the poor quality of her riding-habit: "I hardly know if it were worth four or five ducats;" and the good priest proceeds to inform us that, even at Court, she was always simply dressed, and never wore ornaments of any sort on her dress or person. "All the gold she has about her body consists of a plain gold ring. She never combs her hair but once a week, and sometimes lets it go untouched for a fortnight. On Sundays her toilet takes about half an hour; but on other days it is despatched in a quarter." Manneschied says that he occasionally remarked, when talking with her, that the long sleeve of her chemise was covered with spots of ink, made when writing, and that her linen was ragged and much torn. She

was in fact that horrible thing, a dirty person; that *most* horrible thing, a dirty woman. Sometimes a bold friend would hint at the salubrity of cleanliness, to which she would answer, "Wash! that's all very well for people who have nothing else to do!" "Tota lavanda Dea est" was not a rule to which this nasty lady yielded allegiance.

The priest sets her down for a heroine because she was wont to say that there was nothing under heaven that could give her mind a moment's uneasiness. This was only confessing that she was intensely selfish; and she was fond of uttering very fine sentiment, as is the case with the few selfish women who are to be found in the world. "I no more care for death," she was wont to say, "than I do for sleep,"—an assertion that proves nothing, for it has been uttered by the worst of criminals.

One of her great merits was her indefatigable industry. She loved work, hated those who preferred to be idle, and held in her heart's extremest contempt that curse in society, an idle man. No amount of business daunted her; the more there was, the better she was pleased; and if it elicited her skill in the use and knowledge of several languages, she was still more content. Nothing could be more majestic than the general bearing of this little lady on all state occasions, but the dignity was dropped with the circumstances; and she who had a minute before been addressing grandly rounded periods to a grave and admiring ambassador, was the next indulging in all sorts of wild talk with the perhaps confused, bewildered, and blushing man.

She so hated hypocrisy and sham in all things, that although she was below the middle stature, she would not wear heels to her shoes, as was the fashion with ladies of that period, but rather wore slippers of an even sole, that she might not appear a hair's-breadth higher than God had made her. As for her complexion, it came of the air, and not from the perfumer's. Chénut, the French Ambassador,

ends a long eulogy of her virtues, her erudition, her grace, condescension, and good-humour, by expressing his astonishment that she never wore "coif or mask." "Sunshine, wind or rain, in town or country," says Chénut, "it is all the same to Christina." The only things on earth for which she seemed to care, according to this Envoy, were honour, virtue, and learning; the last thing she ever cared for was the manly homage of affection.

"Her hand had many suitors,
But she smiled them down imperially, as Venus did the waves."

There were many men at her Court, scholars, philosophers, poets, artists, and others, whose presence would have added glory to any throne; but with them there were the two, already mentioned, Doctor Michon, who assumed the name of his more celebrated uncle, Bourdelot, and Pimentelli, the Spanish ambassador; and these men, the first openly licentious and the second darkly designing, caused her to forfeit the good opinion of her subjects, and brought her to the point at which she saw, or affected to see, that her safest course was to abdicate, whether she regarded her pleasures or her duty. She fancied that she might fulfil both all the easier by such a course.

The anonymous author of 'The Relation of the Life of Christina' assigns to the influence of Bourdelot much of the evil which marked the character of the Queen. "That man," says the author, "being without religion and piety, impressed all his false opinions on the mind of the Queen, whom then, in a short time, he did make like himself. . . . She did indeed still bear the name of 'Great Christina,' but she had no more her virtues. She did before eat for the most part in public, where they used to discourse of some fine matters, wherein all the Court did, with admiration, partake of the knowledge and subtlety of that Princess's wit, who by those means was reverenced and cherished of all men. But this foolish statesman, quite contrary to that

commendable practice, stole her from her courtiers to possess her alone, and entertain her royal mind with jests and ridiculous sports, so that her counsellors and the great men of her kingdom could hardly see her, and seldom speak to her."

After enlarging in the same strain upon similar subjects, the author (himself a Frenchman) adds, "that Imprudence and Impudence grew at last to that height, that, being judged intolerable, some did resolve and endeavour to murther him;" but we are told that "this base and fearful heart . . . was forced to think of his retreat; for which he made an advantageous provision, carrying out of the kingdom, whether in coin or plate, to the value of a hundred thousand crowns and more." Of the subsequent career of Bourdelot the author says:—"He, like a great mastiff, eats this day the bread of the poor, and sucks the blood of the Crucifix, having obtained an Abbey of the King of France, by the urgent intercession of Christina (after her abdication), who took so much to heart the getting of that benefice (which Rome, informed of Bourdelot's ill qualities, had refused him), that she ceased not her importunities to the Court of France till she saw her Dagon sit in the Temple of God."

The same author speaks of the wildly irreligious nature of the conversation of Christina previous to her abdication; but he adds, "There is some probability that what this Princess did in those strange disputes was rather to show her fine wit than out of a design to overthrow those truths so well established in the world, that none but fools will oppose them."

Pimentelli was the successor of Bourdelot in the favour of Christina. His influence over her was unbounded, says the author of the 'Relation,' "all the time of his negotiation in Sweden; for him she made feasts, balls, walks, and public rejoicings. And it is not without reason that many persons suspected that it was this man that made her conceive the monstrous design to quit the crown. . . .It was he

only that did eat oftenest with her—that accompanied her in all her walks—that entertained her at night until three or four o'clock after midnight; and, lastly, who was her Achates or inseparable companion, and who transacted no less all her business than his predecessor Bourdelot." The festivals she held in his honour, the gifts she conferred on him, and the embassy extraordinary which she despatched to the King of Spain, to thank him for sending her so gallant a man as Pimentelli, were scandals to the honest people of Sweden.

A report that Christina was disposed to abdicate, was current in Europe some years previous to the accomplishment of the fact. She was herself silent on the subject; but her conduct was watched, and her speech was scrutinized, and people drew conclusions in the best manner they could.

One day, the Queen remarked, with a yawn, that she never heard but the same thing—was sick of hearing the same thing, and was longing for something new. That night, all the Court was gossiping about her abdication.

On another occasion, when her cousin, Prince Charles Gustavus, was with her, two secretaries entered the apartment, with documents which required her signature. "I would as soon see the devil, as see these people," was the remark of the Queen to her cousin. She added an expression of her determination to resign the crown to some one who had strength to bear it, sufficient capacity to govern the nation, and courage and prudence enough to be at the head of the army. The report of an abdication became, of course, stronger than ever. The faithful old Oxenstierna had heard of a letter on the subject, addressed by the Queen to Chenut, the French Ambassador at the Hague. The letter contained an assurance that, except the Ambassador and another friend, the writer despised "all the rest of them." Oxenstierna and "all the rest" were more

hurt by this expression than by the determination of the Queen to abdicate.

She had been meditating the step for eight years; and had been determined to realize it, for five years past. "You have been my confidant in this matter," wrote the Queen to Chenut, in February, 1654, "I have made up my mind, and I do not trouble myself to know or care what people may say of it."

Pimentelli and Bourdelot had already left Stockholm, and Christina had sent to Gothenburg a vast quantity of books, jewels, gold and silver vases, medals, paintings, statues, and rare manuscripts. There were more than a hundred cases, and the citizens began to think the wealth of the kingdom was being carried away in them. She increased the number of Senators to forty: the newly-appointed, it was said, would enable her to carry her project to a successful end.

On what, it was asked, was such a project founded? And it was answered that Christina, having resolved not to marry, was not bound to bear the oppressive weight of government longer than she chose; she was weary of war and diplomacy, and was looking, with longing eyes, towards Italy and tranquillity. Besides, the finances of the nation were nearly exhausted, and would no longer suffice, not merely for the exigencies of war, but for the necessary splendour of her Court, etc.

Christina was aware of the motives attributed to her, and when she assembled the States-General in February, 1654, and announced to them her fixed determination to divest herself of the crown, and to resign it to her cousin, Charles Gustavus, she expressed her indifference as to the motives attributed to her by the world, and begged of the States to simply and speedily accept the resignation, from which no remonstrance could turn her.

The remonstrances were duly and repeatedly made, but in vain. Charles Gustavus is reported to have proposed a

compromise, by offering to share the throne, by marrying the Queen. "All that I desire," said Christina, "is a guaranteed annual incóme of two thousand rixdollars, and certain lands which I may hold at my sovereign disposal." The revenue was not thought exorbitant; but the cautious Senate would not alienate Swedish territory, which the sovereign holder might, perhaps, subsequently sell to a foreign power. She wished also to regulate the succession after Charles Gustavus. The long-headed Swedish nobles respectfully observed that while they, with regret, sanctioned her resolution to abdicate, and acknowledged for their sovereign the successor named by herself, that nomination must be the last act of her sovereignty: her successor would relieve her of all further trouble touching the royal inheritance.

She was annoyed, but she submitted. On one sovereign act more, however, she was resolved. She sent an order to the Portuguese Ambassador to leave the kingdom. The reason alleged was, that she did not acknowledge his master, "the Duke of Braganza," as King of Portugal, the throne of which country, she said, belonged to her dear friend, Philip IV. of Spain. The ambassador was confounded; but the Senate, and the Prince designated as Christina's successor, bade him quietly remain where he was, as in a few days his master would be recognized as Sovereign of Portugal by the King of Sweden. The undoubted authority of Christina was thus set aside by others, before she had herself laid it down!

At length, the 10th of June, 1654, arrived. As if to show her impatience for the coming of that day, the Queen appeared before the Senate at seven o'clock in the morning. In the presence of all assembled, she signed the deed of resignation, after it had been read aloud; subsequent to which, the deed securing to her her revenue and landed property was also read and signed.

Christina then arose. The crown was on her brow. The royal mantle hung from her shoulders. The sceptre was still grasped by one hand; in the other she held the symbolic orb. With a crowd of brilliant officials around her, and two officers at her side bearing the Sword of State and the Golden Key, Christina entered the great hall of the palace. It was completely filled by glittering nobles and ladies, in whose presence Christina took her seat upon a solid silver throne. Deputations from different States of the realm were also among the spectators. The acts signed in the Senate were then read aloud, and the hereditary Prince, whose chair was a little in the rear of the massive low throne occupied by the Queen, placed the acts in her hands. She let them lie in her lap for a moment. Then, feeling that all was over, or *should* be over, she stood erect, and made a sign with her hand to Count Brahé to approach and take the crown from off her head. The great official drew back, resolved not to perform such solemn service. Again the sign was made, but the Count only turned aside to conceal his emotion. Christina then raised her hands, lifted the crown from her brow, and held it in her extended hands, towards the Count, who now approached and received it, kneeling. She then stripped herself of all her remaining royal adornments, which were carried by officers present, and deposited upon a table near the throne. Christina was left standing in a simple dress of white taffeta. She advanced a few steps, and spoke during a full half-hour on the past struggles and glory of Sweden, and on its prospects. She spoke eloquently, gracefully, touchingly. The whole assembly was drowned in tears and admiration at beholding such a sight, and hearing such sentiments,—a Queen in the prime of life voluntarily surrendering power, and testifying by her speech her worthiness to retain it.

Sundry complimentary addresses followed from members of the Senate, nobles, and from Charles Gustavus, who even

went so far as to persuade her to resume the symbols of royalty which she had just laid down. Christina smiled, shook her head, and all present having kissed her hand, she was conducted by Charles Gustavus to her private apartments. There was a pretty struggle on the occasion, but Charles, with gentle restraint, led her on his right, and leaving her at the door of her chamber, proceeded to the Cathedral, where he was crowned.

The coronation was not a splendid ceremony on this occasion, inasmuch as not only was Sweden exhausted of money, but Christina had sent away the crown jewels. She had been considerate enough not to carry off the crown; and Charles Gustavus celebrated his accession thereto, by striking a medal, on which he was represented being crowned by the ex-Queen, surrounded by the inscription, "From God and Christina!" "He might have added," said a legislator, "by election of the Senate!"

In the evening, although the rain descended in torrents, she announced her intention of quitting Upsal. Her friends remonstrated with her. "I cannot rest here," said Christina, "where I was so lately a crowned sovereign." She accordingly went; and on her arrival at Stockholm, declared her intention of repairing to Spa, for the purpose of drinking the waters, with a view of invigorating her shattered health.

The whole body of peasantry declared that she ought to be kept within the Swedish frontier by force, if necessary, otherwise she would squander good Swedish dollars in foreign countries. The entire body of Lutheran clergy loudly protested against her leaving the kingdom. "It is not Spa waters she thirsts after," remarked those clerical gentlemen, "she hungers for the Roman wafer." Unqueened Queen as she was however, Christina would not allow her way to be impeded. She left Sweden accordingly, after taking hasty leave of her mother, the Queen Dowager, at

Nikoping. Escorts by land, and convoy by sea, were placed at her disposal, but she escaped from, rather than refused, all, and Christina began her career of errant-lady.

Chenut reports, that when Christina had arrived at the little rivulet which then divided Sweden from territory belonging to Denmark, she descended from her carriage and jumped across the boundary. On alighting on the other side, she exclaimed, "At length! here I am, at liberty, and out of Sweden; may I never return thither!"

In male attire, and under the name of "the son of the Count of Dohna," Christina journeyed onwards. Her progress excited great curiosity, although she herself fancied that it was unobserved. Madame du Noyer relates an incident that is highly dramatic, and probably true. That lady states, in her 'Lettres Galantes,' that the Queen of Denmark, hearing of the presence of Christina at an inn, disguised herself as a servant, and in that character waited on the ex-Queen, whom she observed at her leisure. Christina, we are told, had not the slightest suspicion, and put no restraint upon her tongue or conduct, while sojourning at the inn. She especially spoke with entire unreserve of the King of Denmark, and made such remarks upon his character,—observations so likely to sting his royal consort, waiting in the room in short boddice and clean apron, as to induce us to suspect that Christina was not altogether unconscious as to the identity of the scarlet-cheeked *fille-de-chambre*. When the latter left the inn, she commanded a page to inform his errant mistress that she had done great injustice to his Majesty of Denmark. The page hastened to deliver the message, at hearing which, Christina, after expressing some surprise, laughed aloud, and exclaimed, "What! that servant-girl, who was standing there all dinner-time, was the Queen of Denmark! Well, there has happened to her what often happens to curious people—they make discovery of more things than are agreeable to them.

It is her own fault; for as I have not the gift of divination, I did not look for her under such a dress as that!"

Galeazzo Gualdo, in his 'Roma Nova,' throws doubt upon this incident; but Arkenholz, in his long, lumbering, confused, but conscientiously written 'Life and Letters of Christina," asserts that the story is credited by the Danish writers; and he particularly cites Holberg, as accepting it as an historical fact.

It may be said rather, that she travelled in the guise of a foreign knight, for she traversed Denmark, habited as a cavalier, with a red scarf, according to the Spanish fashion. In this way she rode into Hamburg. The authorities had prepared a residence for her, but she preferred lodging with a Jewish physician, named Texeira. "That action," says a contemporary writer, "much amazed both the Senate, whose honourable entertainment and reception she refused; and the priests of the town, who, inflamed with the zeal of God's house, could not forbear to speak in public against her, for her ridiculous and scandalous choice of the house of a man who is professedly a sworn enemy of Jesus Christ."

The ex-Queen heard of the objections made to the course she had thus taken; but she replied for herself, that Jesus Christ had all his life conversed with the Jews; that He was one of their seed, and that he had preferred their company to that of all other nations. She already had such fears touching her worldly fortune, that she wrote letters at Hamburg, addressed to her successor, imploring him to take heed that her income was regularly paid, and her estates looked to. The idea that she would ever return to Sweden rendered Charles Gustavus uneasy. The Senate was more uneasy still, touching her disposition towards Romanism, and they passed a remonstrance so stringent, that Charles Gustavus softened it down before he sent it to her. The remonstrance was in direct opposition to a sentiment expressed by Christina in her letter to Gustavus, that "Swe-

den would very little care as to what she did, or what became of her."

An anonymous French author, who saw her at Divine service in Hamburg, says of her: "We saw her at church hearing the Word of God, with so little reverence and attention, and so much impatience, that thereby many men who went to see her out of curiosity, were confirmed in the ill opinion they had before conceived of her by divers reports made of her before her arrival." Others took exception to her travelling without a chaplain in her train. "She made a show to retain one," says the anonymous French writer, "who did wait on her as far as Halmstat, upon the frontiers of Denmark, where she dismissed him. Another was offered her at Hamburg, whom she pretended to accept, though the event declared that she had no mind for him; and indeed such persons had been but as thorns in her feet, for, having a design to profess Popery, the Ministers of the Gospel were no fit attendants on her."

In another work, the 'Nachricht von Hamburg,' we are told that Christina went to St. Peter's Church with Prince Frederick of Hesse on the fifth Sunday after Trinity, and that in the sermon the preacher, Müller, "applied the narrative of the Queen of Arabia Felix to Christina, who, although she did not much attend to the sermon, rewarded the author by presenting him with a chain of gold." An officer, who entered her pew after she had left the church, found therein a volume of Virgil. The book had been presented to her as she took her seat, and it was observed that she smiled on receiving it.

Christina gave offence to the people and authorities of Hamburg, by leaving the city at so unseasonable an hour as four o'clock in the morning. The Landgraf of Hesse had given a splendid entertainment in her honour, at which the ex-Queen was present. She left it with pleasant acknowledgments and anticipations of future enjoyment; but while the

revellers were getting to bed and the other Hamburghers were still sleeping, Christina assembled her little troop and rode off from the city without taking leave of the government, or commissioning any one to thank the magistracy, in her name, for their abundant hospitality. "In her train, she being fifth or sixth herself, followed on her voyage towards the United Provinces, without being accompanied by any woman or maid-servant, having left her two Hollands-women (who had served her a long-enough time, and whom she had brought from Sweden with her) at Hamburg, without giving them any recompense, as she had likewise done to her footmen and coachmen, committing herself wholly to the guidance of Seigneur Steinberg, of whom she made choice above all in her court, as of the most brutish and irrational man; and having given the charge of her master of the household, or steward, to *Silver-Crona*, whose name, full of silver, smells rankly of her goldsmith."*

Careless of what the public thought of her proceedings, and treating with disregard the proceedings of others, undertaken to do her honour and show her respect, Christina rode on in impudent independence. She passed through town after town, and seemed scarcely to see, and often, if compelled to see, ready to evince her contempt for, the ovations got up out of delicate feeling, as if she were still a great sovereign, and not a clever lady.

On the 31st of July, that day being the Festival of St. Ignatius, Christina arrived at Münster, and visited the Jesuits' College there. She was in the dress of a French gentleman, carried a sword, and wore a black wig. She drove up to the gates in a hackney chariot (*vulgari vecta rhedâ*, says the letter of a Jesuit of Münster) drawn by four horses. Nobody expected her. She was accompanied by Count Steinberg, Baron Soops, and three others. One of them was suspected, by the sharp-witted and experienced father, of being

* Relation of the Life of Christina: 1656.

a lady in male attire. The hour was six in the evening. As soon as the Queen had jumped from her carriage, she began putting questions to every person she met; and when the party had reached the gates of the college the porter opposed the admission of a party of loosely dressed men, the smallest of whom seemed to be on the most easy terms with the rest. The gatekeeper proceeded to ask permission for the entrance of the strangers, touching whose identity and purpose much discussion ensued. At length a father went and bade them welcome. The impertinent-looking little French gentleman thereupon asked him wherefore such prompt kindness was exhibited to strangers. "It is the rule of our society," said the father, "to be all things to all men!"—"To all men," repeated Christina, who at those words laughed right heartily.

The father who conducted the strangers was curious to know whence they came. Many were the compliments offered, great the tact displayed, but nothing more was elicited from the now courteous little cavalier than that he was from the confines of Poland, and was not a Catholic. The questions put by the loosely-dressed gentleman in the black wig, who spoke Latin with an elegance that enchanted the reverend guide, were endless, but readily answered. At length he expressed a strong desire to see the refectory. Reply was made that all the fathers were at table. The royal curiosity was thereby aggravated. Some diplomacy was practised; and finally, the wide door of the refectory was opened, and the cavalier was struck with surprise at the spectacle within. The visitor recoiled a moment from the threshold, and the guide was even obliged to employ a persuasive push, whereby he gently forced the stranger into the hall. The greater part of those who were at the banquet commemorative of their founder frowned darkly at the unaccustomed intrusion. Others, who appear to have had a suspicion of the quality of the cavalier, arose; and this suspicion having

been quickly whispered to the rest, the whole company at the various tables stood up as the visitor and those in attendance advanced. The cavalier took off his plumed hat and held it partly over his face, as he passed somewhat quickly between the tables. On returning to the door the visitor stopped to listen to the reader, who had paused during the passage of the strangers. Thence Christina proceeded to the sleeping apartments, looked into the books that were lying about, gave and took little jokes as the visitation was in progress, and inquired if there were any Lutherans among the scholars. On receiving an affirmative reply the cavalier said,

"Will you admit me among your pupils, good father?"

"I am very much afraid," answered the latter, "that you are somewhat too high to bend to pupilage, or to subject yourself to scholastic discipline."

Thereupon came another laugh, and the party proceeded to the library. Here Christina displayed her learning, her extensive reading, and her critical powers. The father was astonished and delighted, and perhaps began more strongly than ever to suspect the quality and sex of the learned and light-hearted little scholar. On leaving the library they encountered the members of the Society returning from the refectory. The young gentleman stood aside; and as the fathers were uncertain as to his rank, they hesitated in saluting him. ("A quibus dubiis dubius salutatur.") The visitor with the sword on his thigh was more confident, and exclaimed, as the brotherhood passed by, "Behold the unspotted body of the fathers of the Society!"

No part of the college or grounds was left unvisited, and Christina remained till Steinberg announced that everything was ready at the inn for their reception. Refreshment was offered, and even wine, which she accepted, drinking thereof, but pouring out what she left upon the ground, remarking, as she did so, "I am not much of a wine-

drinker." She then went on her way, and the next morning sent a hundred ducats to the community.

A deputation of the fathers proceeded to the hotel in which their visitors lodged, to offer their thanks. Christina was in bed, but she received the fathers in her chamber. She was in great good-humour on seeing them, and at once inquired laughingly, if they did not really think that she had desecrated their sacred house? The fathers at once hailed her as "majesty," and made their excuses, lest they might have failed in the respect due to so [illegible] a personage.

After a merry hour of mirthful and unconstrained conversation, in which Christina spoke without reserve of herself and her history, arrangements were made to enable her to visit the establishment privately, in order that she might hear a musical service. All the fathers save one then departed; the one left was to serve as escort in a close carriage to the Jesuits' house. Meanwhile these two personages, so opposite in their position and character, breakfasted together, before they repaired in strict privacy to hear the sacred music. Christina was in a flood of delight at the solemnity of the service and the beauty of the music. On leaving the establishment, she found a vast crowd waiting to gaze at, rather than to greet, her. She was probably not well-pleased, for she saluted the fathers only, drew the curtains of the carriage, and drove through the multitude, on her way to Burgsteinfurt.

The Government of the United Provinces wished to show their estimation of her by the splendour of their reception. She continued however to desire to preserve her *incognito*, and she passed on her way, still in male attire, till she reached Antwerp, where she lodged at the house of a rich merchant, named Gerard Salian, and flinging off her *haut de chausses*, sword, plumed cap, and black wig, appeared in a costume more suitable to her sex. She seemed to have

recovered full measure of happiness. Certainly it was not till she fairly found herself on Spanish territory that she appeared to breathe freely, and to enjoy herself thoroughly. This was particularly the case at Brussels. At four miles from the city she was met by the Archduke Leopold and all his Court, by whom she was escorted, in gallant array, to the Archducal palace.—Plays, balls, banquets, and other festivals, marked the joy experienced by her arrival. "She was royally feasted" (says one, who adds, "I bring nothing hither I have not seen myself") "by the Count of Fuensaldagna, who, for that end, sent letters to several cities and towns in the Low Countries, for rarity and variety;—to Bruges, for capons; to the city of Ghent, for veal; to Antwerp, for fish; to Mons, for mutton; to Ardennes, for venison; to Lille and Tournay, for poultry of all sorts." Her delight was extreme, the more so, we are told, that Pimentelli was there to increase her delight, and that the highly-favoured Spaniard brought "stately presents" from his master, the King of Spain. Nor was she herself sparing of gifts. When the Archduke left for the army, she bestowed on him a superb charger, "sumptuously accoutred with gold and diamonds to a very great value." That she could ill-afford to make so costly a gift was the last thing thought of by the unqueened Queen.

There was an individual at Brussels to see whom Christina had as great a desire, as the individual had to see Christina. The personage in question was the Prince de Condé. The ex-Queen had been accustomed to speak of him as "her hero," but now she objected to receive him but on one condition, of certain formalities being observed, to which the Prince objected. He therefore could not attend her *levées*. Nevertheless, he slipped into the grand reception-room one day, when it was thronged with courtiers, among whom the Prince stood to watch the bearing of Christina on state occasions. She was so well acquainted with his

portraits that she immediately recognized him, and advanced to speak to him. The Prince recoiled, saying as he drew back, "All, or nothing." She followed, but Condé left the palace, and Christina returned to give welcome to less noble men. An arrangement was made that they should meet by accident in the Park at Brussels. There they encountered, but it was then the humour of Christina to be dignified, and the interview was marked by ceremony and coldness. The ex-Queen refused to consider him on an equality with the Archduke, Governor of the Spanish Netherlands, and Condé persisted in being "all or nothing."

While Christina was politically busy at this time, in endeavouring to reconcile France and Spain, she was still more occupied with a more important and personal affair,—her conversion.

On the 24th of December, the night after her arrival in Brussels, a small but illustrious company was assembled in the ex-Queen's cabinet. There were, in addition to herself, the Archduke, Pimentelli, Counts Montecuculi, Fuensaldagna, and Don Agustin Navarra, Secretary of State. A little apart stood the Dominican Father Guemes. He had been the private secretary of Pimentelli in Sweden, and assuredly to some purpose, for it was kneeling before this Dominican that Christina made her first (and private) confession of the Romish faith. While this was being said, and while the monk was repeating the words of the absolution, the artillery of the city fired a salute. This was not an uncommon circumstance in those days, on Christmas Eve,—but as it happened (or was ordered) just at this juncture of the confession of Christina and the absolution by the priest, all present looked at each other, and said, or seemed to say, "miraculous!"

Brussels broke out into such a blaze of gaiety that the citizens themselves could not divine wherefore. The dissipation was tremendous; and in honour of the solemn event,

in addition to other means of festivity, Mazarin sent troops of Spanish, French, and Italian players. The debauchery in Brussels was carried to the most extravagant point, for the strange reason that Christina had reached what was considered the only track to heaven. The royal convert herself wrote to the Countess Ebba Sparra assurances that she was enjoying a new felicity. "My occupations," she says, "are eating, drinking, sleeping, studying a little, gossiping, laughing, going to the play, and passing life agreeably.—In short, I no longer listen to sermons. I have done with preachers. According to Solomon (for all the rest is folly) it is our common duty to live happily, eating, drinking, and singing."—Christina's new light was not of a brilliant description.

She was not satisfied however with mere dissipation. She invited the sages and wits to her little Court. Some came, others, like Ménage, excused themselves. A Jesuit observed to her that her future place would be by the side of St. Bridget of Sweden. "I would much rather," replied Christina, "be provided with a place among the philosophers."

She evaded searching questions addressed to her from Sweden; but continued her dissipated life,—only withdrawing for a brief time from gaiety, on hearing of the deaths of her mother and Oxenstierna, the great statesman. Her eagerness to visit Rome became now irresistible, and she announced her wishes to the Pontiff Alexander VII., whom she privately ridiculed for entertaining an opinion that he, the vainest and weakest of men, was the author of her conversion. The Holy Father expressed the joy he should feel at receiving such a visitor, but intimated that her welcome would depend upon her first making a public confession of the Romish faith. Christina speedily made up her mind. On the 22nd of September, 1655, after distributing presents with unexampled prodigality, she left Brussels, whence she was magnificently escorted above a league. She

then went on to Innspruck at the head of a gallant company, consisting of two hundred persons, all of whose expenses were defrayed by their royal and liberal mistress.

Among the company was included "a long tail of Jesuits and friars which she trailed after her to Innspruck, in Tyrol, the residence of the Grand Duke of that country." Among the illustrious personages who visited her on her way, were Charles II. and the Duke of Gloucester, who paid their compliments to her at Frankfort, on the 5th of October. Some authors, on the other hand, declare that she declined to receive them, out of regard for Cromwell! She crossed the Alps on the 16th; and by the end of the month, entered the chief city in Tyrol. That her reception here exceeded in grandeur and warmth of welcome all that had been witnessed elsewhere, was natural, for it was known that it was at Innspruck she had resolved to pass publicly from the community of Luther to the Church of Rome. This event itself, which took place on the 3rd of November, was accompanied by circumstances of great pomp and solemnity.

The Archduke led her into the Franciscan church, at the head of a numerous and jubilant company. He conducted the royal convert to a seat beneath a canopy on the left hand, and a little in advance of the high altar. The church itself was crowded by a brilliant gathering of the most noble, the most religious, and the most curious of both sexes, and of all nations. The choir was entirely hung with crimson velvet, and the whole flooring of the church was covered with new crimson serge. When silence had succeeded to the excitement caused by the entrance of the processional escort and the ex-Queen, the Papal Nuncio, Holsteinus (or Holstenius, a convert from Protestantism, Canon of St. Peter's, Notary Apostolic, and head librarian of the Vatican; his appointment to which did not induce his competitor to assail him anonymously) stood forward on the right side of the altar, and addressed the breathless congregation. "Pope

Alexander VII.," he said, "having understood that Christina, Queen of Sweden, had an intent to put herself into the bosom of the Church, had sent his letters to testify his approbation of her desires, and his readiness to receive her with his apostolic benediction. Therefore he (the Papal Nuncio) was there to know whether it was true or otherwise."

Christina simply but audibly said, that "it was true." An eye-witness thus relates the rest. "Then Holsteinus desired that in testimony of the truth thereof, she would make profession of the Roman faith, and swear to keep it on the Holy Evangelists," which she did, and kissed the book. Immediately on this, a chair was set for Holsteinus to sit in, and a cushion laid at his feet, on which the Queen kneeled. Then he, making the sign of the cross over her head, and embracing her shoulders, gave her absolution from all the sins she had committed. Then were certain short prayers said (or rather sung) in Latin for her; after which, high mass was sung; and then a priest made a sermon in Dutch (German) from the 45th Psalm, the words of which he easily applied, to exhort her to forget her people, country, and father's house, and to stick close to that profession she had taken up. Afterwards *Te Deum* was sung with excellent voices, and instruments of all sorts, and drums (which I never saw before in a church). All was concluded with a discharge of ordnance and other demonstrations of great joy." At night (after the most solemn step in life that human being could possibly take) the Archduke *entertained her with a mask and dancing.* Nor was this all, there was a play represented before her that evening, the moral of which was not of the cleanest. The only comment made upon it by the illustrious convert is said to have been,—"Well, gentlemen, it is but proper that you should entertain me with a comedy to-night, since I amused you with a farce this morning." A profane remark,

upon which the great and easy Leibnitz can say no more, than that if it was really uttered, it proved that Christina was not mindful of——decorum!

The fact of the conversion could no longer be concealed from anxious Sweden. The ex-Queen accordingly addressed a note to Charles Gustavus, in which she said, "Having received the permission and the command of his Holiness to declare myself what I have been for a long time, I was too happy to obey; and I prefer this glory to that of reigning over the powerful states which you now possess."

Shortly after the ceremony of public confession, Christina resumed her journey to Rome. The value of the neophyte was testified by the homage which everywhere awaited her. Had she been an angel from Heaven, the Cardinals who met her, and defrayed all her expenses from the time she entered the States of the Church, could not have shown her greater reverence. Had she been the greatest of warriors, she could not have passed beneath more splendid triumphal arches; and the acclaiming thousands who beheld her pass along, could not have exhibited more grateful emotion, had she been the benefactress of all mankind.

Then, how admirably did she support her new character, or how deeply did she feel the worthlessness of symbols of worldly power! No sooner did her eyes fall on the house of Our Lady, at Loretto, when Christina descended from her litter, *walked* in the vicinity of the mansion of the Madonna, and entering the building with a humble look, deposited there a crown and sceptre,—signs of a majesty she had for ever abandoned. Previous to her performance of this ceremony, she had treated a report of her intention to fulfil it with unmitigated contempt. Arkenholtz relates, that a person who paid his court to her at Frankfort, heard her say, "So, people will have it that I shall go to Loretto, and deposit my crown and sceptre at the feet of the Virgin Mary. I gave up those symbols of royalty in Sweden, and

if I had any other to dispose of, I would present them to the poor King of England." A stander-by ventured to intimate that perhaps there was more truth in the report that her Majesty was about to enter a cloister. To which, it is said that she replied by smiling, and pointing to Pimentelli, remarking the while, "Il saura apparemment quelle chaire de cloître j'ai."

The account of her act of abnegation at Loretto preceded her, and when she privately entered Rome on the 19th December, at seven in the evening, and by the light of hundreds of thousands of flambeaux, she remarked to the two Cardinals who accompanied her, that it was the drollest sort of *incognito* she had ever witnessed.

It would be difficult to say whether she was carried up the staircase of the Vatican to the Pope, more tenderly or triumphantly. It was her own cue, perhaps her feeling, to be humble; it was the desire of the Pontiff to treat her as a reigning Queen. When she came into his presence, she bent to kiss his hand, then stooped and pressed her lips to his slipper. Alexander raised her, embraced her heartily, and then placed her on a right-royal throne, extemporaneously built for the occasion.

When the Queen had recovered from the fatigues of her journey and the private entry, the ceremony of her public entry followed. Its magnificence may be more easily conceived than described. To repeat the details,—troops, priests, nobles, people, incense, flowers, music, artillery, flags, tapestry, ribbons, finery, songs, psalms, shouts and welcomings,—to narrate how all were employed in the reception of Christina, would render the reader as weary as if he had stood all day to witness the wondrous sight. Most wonderful of all to the Roman ladies was the spectacle of Christina herself, in a short riding-habit, on horseback. They were lost in admiration, only interrupted by the pretty witticisms that were fired off in honour of the trou-

sers worn by her. This fashion stupefied maids and matrons in the streets of Rome. It was only when they were informed that Christina was a hero, and had made war against the King of Denmark, that they could comprehend the meaning of an Amazon in frilled trousers!

Within St. Peter's, the magnificence of the festival was greater than it was without. Christina flung herself at the Pontiff's feet, and murmured something about being in Heaven. The Pope however graciously informed her that he had assurance by which he knew that the festivity which at that moment was going on in Heaven on her account, rendered all the sublime grandeur of the Roman celebrations mean and beggarly. The religious ceremonies in St. Peter's ended by the ex-Queen being confirmed, after which she took the sacrament with the Cardinal Deacons, having previously received an addition to her baptismal appellations, in the name of Alexandra, conferred on her by the Pontiff.

Perhaps the grandest spectacle connected with the conversion of Christina, was the dinner given in her honour by the Pope. M. Soyer alone would have patience to read the half-hundred pages necessary for its detail. The most characteristic incident thereat, was of course afforded by the ex-Queen herself. During the repast a Jesuit preached a sermon. The preacher made an assertion to which Christina boldly objected. The company looked petrified; but the Pope gallantly gave decision in favour of the new convert. All Rome was perplexed by the Pope's prodigality in honour of the Queen, but wise people saw therein a lure, by which it was hoped that other noble heretics might be persuaded to embrace orthodoxy.

There was not a sight in Rome which she did not see; and she was never wearied, not even at the College of the Propaganda, where the students addressed speeches to her in twenty-two different languages. She kept joyous house,

too, in the Palace Farnese, varying the gaiety by monthly meetings of the members of all the Academies,—elegant *soirées*, at which there was abundant wisdom, with charming nonsense, admirable music, and harmonious poetry.

And while the ex-Queen was thus enjoying herself, the world was at issue touching the causes of her conversion. Epigrams were pointed at her; casuists rushed to her defence; and the entire universe directed its indignation at poor Bishop Matthiæ, her Swedish religious instructor, a good man, whose heart would have been comforted to behold all men united, but who was buffeted by the Romanists because he had not taught the Queen Catholicity, and by the Protestants, because he had taught her a superabundance of it. Some averred that she had gone to Rome in order to conclude a "marriage of conscience" with the Pontiff himself. That some of the Cardinals were too warm in their admiration for her, is certain. Colonna was ordered to leave Rome for awhile, on account of scandal arising therefrom. That others did not treat her with gallantry enough, may be seen in the fact of her making the door of the Medici villa a mark for gun practice. Alexander VII. comforted himself with the thought that he had gained a lamb. The wits told him that while boasting of his lamb from Sweden, he had lost a whole flock in Poland. The latter country had fallen into the temporary power of Charles Gustavus, to escape whom John Casimir had fled the country. The newly-caught lamb, too, was rather difficult to manage. She *would* talk at Mass. She laughed herself, and made the Cardinals laugh. The Pope sent her a rosary, and intimated that she might so employ it as to find occupation for her mind at Divine service. Christina received it with a jest, and flung it aside with a sneer.

But, if she troubled her spiritual godfather, the Pontiff, she was not without troubles of her own. Whether through economy or weariness, she dismissed some of her Spanish

Counts and Countesses in waiting. To revenge themselves, they set half Europe talking, by their scandalous tales. Christina was angry, and as she did not meet with the sympathy she expected from the Roman nobility, she made them and their pretensions the subjects of her brilliant jokes and most poignant sarcasms. These were weapons at which the Roman nobles were mightily cunning of fence, and they so stung the ex-Queen with their satire, so pierced her by their epigrams, that in June, 1656, she was glad to make the sickly season at Rome an excuse for her paying a visit to the Court of France. The Pope was delighted to give her his blessing.

Her revenue was irregularly paid—the revenues of all uncrowned monarchs are irregularly paid. Nevertheless she was received at Marseilles, by the Duke de Guise, with great distinction. Of all the numerous honours she received on her way to Marseilles, the only one which especially annoyed her was a long sermon, addressed to her at Vienne, by the then famous Boissart. Christina repaid his zeal by sarcastically expressing her conviction that he was not the renowned preacher of that name. The keys of all the fortified towns were presented to her, and, finally, on the 4th September, 1656, she arrived at Fontainebleau. In her half-male attire, she appeared to some of the ladies there like a pretty little boy,—a rather forward boy, who was addicted to swearing, flung himself all of a heap into an arm-chair, and disposed of his legs in a way which shocked the not very scrupulous dames of the Court.

These ladies however rendered Christina the very warmest homage, crowded round her, and smothered her with kisses. "What a rage they have for kissing!" said the ex-Queen; "I verily believe they take me for a gentleman!"

It was not yet that she could compare her condition to that of a Divinity without a temple, for a thousand cavaliers escorted her from Fontainebleau to Paris, on the 8th of

September. At the capital, she was received with a world of splendid ceremony, which gratified her far more than the details would gratify the reader of them. The bearing of the new convert at Notre Dame was not however considered edifying. She was inattentive, *would* talk with the Bishops, and remained standing during the whole service. She confessed to the Bishop of Amiens, confused him by looking straight in his face the whole time, and edified him, as he remarked, more by her matter than her manner.

She astonished the noble people amongst whom she found herself, by the knowledge she possessed of all the piquant anecdotes connected with their histories; and she was altogether so delighted with living amongst them, that it was clear to all, Paris was the Paradise of her choice. She went thence to Chantilly, where the young Louis XIV. and his brother entered the room unobserved amid a crowd of courtiers. Mazarin presented them as two gentlemen of the first quality, but the ex-Queen recognized them immediately, and observed that both the gentlemen were worthy of wearing crowns. On this much mirth ensued.

Her own train was of the very simplest. She was principally served by men, for the couple of ladies attached to her were so poor and looked so miserable that she kept them out of sight. She herself was spectacle enough, especially to the Queen of France, who could not believe that her visitor was really made as she seemed to be. The crowd round the two Queens was so great that they were compelled to retire; and the criticism passed upon Christina as she went by, in her strange dress and uncurled wig, was, that she looked very like a half-tipsy gipsy. Her coat was the garment neither of man nor woman, and it fitted so ill, that her higher shoulder appeared above the neck of the dress. The chemise was made according to the fashion of a man's shirt. Mesdames de Montpensier and de Motteville describe this shirt as appearing and disappearing through, under, or over other

parts of the royal costume, in a very puzzling way; but what most astonished ladies who wore trains from the moment they rose in bed, were the short petticoats worn by Christina, which left her ankles exposed to the sight and criticism of all who chose to look at them.

In spite of these offences against good taste and fashion, the fine and brilliant qualities of Christina made her, for a time at least, a general favourite. Some persons described her as being like Fontainebleau,—the separate parts of which are striking but void of symmetry. She startled the stately ladies of the Court there by "lolling" over the table, with her arms, while conversing with the Queen of France. She shocked still more the courtiers generally, by another of her free and easy habits. "In presence of the King, Queen, and the whole Court," says Madame de Motteville, "she flung her legs up on a chair, as high as that on which she was seated; and she altogether exhibited them a great deal too freely."

Then, she was ever as ready, when conversing with gentlemen, to discuss improper subjects as any other; and the only woman on whom she bestowed any marks of respect was the celebrated "Ninon"—a lady famous for her beauty, wit, and learning; but infamous, in spite of the eulogy of St. Evremond, who ascribes to Ninon "la vertu de Caton." The good philosopher must have meant *Catin*.

It is a curious trait of the times, that Louis XIV. caused Christina to take precedence of every person at Court,—even of the Queen of France; and that, subsequently, he could neither forgive himself for having done so, nor his consort for having permitted it. The thought made the *Grand Monarque* occasionally uneasy, to the end of his life.

The Duke de Guise averred that Christina had more learning than the Academy and the Sorbonne put together; —but there never was a Duke of Guise whose opinion on such a subject was worth accepting; and least of all the

opinions of the frivolous Duke of this period. "She hated marriage," says another courtier, "as heartily as Pope Calixtus hated priests." And in this epigrammatic way was Christina spoken of in France. She was more severely criticized by the women than by the men; but all united in acknowledging that, setting aside her eccentricities, she was in every way worthy of being a Frenchwoman.

In November, the ex-Queen returned to Italy, wandering from city to city, till the entire cessation of the plague should enable her to re-enter Rome. The plague did not cease, or it did not suit Christina to believe otherwise. In September, 1657, she expressed a desire to revisit France. Political and personal motives, no doubt, influenced her, but the only alleged cause was, that she ardently desired to see the King of France dance in a court-ballet. She reached Fontainebleau in the month of October. Within a fortnight she committed the great crime which excited the indignation of the civilized world, and which, in spite of all revelations, has remained a perplexity to succeeding generations.

Among the members of her suite was an Italian, Monaldeschi. He was bitterly jealous of another Italian gentleman, also in the suite of Christina, named Sentinelli. The former was a Marquis; the latter, a Count. Both were on the most intimate terms with their royal mistress.

It is uncertain whether Monaldeschi had betrayed the personal or the political secrets of the ex-Queen. She certainly suspected him of both treasons. The Marquis had endeavoured to throw suspicion on the absent Count, and in answer to a remark from Christina had confessed that the man who could betray her affection or her confidence was worthy of death. The ex-Queen calmly bade him remember *that:* the day would come when she might have to act upon his judgment.

Little more is known, save that the Marquis Monaldeschi

had written some pungent pasquinades against Pope Alexander VII. Perhaps the Pontiff's sanction strengthened the hand of the angry woman and offended Queen.

Father Lebel, who was present at the terrible scenes by which this episode was concluded, has left a graphic detail of all he saw and heard. Upon that detail rests entirely the authority for what is asserted below.

On the 6th of November, at a quarter past nine in the morning, the ex-Queen, who had sent for the father, and expressed to him her confidence in a man who wore a religious habit, placed in his hands a packet of papers, adding that she would subsequently give him directions as to whom they were to be delivered, and enjoining him to mark the day and hour.

A few days only had elapsed when, on repairing to the *Galerie aux Cerfs*, at the Queen's command, Father Lebel found Christina there, in animated conversation with the Marquis. The door was made fast behind him, as he entered. Three other persons were present, one of whom stood close to the Queen. By order of the latter, Lebel gave up the papers confided to him. She opened them, and placing them before the eyes of the Marquis, demanded if he acknowledged his handwriting. Monaldeschi hesitated, turned pale, and confessing that the writing was his, implored pardon most piteously.

At this juncture, the three men whom Lebel found in the gallery, drew their swords. The Marquis, in extreme agitation, requested permission to justify himself. He drew Christina first to one side of the gallery, then to the other, and poured forth protestations into her ear, to all of which she listened, but with the coldest air of reserve. When Monaldeschi had ceased to draw her from one point to another, and to vehemently urge her to be merciful, she approached the father, and, leaning on an ebony cane with a smooth round head, she calmly bade him observe her calm-

ness, how tranquilly and unimpassionedly she had listened to all which "that traitor" had set forth. She commanded the latter to give up certain keys and documents which he carried with him. When this was done,—and an hour had now been consumed since Lebel had entered the gallery,—Christina approached close to the priest and said, "Father, I leave this man in your hands: prepare him for death, and have care of his soul."

Priest and destined victim, both equally terrified, fell at her feet, and implored mercy; but they implored in vain. "He has done that," she said, "for which he merits to be broken alive on the wheel. He has betrayed me; he who was trusted with my most important affairs and my most secret thoughts. I have treated him more kindly than if he had been a brother. His own conscience should be his executioner."

With these words, she left the gallery. Monaldeschi turned to implore Father Lebel; but the triad of armed men made a step forward, held their swords towards him, and recommended him to confess. The poor wretch however begged so piteously for mercy, that first, the chief of the three armed men, and then the father himself, proceeded to the Queen's cabinet, to beg her to be compassionate. She was so calmly obstinate, so coldly resolved he should die, that the intercessors had not the chance with her that they might have had with a furious woman. The priest, especially, implored her by Christ, by the offended majesty of the King, whose palace would be desecrated, and by the nation, who entertained such hopes *from the negotiation which she was carrying on in France.* She stood firmly on her sovereign right to punish a traitorous subject, and protesting that she had no personal hatred of Monaldeschi, repeated that he must die.

The priest returned to the gallery with his message of inevitable death. He sank on a seat near the wall, and did

his best to exhort the condemned criminal, who was led to the same seat, there to receive the last consolations of religion. It was a touching scene, for the priest was smitten with terror and pity, and the penitent was in an agony of fear, which rendered him almost speechless.

The Marquis however had stammered through a confused confession in Italian, French, and Latin, and the priest had commenced the absolution, when the ex-Queen's Almoner silently looked into the gallery. Monaldeschi at once rushed towards him; and so convulsively did he again beg and implore for life, that once more the chief swordsman went out with the Almoner, to petition Christina to be merciful. They might as well have prayed to the statue of Phryne.

The swordsman returned alone. He wore such a look, that the priest turned his face to the wall. The grim messenger approached the Marquis, told him that he must finally be prepared to die,—and, pushing him, at the same time, towards a corner of the gallery, thrust his sword into the lower right side of Monaldeschi's body. The Marquis caught at the weapon, and as the stabber drew it away, it cut off three of the victim's fingers. The point was blunted, whereby discovery was made that Monaldeschi wore a coat-of-mail, nine or ten pounds in weight; thereupon his assailant cut at him across the face. The mutilated man screamed to the priest, and rushed into his arms. His murderers stood aside for a moment, while the father finished the absolution, and enjoined on Monaldeschi as a penance—patient endurance of the death to which he was condemned.

The victim staggered from the priest, fell on the floor of the gallery, and, as he fell, received a terrible down-cut from the sword of one of the executioners on his head, which was fractured by the blow. Retaining his senses as he lay, he made signs to them to finish by cutting his throat. At this sign, one of the assassins made two or three cuts at his neck, but the top of the coat-of-mail had risen above his

pourpoint in the struggle, and the blows were ineffectual. The priest meanwhile exhorted him to suffer patiently. On this, the chief of the three asked the father if he should deal a death-blow. To which question the cautious minister very well replied that he had no counsel to give, and that his mission was to beg for mercy, not to enforce justice. The reply exacted an acknowledgment that the question by which the answer had been elicited was a fool's inquiry, which demanded an apology.

Once more the door of the gallery opened, and the Queen's Almoner again looked in. The half-murdered Marquis turned on his stomach, dragged himself along the ground, pulled himself up by the wall, and clasping his hands together, seemed to implore again for mercy. The Almoner avoided him, gave some religious encouragement as he did so, and withdrew, as he said, to speak for him to the Queen. Whether he made any sign at the moment is not said, but it was then that one of the three suddenly passed his long narrow sword through the throat of the Marquis, whereby the latter was stretched senseless on the floor. The three men stood over during the quarter of an hour that he continued to breathe, while the priest knelt down and shouted into his ear the exhortations which the dying man could no longer hear. At a quarter to four he was quite dead. One assassin lifted an arm, a second a leg, the third unbuttoned his dress, and carried off the few things that were in the pockets. The priest recited the *de profundis*. Then all went to the strong-minded woman, to inform her that her commands had been fully accomplished. She had the grace to express her regret at having been compelled to execute God's justice on a foul traitor; and she took care to have him respectably interred. She thus murdered him on Saturday, the 11th of November. She allowed the body to lie aboveground during the Sunday, but on the next day it was conveyed privately to the Parish Church, within which it was buried, near the

door. Christina sent a hundred livres, to be expended on a Mass for the repose of his soul; and the ceremony was performed on the day after the funeral, with as much pomp and success as a hundred livres could furnish. This matter having been thus completed, Christina prepared for her trip to Versailles, to see the King of France dance in a *ballet!*

Whether Monaldeschi was a spy employed by Mazarin, or a jealous personage who, out of revenge for the royal favour exhibited for Sentinelli, published reports in Italy damaging to the reputation of the Queen, the act of murder was indefensible. It was in vain that Christina coolly asserted that when she had given up the crown she had reserved her royal prerogative and could therefore punish an offending subject, on whatever territory she happened to be,—she was not welcomed to Versailles. The Queen of France could not patiently utter her name. Christina found that she had not the slightest prospect of ever beholding the graceful Louis perform a pirouette. To avenge herself, she announced her intention to visit a greater man,—namely, Cromwell! The Protector did not encourage the idea; and if the story be true that good Mrs. Cromwell was somewhat jealous of her husband's admiration of the qualities of this extraordinary unqueened Queen, it is probable that, from this time, the Protector's wife slept undisturbedly.

Christina lingered in France through the winter, repaired to Paris in February, visited the Academy, laughed heartily on the Dictionary of that solemn body being opened at an illustration of the word "*Jeu*,"—"jeux de Prince, qui ne sont amusans qu'à ceux qui les font," and saw Louis dance in a *ballet*, after all. There was, perhaps, some difficulty in getting rid of a lady who was, probably, what she was reported to be, a negotiatrix in the delicate affairs of France and Spain. Accordingly, she was invited or permitted to behold the royal ballet-dancer expose himself on the stage

of the palace; and having enjoyed this approximation to a beatitude, she returned to Italy.

Christina arrived in Rome early in the month of May, 1658. She was well received, but without any extraordinary demonstrations. The irregularity with which her annuity was paid, exposed her to great difficulties; but Cardinal Azzolini accepted the controllership of her household, and his Eminence placed it on so stable and respectable a footing, that the gratitude of Christina is said to have been without limit.

Tranquillity, however, was not possible with her. She was constantly at feud with *some* adversary, from the Pope downwards, and on all sorts of questions. She was for ever suspected of being politically engaged, and of not being favourably inclined towards Italian interests. Her behaviour was contradictory enough to authorize almost any report,—even that of her being about to become a nun. And, indeed, she *was* highly disgusted with worldly matters, when she discovered that the vicinity of her residence was no longer considered by the authorities to carry with it the privilege of sanctuary, and that her very servants, if they were saucy to men in power, were unceremoniously arrested, and unmercifully flogged.

She maintained a gay house, nevertheless, in her various residences, till the year 1660, when she returned to Sweden, after the death of Charles Gustavus, and the accession of the young Charles XI. She was received with respect and suspicion. There was an idea that she had pretensions to the crown, in case of the demise of the young King without lineal heirs; and the public performance of Mass in her Chapel at Norköping, irritated the clergy, and exasperated the people. She relieved herself from suspicions of pretensions to the throne, by executing a second renunciation. The Senate, nevertheless, suppressed her Chapel on the 23rd December, and positively forbade the celebration of

Mass in any place wherein she might be residing, within the realm.

Her protests were disregarded, and she accordingly quitted the kingdom, after the royal funeral, in January, 1661. During more than a year she resided at Hamburg, sending counsel to the young King, urging more honesty in the payment of her annuity, devoting herself to chemical studies, and catching a few Protestant professors, whom she carried away, converts, to Rome.

She reached the ancient city in June, 1662, and for the next ten or twelve months her mansion was the resort of all the intellectual people of Rome, and of celebrated travellers who were sojourning there. She was still the "Tenth Muse," and poets sang her praises; but in the political intrigues of the time, she was also as busy as ever. And she loved this occupation almost as much as that of puzzling the philosophers who attended her *soirées*, by questions which they could not answer, without risking, at the same time, to be ridiculous and appear ignorant.

Restless, and perplexed by pecuniary difficulties, Christina, in 1666, announced her intention to revisit Sweden. Intimation was conveyed to her, that if she returned with Romish priests in her train, she could not be permitted to cross the frontier. In great vexation, she remained for some time at Hamburg, negotiating this question. While the negotiation was in progress, she visited the Museum. Among the medals there, exhibited to her, was one in memory of her own abdication. On one side was her head, with the words REGINA CHRISTINA; on the other, a crown, with the subscription ET SINE TE. The feelings of the ex-sovereign got the better of her judgment, and dashing the medal to the ground, she passed haughtily on.

She journeyed onwards to her old home, not without hopes of being permitted to have her own way. There is little doubt that she was desirous of fixing her residence there.

Her letters speak respectfully of Lutheranism. In one, she says that she gave it up, not because she found any error in it, but for other reasons which she could show, as Coriolanus could his wounds, when it happened to please her. Perhaps it was on account of these expressions that her return to the faith of her father was weekly prayed for in all the Swedish churches. Before anything was settled, she set out for Sweden; but discovering that she not only was forbidden to have a priest in her train, but that she would not be permitted to attend Mass at any of the Ambassadorial chapels, she once more returned to Hamburg.

Tranquillity went not in her company. It was while residing there (1667) that she learned the death of Alexander VII., and the election of Clement IX. To demonstrate the measure of her joy at the latter event, Christina gave a grand festival, displayed a marvellous exhibition of fireworks, and illuminated the front of her mansion. Amid the lamps however was a transparency, on which were seen the symbols of the Romish faith. The city cried 'fie!' upon the superstition, and the orthodox Reformed sailors of all nations, fired by religious zeal, or by something else, attacked the palace, smashed all that was breakable, and raised a riot, in which many persons were wounded, and a couple slain. Christina, herself, narrowly escaped falling into the hands of these zealous individuals; but she was smuggled out of her house in disguise, and shortly after, she proceeded on her way to Stade.

The errant lady here signalized herself at a review, at which she attended in a male dress, and rode a horse in cavalier fashion. She placed herself at the head of the squadrons of dragoons, and put everything into such confusion by the commands which she gave, that the field-day ended more like a rout than a review.

On her arrival at Rome in 1668, Clement IX. received, with splendid demonstrations of welcome, a lady who had

suffered so much for the good cause. For a long period, her time was now passed between pleasures of every possible quality and intercourse with philosophers. Never till this time were stage-representations of such gorgeousness exhibited in Rome. The entire Sacred College were for ever going to the play, and the balcony of her box was every night crowded by Cardinals, who looked with edification on the ballerinas, and listened with delight to the exquisitely dressed singing girls, who resorted to Rome at the invitation of Christina. The etiquette, when she was present, was of the very strictest. The noblest in Rome were compelled to remain uncovered as long as she was in the house. The gay Cardinals, who lolled over the balcony in front of her box, alone wore their caps. In allusion to this privilege, a paper was one night fixed beneath the balcony, on which was inscribed, "Plenary indulgence for the gentlemen in purple!"

Some contemporary writers described the morals of the ex-Queen as not being according to her Christian profession, and licentiousness was laid to her charge, without being more satisfactorily answered than by complaint of the publication. This, however, did not affect the splendour and gaiety of her Court, or render her saloons less crowded by poets who berhymed her, artists who limned her, philosophers who received instruction from her, and scholars like Kircher, who were brim-full and overpouring, not only with valuable knowledge, but with matters that had been mastered by the painful application of years, and which were not worth the trouble even of remembering.

For a time, her wonderfully magnificent career was interrupted by a common want—the want of money. France was at war with Sweden, and her income was more irregularly paid than ever. In 1679, she brought an account against her country of some millions of dollars. The Swedish Government had then obtained peace, but it disregarded Christina's bill. Funds, however, were now regularly forwarded

to her, and with these she resumed a new career of extravagant splendour, that did not cease for a lengthened period. It was a period, however, when she was taxed with believing in astrology, was accused of being addicted to Quietism, when she exhibited much piety,—in her letters, concerned herself greatly in the public affairs of Sweden, and carried on a correspondence (in several languages) remarkable for the strength of mind, ability, and amiability which adorn her share of it. Her letters are further distinguished by their liberality of sentiment,—a liberality which she was never afraid to express, and which, in unison with kindred qualities, gave such offence to the new Pope, Innocent XI., that he deprived her of the annuity of twelve thousand crowns hitherto allowed her from the Papal treasury. Her answer to this petty proceeding was marked by a dignity and good sense which Innocent himself did not possess, and could not appreciate.

Her popularity with the common people of Rome was unbounded. A poor vendor of brandy, who had offended the law, had taken sanctuary in her stables, from which he was dragged by force. The indignation of Christina, at hearing this, was irrepressible. By her orders, the prisoner was rescued from the terrified officers who had him in custody, and who humbly begged for their own lives. He was brought back in triumph. "I am the daughter of the great Gustavus, yet!" murmured Christina; and when she went abroad, her presence was greeted with acclamations of "Long live the Queen!" "Yes," said Christina to those around her, "if he is Pope, I will make him remember that I am a Queen!"

"Everything trembles here, except myself," is a phrase which concludes one of her letters, written in 1688; and the year preceding, she wrote to Mlle. de Scudery; "I have preserved all my good and bad qualities; they are as lively as ever. I am still, in spite of flattery, as little satisfied with

my person as ever I was. I have no envy against those who possess fortune, vast dominions, or treasures. My sole desire is to raise myself above other mortals, by merit and virtue;—and therefore it is that I am dissatisfied with myself. . . . I have naturally a great aversion for old-age; and I do not know how I shall accustom myself to it. If I might choose between old-age and death, I think I should prefer the latter. But since I have not been consulted in that matter, I accustom myself to live, with pleasure; and although Death approaches, and is necessarily inevitable, I am not disquieted."

She lived to see the downfall of James II., a catastrophe which she had long foretold, and her sagacity enabled her further to prophesy that the union of England and Holland would be fatal to the King of France. "Remember, I have said it," is her addition to this prophecy.

Christina, however, was the subject of the predictions of others. Towards the close of 1688, she received an anonymous letter, which announced to her that her death was at hand, that she would do well to set her house in order, and that she could not make a better commencement than by condemning to destruction the indecent paintings and statues with which her mansion was crowded. The sexagenarian lady, who had a taste for such furniture, smiled, and put the anonymous letter in the fire.

Soon after, she suddenly became dangerously ill; and almost as suddenly, was convalescent. Her recovery fired Rome with a wild delight; but the joy was, again suddenly, turned into mourning. Early in April, 1689, her situation became so perilous that she sent for Albani (afterwards Clement XI.), requesting him to obtain the pardon of the Pope for all the sharp things she had uttered against him: The Pontiff, infirm as he was, could not repair to her bedside, but he forwarded to her, by his nephew, the Apostolic benediction.

She read and signed her will, and listened with great attention to the exhortations addressed to her, in Latin, French, and Italian, by the Bohemian Father Slawata. She had been suffering for some days, from a violent attack of erysipelas, which ultimately fell upon the lungs. On the 19th of April, she had fulfilled all the offices required by the Church, and was lying on her bed, surrounded by her little Court and a numerous company of priests. As noon commenced striking, she turned on her right side, placed her left-hand under her neck, and as the iron tongue told the last of the twelve, the daughter of the great Gustavus, the murderess of Monaldeschi, was calmly sleeping the sleep of death.

Christina was entombed in a robe of gold brocade, the ground white,—which she had ordered, a year before, expressly for this purpose. Her funeral rites astonished Rome by their extraordinary splendour. Her will directed twenty thousand Masses to be said for the repose of her soul, and funds were bequeathed for a Mass to be celebrated daily, for ever, for the same purpose. Directions were given that the words "Christina lived sixty-eight years," and no other, should be her epitaph;—directions that were not obeyed. Various legacies are enumerated, after which Cardinal Azzolini is named residuary legatee,—as a mark of her affection, esteem, and gratitude, for services rendered during many years. To the wide protection of the Pope, Emperor, the Kings of Sweden, Spain, and France, she consigns her servants, "particularly my poor ladies."

The testamentary document profited very few, and was a calamity to the heir of the residuary legatee,—the Cardinal having died two months after the decease of Christina. Her books and medals were purchased at the lowest prices, and were added to the respective collections already in Rome. Her pictures were secured by the Duke of Orléans, and transported to the Palais Royal, at Paris.

Such was the end of an unsceptred Queen, who is still a

riddle to those who read her history. Rome claims her abdication as the result entirely of her zeal for true religion; but as her after-conduct was unmarked by any symptoms, not to say proofs, of her being lifted heavenward, or of any exemplary change of life, religious zeal cannot be admitted as influencing her to resign the crown. Her eccentricity of character, her caprice, waywardness, and restlessness, may be urged as causes which led to an effect,—of which if she did not openly repent, it was only because Sweden never encouraged her to look to the re-occupation of the throne as a possible circumstance.

Christina was the last of three Christian Queens who died at Rome since Rome itself had been confided to a Christian rule. The first was Catherine, Queen of Bosnia, deprived by the Turks of her crown and consort, in 1463. She took refuge in Rome, and died there in 1478. The second was Charlotte, Queen of Cyprus, graciously received by Sixtus IV.; she died in Rome in 1487. Christina was the third; and these volumes will show that she was not the last uncrowned Queen who found a refuge and a grave within the ancient city.

Christina of Sweden (according to a correspondent of 'Notes and Queries') had quite a mania for writing in her books. In the library of the Roman College there are several books annotated by her,—amongst others a Quintus Curtius, in which she criticizes very freely the conduct of Alexander: "*He reasons falsely on this case,*" she writes on one page; and elsewhere, "*I should have acted diametrically opposite;*" "*I should have pardoned;*" and again, further on, "*I should have exercised clemency,*"—an assertion, however, we may be permitted to doubt, when we consider what sort of clemency was exercised towards Monaldeschi. Upon the fly-leaf of a Seneca (Elzevir) she has written, "*Adversus virtutem possunt calamitates, damna et injuriæ, quod adversus solem nebulæ possunt.*" The library of the Convent of the

Holy Cross at Jerusalem, in Rome, possesses a copy of the 'Bibliotheca Hispanica,' in which the same princess has written, on the subject of a book relating to her own conversion, "*Chi l'ha scritta non lo sa; chi lo sa non l'ha mai scritta.*"

Her leisure, such as it was, was often devoted to literary pursuits. The most remarkable of the works resulting from her leisure is a collection of twelve hundred maxims. Of these the following are samples. If they do not equal the quality of La Bruyère, they are still not without merit.

"Grandeur is like perfumes, of which those who wear them are the least conscious.

"They who know the duty of a Prince will be the last to envy him.

"Contempt is the noble vengeance of a great heart.

"It is through sympathies and antipathies that reason loses its rights.

"The secret of being ridiculous, is by priding yourself on talents which you do not possess.

"Avarice of time is the only avarice which does not dishonour.

"Sciences are often the pompous titles of human ignorance; one is not the more knowing, for knowing them.

"Great men and fools are sometimes the same things, only in different ways.

"The oracle which recommended consultation of the dead, doubtless meant books.

"Princes resemble those tigers and lions, whose keepers make them play a thousand tricks and turns. To look at them you would fancy they were in complete subjection; but a blow from the paw, when least expected, shows that you can never tame that sort of animal.

"Change of ministry, change of thieves.

"Men do not strip themselves of ambition but when they strip themselves of their skins.

"We should believe nothing till we have first doubted of it.

"To be so far master of the tongue and face that they shall never betray the secrets of the heart, is an accomplishment by no means to be neglected.

"We should die inconsolable but for growing old.

"We are always children, only changing our toys and dolls.

"The dead are the first to forget the living; they have that great advantage over us.

"Don't think you are innocent because you are ignorant.

"The best cosmetic is 'good fortune and good health.'

"Silence is an excellent thing for clever men—and fools.

"Ceremonies have the effect of snuff; and they are amusing, into the bargain.

"Brave men and cowards are equally afraid, but they are not equally masters of their fear.

"They who fear war will have no long enjoyment of peace.

"The sciences make wise men wiser, and fools greater fools than before.

"If animals could speak, they would convince men that the latter were as great beasts as themselves.

"There are peasants born with royal souls, and kings with the souls of flunkeys.

"Virtues have their fashions, like garments.

"Long life is only a long waiting for death."

The following maxims are from among the last which she wrote:—

"Conscience is the only looking-glass which neither deceives nor flatters. It makes us feel as well as see everything.

"We must remember our past errors, as pilots mark the shoals on which they have been shipwrecked, that they may avoid future peril.

"Self-love is not so criminal as it is said to be. How should we *not* love ourselves? God wills that we should

love ourselves, since He commands us to love Him *more* than we do ourselves, and our neighbour *as much* as we do ourselves.

"Life is like an enchanting symphony, which is beautiful, but not enduring.

"Flattery is not so dangerous as it is believed to be. Instead of inducing vanity, it shames those to whom is offered an incense which they do not deserve. Flattery often stirs men to deserve the praise to which they have not yet any claim.

"They who call youth a fever are perhaps right; nevertheless it is a fever I could willingly suffer from all my life, even though it should make me delirious.

"He who would speak well must speak little.

"All ages and all countries produce great men, and even heroes; but fortune and opportunity are often wanting to make them known.

"The animal which of all animals is the most foolish, and yet the vainest, is the pedant.

"Life is a matter of business; it is impossible to realize great profit in it without exposing yourself to as great loss.

"There are Princes whom men compare with Alexander the Great, and who are not worthy of being compared with his horse, Bucephalus.

"Our passions are the salt of life; happiness and unhappiness depend upon the degree with which we do them violence.

"Discretion is a virtue which should season all other virtues.

"Liberality would be the finest of all the virtues, if it did not destroy itself.

"We are almost always children; we change our amusements and dolls as we change our years. Everything is proportioned, by degrees, to our capacity; but after all, we are only busy with toys. Each age sneers at the toys of the

preceding age, though its own be no more dignified toys than those which excite its ridicule.

"Absence does not destroy genuine love. Time, which destroys most things, is unequal to that alone.

"Satire ought to offend no one, if it be true; still less, if it be untrue.

"We must live with our fellows as with sick people, from whom we endure anything, without being dishonoured by what they say or do with respect to us. We must still love and pity them.

"No one is dishonoured by a kick from a horse or an ass. It is the same with the insults of brutal men and fools.

"Merit, which is so exposed to envy and calumny, would be much to be pitied if honour and glory depended on the pen and tongue of men, who are almost always ignorant, unjust, and mendacious.

"Tiberius was right in saying, that after thirty years of age every man should be his own doctor.

"Conjunctures and incidents are like the faces of mankind, no two are precisely alike; and experience will only lead to error, unless it be accompanied by good sense and discernment.

"Nothing sets us so much against pleasures as pleasures themselves. It is not without purpose that God has mingled thorns with the roses; it is that they may be felt.

"There is nothing so pernicious as idleness. One had almost better be doing wrong than doing nothing in this world.

"I have a great esteem for those who are virtuous upon principle; but those who are so only from coldness of temperament are not worth a straw.

"One should esteem literary men as living libraries; they should be cared for, liberally treated, consulted on subjects with which they are familiar. Beyond that mere knowledge, they are very ordinary people for the world and its business.

"Noble and high birth consists in the soul and the heart. When these are lofty and noble, all else is in unison with them. There is a *canaille* of kings as well as of common people."

More than a century elapsed before Sweden saw another Sovereign leave her shores, crownless. The circumstances of the respective cases were as different as the characters of the Sovereigns were opposite; and though Gustavus IV. suffered more, he will be sooner forgotten than Christina, his great predecessor.

GUSTAVUS IV.

"Nullâ refulges, inclyte, purpurâ
Gustave, nullâ voce satellites
Gratantur, armorumve pulsu
Ante domum, positisve signis."
Ode ad Gustavum Exsulem.

THIS heir to the Swedish throne was born in 1777, eleven years after the marriage of his parents. At his birth, scandal was over-busy with the name of his mother; and at the rejoicings to celebrate his baptism, so many of the riotous multitude were killed or mutilated, that men prophesied ill of a Prince whose life commenced under auspices of such evil augury.

He was brought up so "hardily," that he well-nigh perished in his babyhood, of incessant cold-bathing. His precocity as a child is demonstrated in the fact that he kept a journal of a voyage to St. Petersburg, made in company with his father, when the little traveller was nine years of age. He was not yet in his teens, when the grave Senate of the University of Upsal prayed to be permitted to elect him as their Chancellor.

His mind was disciplined as severely as his body had been, from his earliest days. Merciless professors kept him fast bound to a wide circle of study; zealous ministers taught him that the safety of the world rested on the extension of Lutheranism; and he "bettered their instruction" so admirably, that he pored over the Book of Revelations till he became nearly insane, recognized himself as one mysteriously alluded to in Scripture, and hailed, in his own person, that

"coming man" who, as Prophet, Priest, and King, was to rule the world, and publish the glad tidings that order reigned in the universe.

The grave and melancholy boy was but fourteen years old when his father was assassinated. The young Gustavus IV. reluctantly acknowledged the regency of his uncle, the Duke of Sudermania. He was taught to believe that French Jacobinism pointed the weapon which slew his sire; and well-paid agents induced him to lean for support on designing Russia.

The liberal policy of the Duke Regent gratified the Swedes, pleased the republican government of France, and disgusted the Czarina Catherine. To obtain possession of Sweden, Catherine proposed a marriage between Gustavus and her granddaughter Alexandra Paulovna. The intrigues which ensued, with the object to ruin or to realize this project, would shame the imagination of the wildest romance-writer. An attempt to bring about a nuptial union between Gustavus and a Princess of Mecklenburg, was unscrupulously frustrated by Catherine herself. Ultimately, the proposal of the Czarina was accepted, and the young King and the Regent repaired to St. Petersburg, to visit the intended bride. The youthful daughter of Paul was then in the freshness of youth and in the first flush of beauty; and the girl of fifteen was almost too eager, it is said, to welcome the royal wooer, who was not yet out of his teens. The latter part of the month of August, 1796, was spent by the Swedish visitors in ostensible enjoyment, but also in private endeavours to induce the Princess to abandon the Greek Church and adopt the Lutheran faith, as an indispensable preliminary to becoming Queen of Sweden. Even Catherine would have consented to this rather than give up her designs upon Sweden; but the Clergy, without opposing her desire, refrained from sanctioning it. The young bride, it was said, was indifferent about the matter, and would have embraced Lutheranism sooner than lose a

lover. Finally, the subject was dropped, and the marriage-day was not only fixed, but the Empress and the bride were at the altar, awaiting the coming of the "groom." The latter was on the point of proceeding from his apartment, in full dress, when the marriage contract was placed before him for his signature. Catherine relied on the young King's adoration of Alexandra's beauty, and concluded that he would be too impatient to read a marriage-treaty while the bride was kept waiting. She was deceived. Gustavus perused every word; and when he found that the treaty bound him to allow the public profession of the Greek faith to his future consort, in Sweden, and further, compelled him to declare war against France, he resolutely refused to sign a contract which had been interpolated, he said, since he had seen the first rough copy of the document. No entreaty could move him; and there were Swedes at his side who were as urgent in their counsel to him not to yield, as there were others, agents of Russia, who besought him not to offend the Czarina, and outrage the youthful Grand-Duchess. It was all in vain. Gustavus refused to appear at the ceremony; and when the refusal was announced to the august party assembled at the altar, there ensued a scene of glittering confusion, such as is seldom beheld except at the *finale* of an act in a serious opera, when the audience are inclined to declare that nothing like it was ever beheld in nature.

The public were induced to believe that the ceremony was deferred in consequence of some legal difficulties that had not been foreseen. The bride, however, withdrew for a season from Court; Gustavus took a solemn farewell of that Court at a cold and stately ball, where Catherine could scarcely endure his presence; and the King, returning to Sweden, and arriving at his majority, married, in the following year (1797) the Princess Frederica of Baden.

The story of the career of this King, after he assumed

the sceptre, dismissed the Regent, and selected a consort, is one as full of startling incidents as any novel that ever issued from the "Minerva Press." There was a touch of insanity in all his actions. It is not necessary to repeat what is probably scandal founded on knowledge of the young King's character. Enough of what receives a wider reception as being credible, remains for instruction or amusement. Among the latter is the story that after the marriage ceremony was concluded, Gustavus led his bride to her apartment, and opening before her the Book of Esther, bade her read aloud the first chapter of that graphic record. The royal lady obeyed, and when she had terminated her task, she wonderingly asked for an explanation. Gustavus expounded the chapter readily; and although he could not extend his sceptre over a hundred and seven-and-twenty provinces, and his throne was not erected in Shushan the palace, he compared himself to Ahasuerus, and reminded the Queen that should she ever presume to follow the example of Vashti and disobey the order of her lord and master, she would be punished as Vashti had been, and her dignity would be given to another. He had not much concern that every man should bear rule at home, but he was resolved to exercise government over his own wife, in his own house.

The sequel answered to the commencement, and the young Queen was rendered as miserable as it was in the power of a monarch so capricious, to make her. His very endearments terrified her, and his conduct to her ladies disgusted her. He would not permit one of them to stand on terms of familiarity with their mistress. But mistress and ladies were young, and friendship *would* spring up between them, and familiar playfulness born of friendship. Gustavus not only saw this, but he once detected his youthful wife and her young German maids, in full swing of delight, at a game of romps. He sent all the gay attendants back to their own

country, and he surrounded his wife by a cold cohort of frozen and aged Swedish ladies, who at once chilled all the warm blood in her veins, and made her, in manner and feeling, as old, icy, and formal as themselves.

The policy of Gustavus was as wild as his economy, and the rule of national government was as singular as the law and regulation of his house. He was an uncertain ally, and a not very formidable foe. He rejoiced in the disaster which fell upon Copenhagen, when the northern coalition (of which he was a member) was broken up; because he hated the Danes. He exasperated, by his follies, the aristocracy, many of whom, to mark their indignation, threw up their patents of nobility; and the people, generally, were not chary of their expressions of discontent. After the rupture of the Peace concluded at Amiens, he travelled about Europe as a species of political agent for England; and he was at one time so long absent from his kingdom,—from 1803 to 1806,—that he was advertised for, on the walls of Stockholm, as a stray King; and a suitable recompense was promised to all who should discover, and restore him to his disconsolate subjects. Travel failed to render the monarch wiser. His policy was so crooked, that it only injured himself and his allies. He quarrelled with the great Powers, who despised but bore with him; and he unconsciously helped forward the projects of Napoleon when he fancied he was exhibiting most zeal in opposing them. He made his own army the object of ill-merited ridicule, and earned execration for himself, by offering to sell to Russia, for seven millions of dollars, all the territory that remained to Sweden of the German conquests of the great Gustavus Adolphus. His own attached servant, General D'Essen, was compelled to declare to him that his conduct was such that no honest man could attempt to serve him! It was as impossible for any honest man to advise him. He ran blindly into perils, governed arbitrarily, defied France,

Russia, and Denmark, and awoke, not to reason, but to abject consternation, at hearing how the Russian Emperor had found compensation for his humiliation at Tilsit, by attacking Finland, and purchasing the surrender of Sweden's great stronghold, the fortress of Sveaborg!

One of the most singular results of the combination to dethrone Gustavus, after the disasters which he had brought upon Sweden proved him to be unworthy of the crown, was an offer made by Swedish agents, privately despatched to England, to make the Duke of Gloucester King of Sweden, on condition that the latter country should receive the full support of Great Britain. This matter fell to the ground. Meanwhile, Sweden saw her very existence threatened by Russia, and was aware that Gustavus was unable to save his country or himself. Out of this prospect and conviction grew that revolution by which he was dethroned. The confederates were so numerous that the King was left solitary, —without a friend to warn or to guide him. From the year 1808, he began to find himself in a state of isolation. The popular hatred increased, because the King cared for nothing but waging war against Napoleon. The army became dangerously discontented because, in whatever war engaged, Gustavus spared his own person, but sent his troops to reap death while attempting impossibilities. The report that Napoleon had sanctioned a partition of Sweden between Russia and Denmark, terrified every Swede who heard it, except the King. The time had come then, when the people must effect, by sacrificing their Sovereign, what he would not do for his own and their advantage,—namely, rescue the country from destruction. The solitary spark of patriotism exhibited by him was when the Russians invaded Finland. Even then, the sentiment had something to do with vexation at being duped. Alexander had solemnly declared to the Swedish Government that he had not the remotest intention of attacking Finland: he was virtuously indignant

at being suspected of such treachery. As soon, however, as he saw Gustavus off his guard, the Czar invaded Finland, and annexed it "for ever" to the Russian empire. Alexander, in spite of his habitual violation of truth, passed for a man of extreme piety, and, like Mr. Rush, made amends for crime by subscribing to the Society for the Conversion of the Jews!

For many weeks the Swedish public were aware that a revolution was impending. Numerous were the projects made for its accomplishment, but these were successively abandoned; and the *dénouement* came upon men, with something like suddenness after all. Gustavus, sagacious of approaching peril, had announced his intention to leave the capital. The confederate officers, who had for their mission the revolutionizing of the country, resolved to at once arrest and dethrone him. Some show of respect was exhibited towards him. Counsel and remonstrance against his abandoning the chief city were, however, all given in vain. The King even drew his sword against the remonstrants. Thereupon, Baron Adlerkrantz rushed in upon him, and seized him round the waist, while Colonel Silverspor wrenched the sword from the King's grasp. Gustavus shrieked loudly for help, and lustily vociferated *murder!* Although the palace was guarded by troops in the interest of the conspirators, the latter eagerly assured the monarch that no harm was intended against his royal person, and they besought him to be calm and silent. He promised to do so, if they would return him his sword. His adversaries paid no regard however to his words; and on his insisting with great haughtiness, that the indignity cast upon him should be repaired by the sword being restored to him, he was at once informed that thenceforward his sceptre was taken away from him, and that he would never again be permitted to have a voice in the affairs of Sweden. At this announcement, the cries of the King became more piercing than ever. They

reached the ears of a few bold and faithful soldiers and servants, who flew, sword in hand, to his rescue. These were met with great resolution by Adlerkrantz, who assumed such authority, spoke with such calm resolution, argued so persuasively, and promised so unreservedly that no further ill than deposition, should fall upon the monarch, that the friends of the King wavered and then yielded. All, however, was not yet accomplished. Gustavus having been left under the guard of Count Ugglas and Stromfelt, suddenly disarmed the latter, and remarking that a Count might better do without a sword than a King, he rushed through an unguarded door at the back of the apartment, and turned the key upon his astonished guardians. Baron Adlerkrantz had arrived just in time to witness the locking of the door, which he broke open by rushing at it with the full force of his body. Then ensued one of the most remarkable scenes ever enacted in history. In the centre of the room into which Gustavus had fled, stood an unbannistered, spiral staircase, which communicated with a chamber above. When the Baron looked up, he saw the King at the top of the staircase, and at the same moment received, in his face, a heavy bunch of keys flung by Gustavus, who immediately resumed his flight. When the Baron, in pursuit, reached the topmost step, the Sovereign was no more to be seen. Adlerkrantz followed at a venture, but was put on the right track by officious servants, eager to betray a fugitive King, in order to earn a hiring from his successors. Meanwhile, Gustavus, sword in hand, dashed down the great staircase leading to the courtyard. In his haste he fell headlong, but he recovered himself before those who had, from other parts of the palace, marked his flight, were able to intercept it. The King reached the courtyard, and was making his way across it towards the outer gate, when he was encountered by a forester named Greiff. The latter opposed all further progress; but Gustavus made a wild

pass at him with his sword, and endeavoured to proceed. He had, however, ensnared himself. The point of the sword only caught in the forester's sleeve, and Gustavus, breathless, exhausted, and bewildered, was made prisoner without difficulty. He was carried into an inner room, and conducted, with outward show of respect, to a couch. The unhappy monarch flung himself on the seat, and remained indignant, sullen, and dejected, throughout the day.

His uncle, the Duke of Sudermania, accepted the administration of affairs, and ultimately ascended the throne, by the title of Charles XIII. The revolution by which he was elevated to such dignity was achieved without the cost of a drop of blood, save that which fell from the very slight wound which Gustavus inflicted on the forester, Greiff.

After a brief delay, the unsceptred monarch was conveyed to Drottningholm, and thence to the gloomy castle of Gripsholm. Here he amused himself in a characteristic fashion; "he drew a portrait of himself, seated upon a white horse, trampling upon the BEAST!"

It is singular, that although the victim of a conspiracy, and arbitrarily cast down from the throne, the fallen monarch announced to the Swedish Diet, on the 10th of May, 1809, that seventeen years previously he had assumed, with a bleeding heart, the crown of his murdered father, and that, being convinced of his lack of ability to promote the welfare of his people, he considered it his sacred duty to abdicate the royal dignity and crown,—and that he did so "free and uncompelled," in order that he might pass the remainder of his days in the fear and worship of God. The document is dated from Gripsholm Castle, March 29, 1809. It was not presented to the Swedish Diet till the 10th of May. The Diet, although the terms of the deed of abdication were not of the King's choosing, proudly rejected the words, and denied the chief fact conveyed by them. Baron Mannerhjelm impetuously declared that Gustavus IV. had ruined

the kingdom by his insatiate passion for war; and the bold speaker asserted that Sweden renounced her allegiance to him, and enacted that neither he nor his issue could ever have any pretensions to the throne. The Baron appealed to the representatives of the people, and these gave full sanction to his words by unanimous shouts of approval. They further expressed their approbation by returning the thanks of the nation to those who had achieved the great end so recently accomplished.

In his captivity at Gripsholm, the ex-monarch was unable to "entertain his fate with decency." He was alternately furious or dejected; praying or menacing; extending his arm as if he would smite, or clasping his hands, and striking his head, in despair. His wife shared his captivity, and he rudely tyrannized over the woman who would have consoled him in his sufferings if he would have allowed her. The ill-matched pair were divorced in 1810, soon after the Swedish Government had permitted both to leave their kingdom. A frigate conveyed them from Carlscrona to Germany, after the ex-King had been imprisoned in Gripsholm Castle eight months and eleven days.

Gustavus assumed the title of Count Gottorp, and became a "travelling gentleman." When at Pillau, he embarked in a four-oared boat, intending to proceed to the English fleet, in the vicinity; but the Prussian Commandant fired on the boat, and compelled him to return. On landing, he was informed that he might freely travel over Germany, but that orders had been issued to prevent his going on board an English vessel, as well as to impede any attempt made by him to repair to Sweden.

It was in 1810 that Gustavus arrived in England. His life had previously been that of a wanderer, not very munificently provided with the means of wandering with either dignity or safety. His income amounted to a third of £6000 a year; the other two-thirds were devoted to the

support of the ex-Queen and the children. He excited the displeasure or suspicion of France, and was the object, or fancied himself the object, of plots against his life. On one occasion, when travelling near Leipsic, he was hotly pursued by *gendarmes*, or robbers, on whom his servant fired, and from whom the fugitive escaped. Bernadotte expressed his contempt for a King who had allowed himself to be taken alive. Gustavus however did not lack spirit. On this last occasion he made his way to Riga, in order to embark for England. Alexander sent him a purse full of roubles; but the ex-King would not be beholden to a Czar whose family had robbed him of Finland, and he returned the money with a courteous expression of thanks. Under the title of Count Gottorp, he embarked on board an American vessel at Riga. In the Baltic he went on board the British ship 'Ruby,' from which he subsequently transferred himself to the 'Tartarus,' and arrived at Yarmouth on the 13th of November. His arrival was pronounced, in the 'Times' of the following day, "painful and embarrassing." Respect was promised, but no hopes of pecuniary aid. The royal stranger was counselled to live within his private means, if he would gain the regard of his subjects, and be cordially welcomed by them on is restoration. For, asked the 'Times,' "who can suppose that this Frenchman (Bernadotte) can continue long upon the Swedish throne?" No one *did* suppose it, at the time; yet nearly half a century has passed, and the son of Bernadotte worthily occupies the seat vacated at the decease of his father!

Meanwhile Lord Gardiner and the local nobility gave the Count a welcome. The people harnessed themselves to his carriage, to his profound astonishment, and the Norfolk ladies kissed him as ardently as their sisters in town afterwards kissed old Blücher. The farmers of Colchester greeted him almost as warmly as the ladies of Yarmouth had done; and altogether his welcome was not wanting for heartiness. He

had an English gentleman, Mr. Pierrepoint, as escort, and British noblemen were proud to entertain him. Apartments were fitted up for him in Hampton Court, *then* a dilapidated old place, looking almost as mouldy as the Parade at Tunbridge Wells. The exiled French princes welcomed their royal brother-exile to their home in Buckinghamshire. Nevertheless Gustavus was *not* a "lion;" he was eclipsed by Lucien Bonaparte and his wife, who were then in England, receiving the eager homage of a people exasperated to the utmost against Lucien's brother. Indeed men, including noblemen, talked much more about the coming fight between Cribb and Molyneux than they did about their singular guest, Count Gottorp; and a sure symptom that he did not excite a universal attention is found in the fact, that there was not a single lottery puff which attempted to trick itself into being read by taking the form of a Gottorp anecdote. The Count perhaps felt a little jealous of all this. He had not the literary tastes of Lucien, who quietly retired to Ludlow, where he commenced his epic poem of 'Charlemagne.' Gustavus however did not want for wit,—if he were really the translator of Lucien's motto, "Luceo, non uro,"—namely, "I throw light on my brother's deeds, but I do not burn my own fingers!"

In the year alluded to, the much-abused George III., who possessed a better heart than the men whose intrigues drove him mad, was grievously afflicted. It was the fashion to repair to St. James's at two o'clock P.M., to hear the bulletin read by the lord-in-waiting. On Sundays, and especially on fine Sundays, half London poured into the palace, where the staircase was more crowded than if Banti or Catalani was within the room at the top, prepared to warble *gratis*. From this Sunday crush of loyalty peers and farmers emerged, panting, perspiring, and frequently with the loss of no slight portion of their respective costumes. Gustavus was kept away from this mob, but he found nothing very superior to

mob courtesy in the lords-in-waiting. He went in mourning, a small star on his coat, and with his short hair thickly powdered. After formally inquiring after the King's health and hearing the bulletin read, he requested his attendant to enter his name in the visiting-book. The page in attendance immediately informed him that it would be more respectful on his part if he were to insert his autograph, and thus with his own hand signify that he had paid his duty to his Majesty. The ex-King obeyed the commands of the pages, and subscribed his name in the book of "lookers-in at the palace."

From England, the fugitive ex-Monarch repaired (in 1812) to Denmark, where he assumed, for a time, the title of Duke of Holstein, but ultimately gave it up at the request of the Danish Government. As Count Gottorp, he proceeded to Hamburg, where he was so much charmed by the simplicity of a Moravian service, and the equality of the brotherhood, that he offered to join the fraternity. But the brethren were extremely shy of a prince, and they got rid of the candidate for membership with much courtesy and strong determination. He subseqnently wandered about Europe, and in 1814 was at Basle, where he meditated a solemn pilgrimage to Jerusalem, attended by a troop of Knights, who were to owe their dignity to him who had no longer the right to confer it, and who expected that their chivalrous service was to be rendered without fee or reward. His inclination to be liberal cannot however be denied. But to such low estate was he reduced, that during his wanderings, in 1815, while Sir Sidney Smith was advocating his cause at the Congress of Vienna, he occupied two mean rooms in a mean corner of a poor inn at Trieste, where, without a single servant, he depended upon the capricious offices of the waiters. He wore a gloomy aspect, but he was easy of access, and affable to visitors. He spent much of his time in literary pursuits, dressed plainly, lived still more so, and (his wife being divorced from him) maintained at his poor hearth a so-called

Countess Gottorp, whom he is supposed to have married by "the left hand." He was everywhere styled "Royal Highness;" and was so delighted when Captain Skene received him on board the 'Asia,' off Trieste, with a royal salute, that he melted into tears out of present joy and past sad memories.

His progress towards Jerusalem was stopped by the refusal of the Sultan to grant him a firman. This caused the dissolution of his body of "black knights," whose duty it would have been to herald his progress, and to serve him in various capacities. The Count however visited Greece; and after further wandering, the ex-King became a member of the republic of Switzerland, and quietly assumed the dignity of a free citizen of the canton of Basle.

From this time the life of Count Gottorp contains little that is worthy of notice. Under his title of Count, or under the more modest denomination of Colonel Gustafson, he was occasionally heard of in various parts of Europe. At the period of the French Revolution of 1830, the pamphlet which he published on that event, and on its connection with Swedish affairs, showed that the ex-King possessed neither charms of style nor power of reasoning. He had, indeed, now fallen into circumstances of deep distress. His refusal to accept any pecuniary aid either from Sweden, or from Russia, had reduced him to an income of £96 per annum. In presence of such a revenue, the "lady" and the single servant had disappeared. The children of the ex-King did not, indeed, desert him. They would have supplied their father's wants, but he proudly refused to accept their assistance. The son of Gustavus (then known as Count Itterburg) even employed two men to watch over his sire, unknown to the latter, and it was their office to put in his way anything that seemed lacking to his comfort. It was an office requiring both delicacy and dexterity, and was executed according to such requirement. But he rather gloried in his privations, and was proud of being indifferently fed and worse clad. His sole

pleasure was in literary pursuits, and he wrote 'Reflections on the Aurora Borealis, and its Connection with Diurnal Motion,' the small effect produced by which wounded him almost as deeply as his loss of a crown. But from this and all other earthly disappointments, he was relieved on the 7th of February, 1837, when he calmly died, in his modest retreat at St. Gall, where he had acquired the respect and sympathy of his "fellow-citizens."

KINGS OF SWEDEN.

Twenty-one Kings of Sweden had reigned, from Olif Schœtkonung (1001) to the year 1393, when the tyranny of Albert of Mecklenburg caused a revolt which was followed by a state of anarchy. This condition ceased when the "Union," or "Treaty of Calmar," placed the three kingdoms of Scandinavia under one sovereign, in 1397. In 1523, Gustavus Vasa repealed the Union, and ascended the throne, a native King of Sweden.

A.D.

1523. Gustavus Vasa.
1560. Eric XIV., deposed; murdered.
1568. John III.
1592. Sigismund (King of Poland); disputed succession.
1604. Charles IX.
1611. Gustavus Adolphus; killed at Lützen.
1633. Christina, abdicated in favour of her cousin.
1654. Charles X.
1660. Charles XI.
1697. Charles XII.; killed at Frederickshall.
1719. Ulrica Eleonora and Frederic I., her husband.

A.D.

1741. Frederick alone, Ulrica having resigned her right of co-government.
1751. Adolphus Frederick.
1771. Gustavus III.; assassinated.
1792. GUSTAVUS IV.; dethroned.
1809. Charles XIII. In 1814 Norway was annexed to Sweden.
1818. Charles (John) XIV.; Bernadotte, originally a French soldier.
1844. Oscar, his son.

Spain.

"Inimica tyrannis."—*Motto of Earls of Carysfort.*

It was the prayer of an old Highland chieftain, in a time of unprofitable tranquillity, that the Lord would "turn the world upside down," in order that "honest men," like himself, might make the most of it. The world suffered such subversion at the time of the wreck of the Roman Empire of the West, in the fifth century, when the honest Vandals and the Suevi invaded and occupied Spain. The Visigoths subsequently wrenched from them the splendid prize, keeping it for a century and a quarter, till, in the eighth century, the Saracens were invited into the country by traitors among the Goths, and, by their victory over Roderick at Xerez, commenced a dominion which, but for the religion that came with it, may be pronounced the most beneficial, mild, and enlightened which has ever yet prevailed in Spain.

The whole country, however, did not fall into their power. In the mountains of the Asturias, Don Pelagio founded a little kingdom; and the monarchies of Leon, Navarre, Castile, and Arragon rose into separate independencies, neglected to acquire strength by union, and were only partially successful against the Moorish Kings, until the separate Christian crowns were united on the heads of the sovereigns Ferdinand and Isabella. Under them, the last remnant of the Moors was subdued in the fifteenth century, the Jews were expelled, and Spain was constituted entirely

Catholic, without being in any but a slight degree Christian. The policy of Ferdinand and Cardinal Ximenes was the temporary glory and the ultimate ruin of the country. Isabella Joanna, daughter of Ferdinand, and wife of the Austrian Archduke Philip, succeeded her mother in Castile, and her father in Arragon. From 1517 to 1555 the throne of a united Spain was occupied by Joanna's son, Charles I. He is that Charles V. of Germany who is enrolled among the abdicated Emperors, and of whom ample notice will be found in another page. He was the first of the House of Austria that reigned in Spain; and from the date of his abdication, the decay of Spain has been in almost uninterrupted progress. That decay commenced under Philip II., the successor of Charles, and became more rapid under the two following Philips. Portugal was lost to the Spanish crown when Philip the Fourth was on the throne; and in the reign of his successor, Charles II., the Spanish Netherlands were successfully invaded by France. This last prince of the Austrian house died in 1700, after his line had occupied the throne nearly two centuries. He died childless. Two heirs, Louis XIV. of France and Leopold, Emperor of Germany, both grandsons of Philip III., laid claim to the rich inheritance. Charles II. left a will in which he named the Bourbon Prince, Philip of Anjou, grandson of Louis XIV., as his heir. This Prince, after a bloody war of succession carried on by Germany, England, and Portugal, against France and Spain, was ultimately acknowledged King of the latter country by all the Powers of Europe, in 1713. His temporary abdication will be noticed below. The great trophy of England in this war is still retained by her,—the Rock of Gibraltar.

Under the administration of Cardinal Alberoni, Spain seemed for a moment to have recovered her pristine vigour and all her old ambition. Her aim of accomplishing a universal monarchy was however prevented by the Quadruple

Alliance of France, Germany, Holland, and Great Britain. Under the two sons and successors of Philip of Anjou, namely, Ferdinand VI. and his brother Charles III., the prosperity of the kingdom continued to decline. Charles III., on his accession to the Spanish throne (1762), was already King of Naples and Sicily, the crown of which he made over to his third son. In 1788, Charles IV. succeeded. He lived in the period of a revolution which touched nothing that it did not destroy, and it touched and shattered the throne of Spain. The ruin of the country was completed by the consequences of the subserviency of the King and Government to France and her ruler. This subserviency led to the abdication of Charles IV. in 1808, the imprisonment of his son Ferdinand, and the temporary reign of Joseph Bonaparte,—followed by a "Restoration" in which nothing has been restored by which the nation could profit. Ferdinand, at his death, left a disputed inheritance; but the bloody struggle which followed was finally settled in favour of the present occupant of the throne, Isabella II., in the year 1833.

Such is a slight and rapid outline of the Spanish succession. Before proceeding to notice the circumstances of the abdication of Charles IV., a document may very fittingly be inserted here, which not only gives another outline, presenting very remarkable features, but which has very serious conclusions as well as singular details. It commences with the union of the kingdoms of Castile and Leon, since which period, after every six sovereigns, there has as surely been a change of dynasty, as in France after the accession of three brothers in succession. The present Queen of Spain is the sixth of her House; and the object of those who have circulated the document in Spain is, to show that the period of change is at hand, and that the most desirable change would be in the union of Spain and Portugal under one Emperor, Pedro V. The document is well worthy of repeated study.

"HISTORICAL RECOLLECTIONS.

13TH CENTURY.

Union of the Crowns of Castile and Leon. Development of the monarchical principle. General codification. Municipal liberty. Period of the struggle between the unity, as represented by the Throne, and anarchy, as represented by Feudalism. Commencement of nationality.

SIX SOVEREIGNS.

Ferdinand III.	Ferdinand IV.
Alonso X.	Alonso XI.
Sancho IV.	Pedro I.

CHANGE OF DYNASTY.—14TH CENTURY.

The House of Trastamara begins to reign.

Triumph of the Aristocracy. Wasteful squandering of the public resources. Civil Wars. Misery. Scandals in the Court. Moral and material extension of the monarchy. Union of the Crowns of Castile, Arragon, and Navarre. Consolidation of nationality. First conquests.

SIX SOVEREIGNS.

Henry II.	Juan II.
Juan I.	Henry IV.
Henry III.	Isabella and Ferdinand V.

CHANGE OF DYNASTY.—16TH CENTURY.

The House of Austria begins to reign. Extension of the monarchy. Conquests. Annexation of Portugal. War of the communes. Extinction of the popular privileges and rights. Loss of Portugal. Decline.

SIX SOVEREIGNS.

Philip I. and Joan I.	Philip III.
Charles I.	Philip IV.
Philip II.	Charles II.

CHANGE OF DYNASTY.—18TH CENTURY.

The House of Bourbon begins to reign. Submission to France. Momentary prosperity. Unfortunate wars. Invasion of French ideas and customs. Family pact. Analysis. Philosophy of the eighteenth century. Loss of *prestige* of the Royal family. Favouritism. Revolutions of 1808 and 1820. Tyrannical and sanguinary reaction. Loss of America. War, dynastic and of principles. Scandals, immorality, prostitution, and pillage in the Court and Government. Ingratitude of Queen Isabella to the people who won for her her throne. *Coup d'état.*

SIX SOVEREIGNS.

Philip V.	Charles IV.
Ferdinand VI.	Ferdinand VII.
Charles III.	Isabella II.

* * * * * *

PROGNOSTIC.

Triumph of the liberal and parliamentary principle by means of a revolution. Change of dynasty. The House of Braganza begins to reign. Union of Spain and Portugal.

PEDRO V."

The correspondent of the 'Times' who translated the above singular document for that paper, asserts that the union of the two crowns of the Peninsula has become the great question of the day in Madrid, and in other principal towns, among the multitude. The union of Spain and Portugal under a Prince of the House of Braganza, with the title of Emperor, and the two countries assuming some corporate name, in order to avoid giving offence or wounding the just susceptibilities of the Portuguese people, to whom the idea of absorption is justly repugnant, is seriously contemplated in Spain. The more enlightened members of the Opposition, thoroughly appreciating the difficulties of an immediate union of the two countries, and convinced that England would oppose it, desire for the present a Portuguese Prince; that is, that the present King should be King of Spain, previously abdicating the crown of Portugal in favour of his brother. These things (we are told) are no longer whispered in secret, or hinted at in particular circles or coteries; they are debated openly, and the idea is so deeply rooted, that its realization is regarded merely as a question of time.

The truth is, that the Spanish people desire to get rid of the Bourbons. They earnestly desire also to prevent French influence from being re-established, and therefore are anxious

that England should give its aid in securing to them a Prince of the House of Braganza. They are aware of the unwillingness of England to give any cause of offence to France, whose co-operation is so useful in the present state of European politics, and they regret the loss of her antagonism in Spanish affairs; and the "Liberals" imagine that there is a prospect of England allowing Spain to become thus a mere French province.

These preliminary remarks on Spain cannot appropriately close without some notice of Biscay. This once formed a portion of the little kingdom of Oviedo. In the beginning of the tenth century, Biscay Proper recovered its long-established independence, and elected for its chief, Suria, of the blood-royal of Scotland. The country maintained its independency for four centuries, when Pedro the Cruel slew the chief, seized his estates, and added to the royal titles that of "Lord of Biscay."

The mountaineers of this district are the proudest aristocrats in the world. In 'Don Quixote,' Doña Rodriguez says of her husband, "He was as well born as the King, for he came from the mountains;" and when the secretary of Sancho Panza, Governor of Barataria, announces himself and adds, "I can read and write, and am moreover a Biscayan," Sancho remarks, "With *that* addition, you are fit to be secretary even to an Emperor."

PHILIP V.

" This same Jupiter *once* more
Would fright the world with impious thunder."—PRIOR.

WHEN Charles II. of Spain died, on the 3rd of November, 1700, he left the crown to Philip of Anjou, grandson of Louis XIV. The will was disputed by more than one antagonist, but Philip's only substantial competitor was the Austrian Archduke Charles, son of Leopold, Emperor of Germany.

Between these two was carried on the War of Succession. Both parties had their share of triumphs and reverses, but the Peace of Utrecht, in 1713, gained for Philip the recognition of all Europe—save Germany; and *that* recognition was secured by the terms of the Peace of Radstadt, in the following year.

Philip, on ascending the Spanish throne, had renounced all right of succession to that of France. He renewed the renunciation when, by the death of several of the next heirs of Louis XIV., only one Prince stood between him and the French crown, had he not surrendered his claim to that inheritance. That Prince succeeded, under the title of Louis XV. Early in his reign he was attacked by a dangerous illness. In the event of that illness incapacitating him from the exercise of the royal authority, his uncle, Philip V. of Spain, considered that the regency of his nephew's kingdom should naturally rest in *his* hands. He remembered, too, that but for the renunciation of any claim

to hold the crowns of France and Spain together, he should be the next heir, in the event of his nephew's demise. Thereupon, in the year 1724, when Louis XV. was again dangerously ill, he resigned the crown of Spain to his young son, Louis, and went into retirement, where he awaited the death of Louis XV., to whose inheritance he hoped to be joyfully summoned.

He justified the step to the world, by asserting that he was ill-satisfied with the alleged claims by which he had himself ascended the Spanish throne; and yet it was only in right of such claims that he made over the crown to his son. Philip was of so religious, or rather superstitious complexion, that his reasoning imposed on his subjects. The latter, however, were not so readily persuaded that the ambitious wife of Philip, Elizabeth Farnese, was moved by the righteous impulses acknowledged by her husband. Both, however, were dazzled by the prospects of a succession to a more brilliant throne. Meanwhile Philip, on signing the act of abdication, made a vow that he would never again, under any circumstances, resume the crown of Spain.

Philip's declaration regarded his wife as well as himself. The resolve of both to lead a private life at St. Ildefonso, was founded solely on the ground that, disembarrassed from every other care, they might give themselves up to the service of God, meditate on a future state, and attend to the important work of salvation.

There was, however, something more active at Ildefonso than mere meditation. The ex-sovereigns shut themselves up, indeed, but they held themselves in readiness to start for France at the shortest notice. Their jewellery and other valuables were carefully packed, and there was an eager desire to change the service and contemplations of St. Ildefonso for the splendour and gaiety of Versailles. In the midst of the expectation Louis XV. recovered, and the chances of Philip being summoned to Paris disappeared for

ever. The consort of the ex-King of Spain forthwith turned her husband's thoughts in the direction of Madrid.

The most insignificant measure could not be discussed there without an infinite deal of nothing being said and written about it at St. Ildefonso. Philip contrived that he should be present there in everybody's thoughts, although he was not so to their vision. The annoyance caused by the voluntary recluse, who was longing to escape from his seclusion, was almost comic in its development. It was not altogether unauthorized, for the young King on the throne conducted himself like a vicious and riotous youth, and no one knew which most to dread, his follies or his vices. His reign, luckily, did not last long; only eight months. He was carried off by smallpox. His consort, Louisa, daughter of the Regent Duke of Orléans, caught the malady through her assiduity in tending on him,—a fact which deserves to be recorded, as it presents the only instance of conjugal duty performed by this royal lady.

Previous to the decease of the young and childless Louis of Spain, he had signed a will, in which he appointed his father as his successor. He was in a state of delirium when he affixed his signature to the document, and his sire, moreover, had solemnly sworn never again to ascend the Spanish throne. But when Philip had taken such oath he did not expect that he should ever be tempted to break it. Even now, he affected much coyness, and referred the case to a junta of divines. They solved the difficulty by proposing that Ferdinand, then ten years of age, the second son of Philip, should be raised to the throne, and that Philip himself should have the title and privileges of Regent. The proposal threw the recluse of St. Ildefonso into such a state of wild exasperation, that the divines eagerly reconsidered the matter, and forthwith they expressed their united conviction, that if Philip did not immediately resume the sovereign authority and the title of King, he would be guilty of mortal

sin, and his salvation would be in very imminent peril. The friends of the deceased Sovereign awaited with much anxiety the reply of Philip, for they had so abused their position as to dread his anger, should he resume the authority he had abdicated. There were even some churchmen mixed up in an intrigue to frighten Philip into a continuance of his seclusion. But the decision of the junta of divines had the advantage of being supported by the sanction of the Pope; and, thus sustained, the religious Philip, so jealous of committing perjury to his own disadvantage, reascended the throne of Spain, on the 5th of September; and, instigated by his consort, Elizabeth Farnese, he drove the royal widow of his defunct son out of the Spanish territory.

Philip held the sceptre which he had thus regained, till the year 1746, when a sudden fit of apoplexy took from Spain a monarch who, at least, has the merit of having left his kingdom in a better condition than that in which he had found it on his accession.

In little more than threescore years from the period when Philip V. left the crown to his son Ferdinand VI., we shall find the grandson of Philip, not descending the Spanish throne in order to mount that of France, but ejected from the former to make way for a nominee of the Emperor of the French.

CHARLES IV.

"Say unto the King and to the Queen, Your principalities shall come down, even the crown of your glory."—JEREMIAH.

IN the year 1759, when Charles III., King of Naples and Sicily, went to Spain, to ascend the throne that had been vacated by the death of his brother Ferdinand VI., there accompanied him, a sprightly and good-looking lad just eleven years of age, who was Neapolitan by birth, and whose parents were,—the father, Spanish; the mother, Amelia of Saxony, a native of Germany. This boy was Charles, Prince of the Asturias. Six years later, when the lively boy had not yet completed his seventeenth year, he was "given in marriage"—most emphatically may it be said so—to Maria Louisa, Princess of Parma. The nuptials were celebrated in much clumsy Latin verse by venal poets, one of whom, as little of a prophet as a poet, after a hurricane of noisy hexameters and pentameters, makes the Muses join in chorus, and thus describe the present as well as shadow forth the time to come—never.

"Jam nunc exempla ætatis rediere vetustæ,
Et FORTIS VIRGO, REGIUS atque PUER,
Quin REGINA tuam pietatem ILLA exprimet, ISTE
PATRIS AVIQUE simul fortia facta dabit.
Vivite felices semperque diuque Beati,
Aurea nam vobis sæcula jam redeunt."

"Fortis virgo" (*stout girl!*) was not unapt appellation for Maria of Parma. She was plain, vicious, and resolute; and was possessed of such influence, that her husband

thought her fair, deemed her reproachless, and fancied he ruled her.

Her father-in-law, the old King, was not so blinded. His jealous eyes saw that the favour of the Princess was far too liberally lavished upon Ortiz, an officer in the household of the heir-apparent. In a very short time after this discovery, Ortiz was cursing the mosquitoes and his own destiny, as he sat in exile, on the shores of the Mediterranean. To beg for the recall of the lover of his wife, the wretched young husband went down upon his knees. The sensible old King had more regard for his son's honour than was felt by the latter, and he asked the petitioner on what ground the recall of the exile was asked for. "Well," said the princely George Dandin, "Louisa is quite unhappy without him, as he used to amuse her so wonderfully!" "Hold thy tongue, poor fool," said the King, "simpleton that thou art! let him remain where he is."

Louisa was in despair, but she was not long before she found consolation. Among the gentlemen of the Horse Guards were three brothers of the name of Godoy. Her eye fell upon, and her heart approved, Don Luis, the handsomest of the handsome three. Her indiscretion soon betrayed her inclination, and the new lover, like the old one, was very soon on his road to a distant place of banishment, by a decree of the unsympathizing old King.

Don Luis engaged his brother Manuel to be his advocate with the lady in his absence. Manuel, when on guard near her apartments, conveyed letters to her from his brother, and spoke so winningly, that Maria Louisa very speedily forgot Luis, and became insanely attached to Manuel. She found him the most attractive and amusing of men, and had no difficulty in persuading her husband that Manuel was a faithful servant, whose offices and fidelity could not be too highly recompensed. The placid Charles acquiescently received every maxim on the matter which his wife vouchsafed

to utter, and he entertained no doubt of the excellent qualities of the new favourite. The old King was gradually declining in health at this time, and had neither leisure nor acuteness of vision sufficient to discover what was passing. The unscrupulous lady, moreover, had been taught by experience that there was danger in being demonstrative, and if she found Manuel as amusing as Ortiz or Don Luis, she said less about it. She could afford to wait. The demise of the old King and an increase of her own personal grandeur were evidently approximating events, and she took patience till those events should be realized.

Nearly thirty years had elapsed since the Neapolitan Prince of the Asturias had accompanied his royal father to Spain, when the death of the latter opened to his son the way to the throne. This was in 1759. Charles III. had imparted to his successor some excellent advice, which was never followed. The father was a man of some talent, and he used to remark that the Spanish people were like those children who cry when they are being washed: his counsel to his son was to scrub them hard, and never mind their blubbering. One of his maxims was, that there was never any mischief without a monk being at the bottom of it. In spite of the maxim, however, he encouraged crime among the priesthood by steadily refusing ever to allow a guilty priest to undergo capital punishment. It was he who, on requiring the presence of Losada at his toilet, and on being told that Spanish etiquette forbade the presence of any one lower in quality than a Spanish Grandee, exclaimed, "Very well, I now make him one, so let him come in and help me on with my shirt!"

Charles IV. might have had all the spirit and wit of his father, but for the system followed by his consort, which had rendered him depressed and dejected. Louis XVI. was on the point of signing a letter of congratulation to him, on Charles's accession, but paused before he subscribed his

name, remarking the while, "It is hardly worth signing, for this King is no King, but a poor cipher, completely governed and henpecked by his wife." Charles IV. never forgot the jest; and hardly forgave it. He did indeed set aside his ill-humour when Louis was in peril of his life. At that juncture, he sent a touching letter by his ambassador, which the latter implored the chiefs of the Assembly, about to deliberate on the fate of the French monarch, to read aloud. Those officials, however, dreading its softening effect on the members, refused to open the epistle. When intelligence of the execution of Louis reached Charles, the mind of the King of Spain remembered the old offence, and he remarked that "the gentleman who was so ready to find fault with others, did not seem to have managed his own affairs very cleverly."

With the accession of Charles IV., Maria Louisa and Manuel Godoy commenced to reign. The King was little more than what Louis XVI. had styled him, a mere cipher. There was a man, however, who was almost as much in the way of the unprincipled lovers, as the late King himself,—namely, the Minister, Floridablanca. He incurred the especial hatred of Manuel Godoy and the Queen, by energetically opposing her attempts to aggrandise the former. His last stand was made against the proposal of the Queen that Charles IV. should confer an estate on Godoy, and at the same time create him Duke de la Alcudia, and a Grandee of Spain. Floridablanca implored the King not to yield to this, and obtained the royal consent to refer the matter to the Cortes of Castile, which body was to pronounce on the legality of settling crown lands on a subject.

Floridabanca wrote to the President of the Council, Count Cifuentes, a letter, the object of which was to procure an answer that should save the King's honour and avoid public scandal. Unfortunately, the Count died, soon after receiving the despatch, which was discovered among his papers and secretly transmitted to the Queen. That lady's talents

for intrigue were forthwith set in successful action. All was accomplished for Godoy that she could desire; and the two together devoted themselves to the destruction of Florida-blanca.

This object was not long of accomplishment. Private and public crimes were laid to the charge of the Minister. He had counselled his master to join the European coalition against Republican France, and he had been mixed up in some discreditable matters of finance and private scandal. He was pronounced guilty of embezzlement to a vast extent, and was only released from confinement in the fortress of Pampeluna, to be a prisoner at large in his native town of Murcia.

Charles IV. appointed Count de Aranda to the vacant post of Minister. The policy was "peace with France;" but at the end of seven months, Godoy was Prime Minister of Spain (1792), war was declared with France, and disasters succeeded each other, with one exception, so rapidly, that to save Spain from becoming the prey of the French Republicans, Godoy patched up that Treaty of Basle, for successfully negotiating which, he received the title of Prince of the Peace, and was given precedence of every nobleman in Spain, save the Princes of the Blood.

From this time, Charles IV. esteemed Godoy more warmly than even the Queen herself did. His gratitude for his escape from ruin was unbounded; and though Godoy was, to all intents and purposes, King in Spain, and his administration was far from being either weak or injudicious, Charles could not too profusely acknowledge the lucky escape which Spain had had from being absorbed by French Republicanism.

The next step in the greatness of Godoy was to make him a member of the royal family, by marriage. Nothing was more easy, or more ardently desired by the Queen. She had not only marked with feelings of jealous anguish, the attachment of Godoy to a young lady from Malaga, named Tudo,

but hearing that the couple were at supper together, in one of the apartments of the palace where the Court was temporarily residing, she suddenly brought the King upon the imprudent pair, to contemplate a sight which was a scandal, if the parties were unmarried, and a base act of ingratitude to the Queen, if they were married. Godoy being free, the Queen speedily arranged a marriage between him and the King's cousin. She was a very plain lady, but then she was a descendant of Louis XIV.; and by the union, Godoy was placed at too great a height to be expected to stoop to official duties. A Prince of the Peace who had no responsible vocation, and was burdened with a consort for whom he had no regard, was exactly what the Queen required. The Prince gave up the administration of public affairs, and devoted himself to the service of his royal mistress. Under this system, Charles remained a cipher, but his wife interfered in every department of the State. She was eager to promote her own parasites without respect to their merits. When the Minister Jovellanos roughly refused to accede to her demand of a prebendal stall for a favourite who had never been at a University, the Queen asked, "At what University have you been yourself?" Jovellanos replied, "At Salamanca." "Ah!" said the Queen, "what a pity they forgot to teach you manners!"

The Court intrigues of this period became daily more scandalous, but the King was the only person who was not in the secret. They were sometimes directed against Godoy himself, whom Charles IV. now loved as a child, of whom the Queen became frantically jealous. She sought his ruin, repented of the act, pardoned the unfaithful lover, and plunged into projects of revenge on discovering fresh proofs of his treason. Godoy contrived to defeat all his enemies. He was as active as the lightest gentleman in a Spanish comedy; and, indeed, there was something of the old licentious comedy in all that was going on. When

Godoy became *volage*, the Queen piqued him by selecting new favourites, whose downfall it was his object to accomplish. It was said that the King slept through the whole comedy; but *non omnibus dormiebat:* he was awake without being able to comprehend. There was one Mallo, a poor Guardsman, whom the Queen's favour had raised to dishonourable pre-eminence. One day, as the whole royal family, with Godoy, were on the balcony of the Prado, Mallo rode by in great state. "I wonder how it is," said the foolish King, "that such a fellow can keep such fine horses." "The reason is," said Godoy, "that the fellow is himself kept by an ugly old woman, whose name," he added, looking at the Queen, "whose name I cannot just now remember."

Over this and all other rivals Godoy finally triumphed. Some were imprisoned, some were sent into exile. Meanwhile, Spain was under the heels of the worthless favourite, the worthless Queen, and their creatures. The King slept on, except when he was out shooting. The Queen pulled Spain down into an abyss of ruin. The union of Spain and France was then effected in order to destroy England, and (on the part of France) to subjugate Spain. The day of Trafalgar however brought the final destruction of the maritime power of Spain; and, after the fleet was annihilated, Godoy was raised to the ancient and obsolete office of Lord High Admiral. The appointment was an epigram in action.

Still Charles IV. continued well content with matters domestic and foreign. An anecdote has been told to show the unparalleled simplicity of this unkingly King. Therein it is said that the Duke de l'Infantado "was once, with other Grandees, in attendance on the King, when his Majesty, being in high gossiping humour, entered into a somewhat gay conversation on the fair sex. He descanted at some length on fickleness and caprice, and laughed at the dangers of husbands in these southern climates. Having had his fill of merriment on the topic of jealousy, he con-

cluded with an air of triumph, 'We crowned heads, however, have this chief advantage above others, that our honour, as they call it, is safe; for supposing that Queens were as much bent on mischief as some of their sex, where could they find Kings and Emperors to flirt with,—eh?'"

Such a King was an easy tool in the hands of designing and ambitious men. The Court of Spain became a stage, on which was played one of the most bustling and ignoble of dramas. The heir-apparent, Ferdinand, plotted against his parents; Godoy conspired against both; the King and Queen were as deceiving as they were deceived; the whole of these personages were the humble slaves of Napoleon, and the Emperor of the French looked upon all with scarcely dissembled scorn, while he prepared the way for placing his brother Joseph on the throne of the imbecile Charles. The latter, alarmed by the aspect of affairs, both domestic and foreign, as they applied to him, contemplated, for a moment, flight to Mexico. An insurrection of the people rendered the accomplishment of this project impossible. Godoy was flung into prison; French troops were pouring into Spain; the King, terrified for his own safety, and the Queen, caring for nothing but the rescue of her favourite, thought that their respective objects would be achieved by abdicating. Accordingly, the one in an extremity of terror, the other under the impulse of unbounded hopefulness, descended from the throne; and on the 19th of March, 1808, Charles resigned the sceptre to his son Ferdinand.

The first feeling that Charles had of his uncrowned condition, was on hearing that the new King had ordered all the wolves and foxes to be destroyed, which Charles had preserved for purposes of "sport,"—the only pleasure which, of late years, possessed any attractions for him. The poor old man made no complaints of his son's policy, but the idea that his son had suppressed his hunting establishment made him weep heartily.

Meanwhile, the subjection of Ferdinand to Napoleon was complete. Not less so was that of Charles. The former asked for the Imperial recognition of his title; the latter appealed to him to set aside the act of abdication, to which Charles had consented only under compulsion. Ferdinand repaired to Bayonne to plead his cause, and he found himself a prisoner. Charles, his consort, and Godoy, were ordered to be brought to the same city, and the family feud was only embittered by the parties being in presence of each other. It was the object of Napoleon to rid himself of the pretensions of all. The obsequiousness of the ex-King furthered, but the obstinacy of Ferdinand retarded, the accomplishment of the desired end. Never was Spanish comedy built up on half so many intrigues as were put in action in order to dethrone the Spanish Bourbons altogether, and to found a Bonaparte dynasty in Spain. The more serious drama lingered, and Napoleon grew impatient.

But Napoleon's impatience contrived a striking close to this disreputable affair. On the 5th of May (1808) the Emperor visited the Spanish ex-monarchs. Around the aged Charles and his consort were assembled their second son, Carlos; the evil genius of the family, Godoy; the Minister Cavallos, and several Grandees. At the end of a conference between the chief of these illustrious personages, Ferdinand was summoned to appear. It was not so easy as had been expected, to bring him to consent to the designs of the great conspirators against the country of which he was himself unworthy, and at length a scene ensued such as never has been paralleled in history. The old Queen, Maria Louisa, unable longer to control her rage, or perhaps desirous to gratify Napoleon, with whom she was partly suspected to have prepared the scene, thus assailed the wretched Ferdinand:—"Traitor, you have for years meditated the death of the King your father, but, thanks to the vigilance, the zeal, and the loyalty of the Prince of the Peace, you

have not been able to effect your purpose,—neither you, nor any of the infamous traitors who have co-operated with you in your infamous designs. I tell you to your face that you are my son, but not the son of the King! And yet, without having any other rights to the crown than those of your mother, you have sought to tear it from us by force. But I agree and demand that the Emperor Napoleon shall be umpire between us,—Napoleon, to whom we cede and transfer our rights, to the exclusion of our own family. I call on him to punish you and your associates as so many traitors, and I abandon to him the whole Spanish nation."

There is something horrible in the idea of a woman proclaiming her own dishonour in presence of her husband and her children. The object she had in view was, however, attained. Charles surrendered all his territories to the French Emperor. Ferdinand, as Prince of Asturias, ultimately renounced all right to the throne; and Joseph Bonaparte became King of Spain. In return for the free gift of a throne and dominions in two hemispheres, on the part of Charles IV., he was to possess an asylum at Compiègne, and enjoy a pension of thirty millions of reals. The Castle of Chambord was also to be made over to him for a residence. It was further agreed, that should the Queen survive him her widowhood was to be consoled by a pension of two millions of reals. To the Spanish Infantes was assigned a pension of four hundred thousand francs a year. Three days later Charles announced this disgrace of his House to his former subjects; but he could not sign the document without visible emotion, troubled as he was in mind and feeble in body, the consequence of the events of the last few years of his reign. But if depression and grief were impressed upon him, it was otherwise with the old Queen. Maria Louisa was radiant with joy, and displayed a buoyancy which had its origin in the conviction, that if she had lost a throne she had recovered Godoy, and that the much-loved favourite

would share the splendid exile of the fallen monarch. She dressed like a young girl, and scandalized all who saw her by the indecent levity of her conduct.

Charles IV. and Maria Louisa survived their abdication nearly eleven years. During the first three years of their private life, they alternately resided at Fontainebleau, at Compiègne, and at Marseilles. In 1811, they took up their final residence at Rome, whither they were accompanied by the Prince of Peace. In all these localities, they made but an undistinguished figure. Their tastes, indeed, were still of a splendid character, but they had not wherewith to gratify them. The pension of the ex-King was so irregularly paid, that he was often in pecuniary difficulties, and was so little enabled to purchase the luxuries he loved, that he was frequently reduced to borrow small sums, to pay for the necessaries which he required. There was *one* costly luxury, however, for which he had no longer any inclination, the luxury of reigning. He had been so tempered to a not intolerable adversity by the six years' experience which preceded the fall of Napoleon, that when that event took place he willingly renounced all claim to resume the crown he had flung from him, and acknowledged his son Ferdinand, Prince of the Asturias, as rightful King of Spain. Ferdinand, in return, settled upon his sire an income of three millions of reals. This sum was barely sufficient to enable him to support the state of his declining years with dignity, but the ex-King contrived that they should be marked by decency; —at least, by as much decency as could be understood, or was cared for, by a man of his easy disposition. At length, in January, 1819, the world, by whom they had been forgotten, heard that they were dead. A simple paragraph in the papers was typical of the scanty sympathy or regret of the public. Charles IV. survived his consort only a few days. The splendour of their obsequies gave evidence of a disinterested sympathy on the part of those at whose cost it

was ordered,—for the ex-King had nothing to leave. The royal corpses were painted and decked like actors on the stage; the "trappings and the suits of woe" were the admiration of milliners, male and female; heralds shouted their old titles over their unconscious dust; and the vault, as it was closed, still echoed with the flattering lie that they whom it held were "thrice high and mighty!"

KINGS OF SPAIN.

The various crowns of Oviedo, Navarre, Cordova, Castile, Leon, Barcelona, Arragon, and Granada, became united in the person of Ferdinand V., the Catholic.

A.D.

1512. Ferdinand V., the Catholic. He had succeeded to Castile in 1474, and, five years later, united Arragon with the latter crown, by his marriage with Isabella, whom he survived.
1516. CHARLES I., (Charles V. of Germany;) abdicated.
1556. Philip II., married to Mary of England.
1598. Philip III., drove the Moorish families out of Spain.
1621. Philip IV.
1665. Charles II., last descendant of the Austrian House.
1700. PHILIP V., grandson of Louis XIV.; resigned.
1724. Louis I.
1724. Philip V., resumed the crown.
1745. Ferdinand VI., the Wise, succeeded by his brother.
1759. Charles III.
1788. CHARLES IV., abdicated.
1808. FERDINAND VII., abdicated.
1808. JOSEPH BONAPARTE, abdicated.
1814. Ferdinand VII., restored.
1833. Isabella II., daughter of Ferdinand.

Portugal.

"Let proud mortality but look on Cæsar,
. . . . cast beneath
The low condition of a common man."—MASSINGER.

THIS portion of the Peninsula was in old times a province of Spain, and shared in all its revolutions. The kingdom of Portugal was founded by Henry of Burgundy, who married a daughter of Alphonso, King of Castile, by whom he had been created Count of Portugal, in 1088. Its early state however was one of much confusion. A more settled condition of affairs ensued when Alphonso Henriquez had defeated the Moors, on the plains of Ourique, in 1139, and his soldiers hailed him exultingly as 'King.' The people, of all ranks, sanctioned the election, and Alphonso, renouncing all dependence upon Spain, reigned alone, the first sovereign of independent Portugal.

During four hundred and sixty years the male line did not fail; but only two kings had succeeded to Henry,—namely, the wise Sancho the First, and the quarrelsome Alphonso the Second, before we come upon a deposed King, in the person of the unlucky Sancho the Second, who measured his power against the Church, and lost his crown in the struggle. Sancho was succeeded, in 1248, by his brother, the great warrior and statesman, Alphonso III.; who was followed by a son, the generous Dennis, scarcely inferior to his sire in bravery and wisdom. Alphonso IV., the next Sovereign, is celebrated for his courage too, but also for that crime, of

which wounded pride was the motive,—the murder of the Castilian lady, Inez de Castro, who had been espoused by his son, Don Pedro. The revenge of Pedro, when King, is the most salient feature of a reign, otherwise distinguished for wisdom and justice. The claim advanced by his successor, Ferdinand, to the crown of Castile, brought on a disastrous war, and a claim from Castile, on the crown of Portugal. Don John the First, the successor of Ferdinand, ultimately conducted the war to a happy issue, and secured the independence of Portugal. He was the father of the great practical scholar, Don Henry, whose elder and less wise brother, Edward, ascended the throne in 1433. After this last monarch, commences a glorious era, that of the exploring Sovereigns,—of Alphonso V., the subduer of Tangiers,—of the stringent and sagacious Second John, and of Emanuel the Fortunate, who founded the splendid dominion of the Portuguese in the East. This glory was dimmed by John III., under whom the Inquisition was introduced into Portugal, and by the able but bigoted Sebastian, whose rashness caused the loss of his life in Morocco, at the fatal battle of Alcaçarquiver (in 1578), and left Portugal (so reluctant to believe in his fall, that the return of Sebastian remained a point of faith with the Lusitanian peasantry down to the present century) to the protectorate of Cardinal Henry, and to the factions of seven candidates, each of whom published pretensions to the throne.

The Cardinal would have been well pleased to marry and found a dynasty, but Rome feared to grant a dispensation which might be solicited by other Cardinals. When the Cardinal-King died, in 1580, the country was in the wildest agitation. The chief fear was that of being annexed to Spain. The Spanish King, Philip, who was a grandson of Emanuel; and Catherine, Duchess of Braganza, granddaughter of the same Portuguese King, but through a younger daughter,—were the chief competitors. The contest

ended in the triumph of Philip, and from 1580 to 1640 Portugal was nothing more than a province of Spain.

The successful revolution of the last-named year placed the crown on the brow of the Duke of Braganza, and Portugal was again an independent kingdom, under Don John IV. His son and successor, the pitiful Alphonso VI., will come under especial notice as a deposed monarch. The successors of Alphonso were his brother Pedro II., John V., Joseph (whose reign was marked by the expulsion of the Jesuits; a consequent conspiracy against the King, which had wellnigh cost him his life, the ministry of Pombal, and the great earthquake of Lisbon), and Maria, who married her uncle, became insane, and whose son, Don John, governed in her name. John was Regent when Napoleon declared, in 1807, that "the House of Braganza had ceased to reign." Under the pressure of the French invasion, Don John determined to transport the whole of the royal family to Brazil. On the 27th of November of the year last named, the fugitive family, says Mr. Buck, "proceeded to Belem, to embark for flight, on the spot whence, about three centuries back, Vasco de Gama had sailed, upon his glorious enterprise. It was a melancholy procession, consisting of the old insane Queen, who had not been seen for sixteen years, and who appeared to have just recovered reason sufficient to feel the humiliation of the step she was compelled to take, of her sisters, of the Princess of Brazil, with her children, and of the Prince himself. They were accompanied by all the Ministers, and great numbers of nobles." Portugal now became subjected to France, from which subjection however it was soon relieved by the arms of England. It remained nevertheless under the government of delegated powers, for Brazil had been raised to the dignity of a kingdom, and John VI. did not return to Portugal till the year 1821. Four years after, he acknowledged his son, Don Pedro, as Emperor of Brazil, and died in 1826, leaving Queen Isabella, Regent.

The Emperor Pedro, the next heir, waived his right, in favour of his daughter, Maria II., whose crown was temporarily usurped by her uncle, Don Miguel. To recover it, Pedro resigned his own, to his young son, and repaired to Europe to support the title of his daughter,—who occupied the once glorious throne for a few brief years, and has been succeeded by her young son, the present King, Pedro.

SANCHO II.

"Virtuous, though young; and learned, although an heir."
RANDOLPH.

THE mother of Sancho II., King of Portugal, and successor of his sire Alphonso II., was Urraca of Castile. There is a traditionary idea in the Peninsula that there never was a Princess of this name who did any honour to womanhood. Sancho's mother however was a lady of great merit, albeit she virtually deprived her son of his inheritance. It happened in this way:—Sancho was a delicate and sickly child, and Urraca made a vow to St. Augustine, that if the Saint could give health and strength to her boy, she would devote him to a cloister-life, as long as he existed.

It so chanced that Sancho *did* wax healthy and vigorous; and when this happy realization was established, the vow was brought under the notice of mother and son. It was forthwith repented of by the former, and disavowed by the latter. Six hundred years ago however the Church spoke with most potential voice, and Urraca and Sancho were compelled to come, at last, to a compromise. Sancho was put into a monk's robe and cowl, without undertaking monastic obligations, and we are assured that he never again quitted the ghostly costume, having been carried in it to his grave. Thence he was called "Brother Sancho," or "Sancho the Preacher."

Sancho ascended the throne in the year 1223, and he showed himself as excellent a person at driving a bargain as at fighting a battle. He entered into some profitable arrangements with the priesthood, and increased the crown

lands by purchasing the territories which had fallen to the lot of his nearest kinsfolk. He was the great and victorious enemy of the Moors, who had a mortal dread of Sancho the Preacher. The vanquisher of the Infidel was, nevertheless, no favourite with the Lusitanian priesthood. That body made no scruple of declaring that his mother's vow had deprived him of all right to the throne. Sancho laughed at the idea of his not being a King. He was at all events compelled to acknowledge that there was an authority which professed to be above his; and he was especially astonished, in the very hottest of a dispute with the Portuguese prelates, to find himself threatened with being placed under the Papal ban. He was threatened with excommunication if he did not, within a specified period, satisfy the demands made upon him by the priesthood. Sancho resisted manfully, prolonged the quarrel, temporized, explained, did everything, and yielded nothing. The strife went on for years; and in 1245, as Sancho was at his evening meal, a paper was put into his hands, the purport of which was that Pope Innocent IV., who was then at Lyons, had ordered the people of Portugal, on pain of excommunication here, and all its unpleasant consequences hereafter, to depart from their allegiance to Sancho, and to render obedience to his brother Alphonso, as Regent.

The latter at once took possession of the capital, and secured Lisbon from possibility of attack or surprise. Sancho the preacher drew his cowl over his uncrowned head, and, with a sword on his thigh and angry resolution in his heart, betook himself to Castile. He arrived there in June, 1246, and was warmly received by Ferdinand II., the Castilian King, who had not much more reason to love the Pope than Sancho himself. Ferdinand did more than welcome his friend; he gave him succour. Sancho, with a small force, drew near to Portugal, but the Archbishops of Braga and Coimbra threatened to devote the entire kingdom to everlasting and

speedy perdition, if a single man went over to the camp of the excommunicated Sancho. The royal preacher waited long, but he waited in vain. The hearts of thousands were with him, but not a hand was raised in proof of such sympathy,—the ghostly men having declared that the arm would, or should, wither, that dared to lift a blade in behalf of the deposed Sancho. The very Castilians dropped away from him. Thereupon, Sancho let fall his own sword, drew his cowl more deeply over his brow than before, tightened the girdle about his loins, and slowly and sighingly made his weary way to Toledo.

He went straight to a religious house, where the uncrowned King found ready admission, and, if not sympathy, at least no reproach from the brotherhood. There he resided during two years, in more absolute retirement than that of Sethos after he had voluntarily resigned his glorious sceptre, and chose a home among the spiritual fraternity of Egypt. Nothing more is known of Sancho, who was, for the times in which he lived, by no means an indifferent monarch. He was accomplished, and upright, but he was too independent of spirit for the Church, which could not tolerate him, and which spared no trouble in laying what Herrick has aptly styled a

> "Gin to catch the State, or wring
> The freeborn nostrils of the King."

The Church required privileges at the expense of popular liberty, and Sancho would not yield them, not so much for the sake perhaps of popular liberty, as to show that he was determined to exercise freedom of purpose and action in his own person. He failed. In such a struggle he was sure to fail, for not only was his spiritual enemy powerful, but was able to paralyze all power brought to bear against it. That then invincible foe drew a moral from the story of Sancho the Preacher. "See," said the priests, pointing to the walls within which he was entombed alive, "his mother devoted

him to the service of Heaven, and, though late, Heaven has got possession of the servant, and enforced obedience from him."

In another way, it was a Queen-mother who influenced the fortunes of another deposed King of Portugal, whose sceptre passed to his brother. The stories however differ in details, as they do in their heroes, who were not at all equal in merit. Alphonso VI. was even less of an enthroned King than Sancho, and his brief history will show that, with greater weight of crime, Alphonso enjoyed a less wretched destiny. He lived at a period when the Church neither cared to teach so well, nor was able to avenge so terribly, as of yore.

ALPHONSO VI.

" Le Roi s'amuse ! ah, diable !—c'est très-malheureux,
Car un Roi qui s'amuse est un Roi dangereux."
VICTOR HUGO.

THIS unhappy monarch, the son of John IV., was proclaimed King in 1656. He was then thirteen years of age. His mother, the Queen-Dowager, was sole Regent. After a nominal reign of eleven years he was compelled to abdicate, when his brother Pedro was appointed Regent. In 1683, on the death of Alphonso, Pedro assumed the title of King.

Alphonso VI. was never more than nominally King. He was at once an unfortunate and a wicked prince. At a very early age, his limbs and his reason were partially paralyzed by fever. For learning, he had neither capacity nor inclination. Monteiro, his tutor, was willing to act faithfully by him, but his efforts were not seconded by the royal parents, and they were laughed at by the boy. In him there was nothing strong but wicked obstinacy; but that is a vice which discipline may convert into virtuous perseverance. It was not so with Alphonso.

The Queen-Mother neglected him when a mere child: when she became Regent, during his minority, she placed him under a tutor, Don Francisco de Faro, the Count of Odemira, whose severity nearly drove the young King frantic, as was probably intended by the Queen, who, like the consort of our George II., loved her second son with

infinite tenderness, but, without dissimulation, hated the first.

There was an hour however when the eye of Odemira was not on his impatient pupil,—and that was the hour of siesta, after dinner. While the Count, the courtiers, and half the city were then sleeping, Alphonso was vigilant. It was his custom then to slip down to a gallery overlooking a court, one side of which was occupied by the royal chapel, two others by shops beneath porticoes, and the fourth was open. In this court the children of the neighbourhood came to play. Alphonso loved to overlook their gambols, listen to their language, watch their battles, and take part, mentally, in their factions. It once struck him, that whenever a boy named Conti, the son of a mercer, was of a party with which he, the Prince, sympathized, that party was sure to be triumphant. This led him, gradually, to take an interest in the lad; and after watching him for awhile he would sometimes descend to the courtyard, seek companionship with Conti, and take part in the rough sports and rough language which there prevailed.

The young King accepted many a boyish gift from the mercer's son. The exhibition of these led to a betrayal of the intimacy between the youths, and the Queen Dowager ordered that Conti should never be admitted to play in the courtyard of the chapel. This prohibition led the King into various escapades, and the Regent was consequently induced to allow *her* son and the shopkeeper's to meet and play together without any restraint. The results had an evil influence on the character of the King, and there are some who say that to such an end the mother had been purposely tending from the first.

The favoured courtiers who now thronged round the self-willed young monarch were of the lowest character. The best of them were Conti and his brother, but with these was also a rabble of boys—Mulattoes and Negroes; and sur-

rounded by these, Alphonso might be seen going to the riding-school, whither riot and filthy language went with them.

The nuisance became intolerable, and, for very decency's sake, the obscure company was scattered, and the King placed in seclusion. "What is the use of being King," said a faithless servant to him, "if you cannot do as you please?" Alphonso scarcely needed the suggestion conveyed in this query; he at once declared that he would take no food till he was permitted to rejoin his friends. He showed such obstinate determination to starve himself, that once more the respectable company was allowed to congregate. The members amused themselves chiefly in witnessing fights between ferocious bull-dogs in the riding-school. Subsequently these fights took place in the courtyard of the chapel. It was then considered an excellent joke to let the enraged animals loose in the palace. Such sports, varied by bloody contests carried on with sling and stone, rendered the royal residence the centre of the most disorderly district in the entire capital.

An attempt was made to turn this humour to some good purpose, by inducing the King to learn fencing. But this was too soft a pastime for him. He only used it till he had procured a number of daggers: these he distributed among his companions, and bade them fling away at each other. The amiable sovereign stood in the gallery to witness the savage onslaught, laughed heartily at the sight of those who were dripping with blood, and then would run to the room where his brother Pedro was at his lessons, and interrupt the princely studies by his excited detailing of the ruffianly gladiatorial games.

Alphonso was now sixteen years of age; a "household" was formed for him, consisting of some of the first men in Portugal, and a range of apartments was set apart for the especial use of the King and his establishment in the palace. Not only was one noble in constant daily personal atten-

dance upon Alphonso, but another slept at night in an ante-room to the King's bed-chamber, with his head close against the door between the two rooms.

In this ante-room, the grave courtiers assembled of a morning to greet their Sovereign. It was a service for which he was so little obliged to them, that he took delight in escaping down to the courtyard by another way, there to indulge in unconstrained license with his more genial friends, of whom the Contis were the chief.

While the Queen governed, the wild young King grew wilder every day. The only elegant accomplishment in which he was a proficient, was horsemanship; and he abused *that*. He once rode full-tilt at a savage bull in a meadow; but the more noble brute so galled his royal assailant with his horns, that he was unhorsed, and nearly lost his life. At another time, returning from the chase, he charged two peaceful citizens, sword in hand, and after riding over them would have despatched them, had not the Grand Huntsman interfered. The young savage had not always that official to restrain or to protect him. He had an affection for mastiffs; and hearing that the Jesuits kept some fine specimens of those animals, he once rode over at night, to the Convent where the fathers resided. He had alighted from his horse, and was waiting for torches, to be conducted to the kennels, when, weary of standing there, he strolled into the streets. He soon encountered two passengers, drew his sword, and attacked them. They drew in return, pinked his Majesty soundly, and flying at the roaring he made when he felt he was wounded, they left him to be picked up by his followers, who carried him to bed, with a gash in his groin.

Advice was flung away upon him. He went on from bad to worse. When his attendants thought him asleep for the night, he, the Contis, and a rabble of boon and base companions were in a remote part of the city, spreading terror by their lawless actions, or returning to the palace in com-

pany with flaunting females, who were introduced beneath the roof under which his own mother slept, where orgies rendered hideous the night, and were the peculiar boast of the King on the following morning. It was in one of these night revels that he fired his pistol at the Viscount de Sa, and, only for his awkwardness in handling the weapon, would have slain the gallant and remonstrating nobleman.

The Queen-Mother invited him to take part in public business, but unfortunately she rendered it so dry and unattractive to him, that, after trying it for awhile, and presiding at a dull council or two, he relapsed into his vicious courses, ennobled Conti, dubbed him Knight of the Order of Christ, and gave him apartments in the palace. The new Knight's influence was so great that the Queen-mother herself paid court to him; but there is a suspicion that, from the first, the mercer's boy was only the hired tool of the mother of Alphonso.

It was not the capital alone that was the theatre of the King's infamy. Exhausted by his excesses, he visited Obidos, for the baths. His conduct here seems to have been nearly as atrocious as that of Tiberius at Capreæ. He, too, had his Flaccus and Piso, to carry on long debauches through successive days and nights, and "De Conti" was his Cæsonius Priscus, Master of the Pleasures. At Obidos, says the Sieur D'Ablancourt, who published a memoir of his residence in Portugal, Alphonso employed himself in such unclean, insolent, and cruel practices, that the people everywhere fled, hiding themselves from him.

While this was the terrible humour of the King, the Queen-Mother was engaged in the negotiations which terminated in the union of Catherine, the sister of Alphonso, with Charles II. of England. When the negotiations were happily, but not very speedily concluded, it was De Conti, the mercer's son, who, as Prime Minister of the King of Portugal, with the Marquis of Sande, committed the new

Queen of England to the guardianship of Edward Montague, Earl of Sandwich.

This affair concluded, the Queen-Mother, who, however ambitious, governed Portugal with rare sagacity and success, contrived to entrap the Contis and most of the other evil companions of the King, and shipped them off to Brazil. The act was preparatory to her reluctant resignation of the regency. It had been her fond desire to see her younger son, Pedro, King; but such a consummation being not yet practicable, Alphonso, at the age of nineteen, entered into the enjoyment of his full prerogative, as King.

He used his mother, as in old times uncrowned sovereigns were used by those who displeased them. He quietly shut her up in a convent, but conducted her there in some state. The ex-Queen went alone in one coach, her two sons followed her in a second. A vast multitude surrounded them. At the threshold of the sacred place of refuge, the princes stopped short, but before their mother passed out of sight, the King asked her blessing. She passed on without deigning to answer him; and when Pedro made the same request, she replied, *Já he tarde*, "It is too late." From that time forth, says the Sieur D'Ablancourt, "none spoke with the Queen but by the King's permission."

That monarch's conduct more savoured of insanity than ever. He roamed the streets at night, with his ruffians, assaulted the passengers, fired into the coaches of the nobles, and routed religious processions, at the very point of the sword. His kingdom all this time was in peril, through a Spanish invasion, which however was turned back, chiefly by the valour of the English brigade under Colonel Hunt, which forced a passage up the hill where the Spanish commander-in-chief was posted. When Villa Flor saw the gallant deed, he exclaimed, "These heretics are of more use to us than all our Saints." The King, on hearing it, sent a present to the valiant English. The case containing it was

opened with anticipations of a splendid recompense. It contained nothing but snuff! The English officers scattered it contemptuously over the ground.

While his country was in the greatest peril, Alphonso did not cease to amuse himself after a discreditable fashion. It is impossible to narrate the infamy of his life. While his soldiers and his English allies were spilling their blood in defence of his dominions, his new favourite, Count Castel Melhor, was affording him facilities to ruin himself and his kingdom. His palace, particularly his residence at Alcantara, afforded a scene at which the most immodest might blush. He violated the nunneries, assailed the affrighted sisters with rough wooing, and at once terrified and disgusted them by fitting up a stage in the choir of the church at Alcantara, on which he not only had theatrical performances, but compelled the unhappy nuns to honour them with their presence!

For governing, the so-called King had neither intellect nor disposition. The question arose whether something could not be effected to induce him to lead a less indecent life. It was proposed that he should marry. Alphonso replied, he was well-content: whom should he marry? The Princess Dombes Montpensier had been applied to. The King thought that lady "would do very well." The lady did not think in like fashion, of the King; she thought that he was simply the most licentious man in Portugal, and she would have nothing to do with him. Somebody probably whispered to her the old adage touching what may be made of reformed rakes, for she recalled her refusal, and notified her willingness to become Queen-consort. The King laughed, and answered that so versatile a lady was *not* the lady for him.

Thereupon he plunged into practices more infamous than ever. They were at the very worst when a comet appeared above the horizon of Lisbon. Castel Melhor, who was really

King, and not devoid of good intentions, tried to make beneficial use of the phenomenon, by stating that a comet never appeared but when a great change was at hand, such as the death of a monarch or a revolution in his dominions. He hoped to turn the King to reflection and amendment. The royal savage only broke into rage and blasphemy, to which he put a climax by loading a pistol and firing it at the comet in impotent defiance.

Shortly after, his dying mother addressed to him a few parting words of counsel, ending with the intimation, "I dare assure you that God will not call me to an account for not always treating you as a son." He was told that he would only be acting like a son if he hastened to the bedside of his dying parent. Alphonso assented, but tarried so long by the way to amuse himself, that when he arrived, his mother had no longer the faculties of sight or speech. He accordingly kissed her hand and went to his sports again.

After some time the wretched monarch announced that he would not only marry, but would also be master of his own house. "If," said his brother Pedro, "you would only be King in your own kingdom, it would be still better." The remark enraged Alphonso, and seemed to have an evil influence on his conduct towards Mademoiselle d'Aumale, daughter of the Duke de Nemours, when she, in 1666, arrived in Lisbon, in the character of royal bride. His neglect of this young lady was complete, his indifference was irritating, and his insulting humour even stooped to tempt him to make court to her own maids, in her own chamber, whither he went only to put this outrage on her. His own temper was so savagely irritable at this juncture, that when Pedro differed with him even on trivial questions, Alphonso would draw his dagger on his brother, who owed his life on more than one occasion to the interference of the Queen. The latter had compassion for a Prince so ill-treated by his brother; and Pedro began to feel very warm gratitude for the compassion thus vouch-

safed towards him, by his sister-in-law. This interchange of feeling did not pass unmarked by certain political priests, and they turned it to good account by uniting the Queen and Don Pedro against the King Alphonso.

This union of course had its perils. One morning, the Queen received from Count Schomberg,—as the warlike leader, then in the service of Portugal, was at that time called,—a letter on the views of her party. Those views were the dethroning of the King, and the appointment of Pedro and herself as Regents. Her Majesty was in bed when the letter was put into her hands, and she was about to read it, when a lady-in-waiting appeared, followed by the King, who brutally upbraided his consort for not rising earlier. The Queen thrust the letter under the pillow, dressed hastily, and hurried off to Mass, to avoid the marital importunity. In the midst of the service she remembered the forgotten letter under her pillow. She whisperingly entreated a priestly confidant, Father Doville, to enter her room and bring the letter to her. His reply was that he would not put his hand into the Queen's bed, for a bishopric. He repaired however to the door of the apartment, and returned with the comforting announcement that the King and the Countess de Castel Melhor had not yet left the chamber, and that consequently the letter was safe from discovery, as no attendant would presume to make the bed while the room was so occupied. The Queen however grew uneasy, and despatched one of her waiting-women, who came back with the information that she dared not approach the bed, as the King himself was sitting on it. More terrified than ever, her Majesty arose, left the Mass when it was only halfway through, and rushing into her room, under a plea of sudden illness, flung herself upon the bed, passed her hand under the pillow, felt that the letter was still there, and requested that she might be left to sleep. All who were in the room retired, and this pretty scene of genteel comedy was brought

to a close. The Queen told it all, but not till the play was ended, and her husband was off the stage.

A subsequent scene belongs rather to farce than to comedy. The plotters and counter-plotters had spread confusion not only through the palace, but the city. A skirmish took place in the first, an *émeute* in the latter, but tranquillity was restored, and King, Queen, Pedro, and an intriguing Secretary of State, appeared on the balcony of the palace to receive the cheers of the people. As Alphonso passed through the surrounding crowd, he declared that he gave his pardon to all. A rude intimation was made to him that his thanks rather than his pardon were expected. "Well," said the puppet, "I give my thanks too!" And then, by way of condescension, he took a flageolet, piped a tune through it abominably, and, when he had finished, handed the instrument to a grave old noble, and urged him to pipe upon it too! The lowest of the people were so disgusted that they had almost laid hands on the royal flageolet-player, and dethroned him then and there.

Suspicion induced Alphonso to double his guards, and the same sentiment rendered Pedro uneasy, for he dreaded that they might be commissioned to effect his own arrest. The troops, however, evinced such regard for Pedro, that, accepting the demonstration as a suggestion, he spoke with the Queen, and the two together brought matters to a crisis. Her Majesty retired to the convent of Esperanza, whence she forwarded a letter to the King, requesting permission to return to France, and reproaching him for the fact that, since she had first set her foot upon Portuguese ground, he had never given her reason to believe that he considered her as his wife.

The King rushed down to the convent in a hurricane of rage. His consort refused to admit him, and he was in the act of having the door of her apartment beaten in with hatchets, when his brother and several councillors succeeded in carrying him off. The marriage between this ill-assorted

pair was declared null and void: and the Marquis of Cesonis, the morning after such declaration, woke the King suddenly, and as suddenly intimated to him, that, if he did not forthwith make over the Regency of the kingdom to Pedro, the consequence would be lamentable for himself.

Alphonso, being helpless, and under arrest, sullenly obeyed. The monarch, under compulsion, formally abdicated, and the ecclesiastical authorities, as formally, declared his marriage invalid. Don Pedro took the Regency, and he petitioned to take also his brother's unwifed wife, for his own consort. The Princess d'Aumale, as she was again called, for the moment bethought herself of the relationship between her husband that had been and him that was to be. This, too, was a formality; for, as if to keep up the theatrical complexion of the plot to the last, a priest stepped forth, with the necessary document, granting dispensation, and prepared long before at Rome. The illustrious couple were married by the Bishop of Targua.

There was some idea entertained of transporting Alphonso to Guinea, but ultimately he was shipped off to Terceira. It was a fit place, said Pedro, for some distempers with which the ex-King was afflicted. Alphonso was told he might choose what companions he liked. He named but one, and that one was a boy employed in his dog-kennels. A little Court was, however, appointed for him, and to Terceira he was escorted by a company of ships and a gathering of nobles, grand enough to look like the mockery of his downfall. He spent his time in hunting and shooting, in feasting and sleeping. One day was so like another that there is nothing more to say of them. It would be difficult to explain why he was, after the lapse of a few years, brought back to Portugal, and located at Cintra. There he remained till the day of his death, in 1683,—"without any other exercise," says D'Ablancourt, "than that of taking snuff, eating, drinking, and sleeping."

Such is the record of a monarch who never governed—can

scarcely be said to have reigned; who, from 1656 to 1662, was under the able regency of his ambitious mother; was, for the next five years, more of an insane monster than anything else; and of whose sixteen years of uncrowned condition there is nothing more to say than that they were spent more harmlessly than any which preceded them.

Strictly speaking, Sancho and Alphonso VI. are the only monarchs of Portugal who were deprived of their crowns. In the days of Elizabeth, there was an Antonio, "King of Portugal," in England, but he had never been on the throne; he was simply heir of the line displaced by the annexation of Portugal to Spain, under the Spanish monarch, Philip II., in 1580. Antonio was urging Elizabeth to support his claim, while the London bells were ringing for the execution of another deposed monarch, Mary Stuart. It was in support of his claim that, in 1589, Drake and Norris sailed from Plymouth with Antonio, and that Devereux, Earl of Essex, joined them soon after, at sea. In aid of this phantom of a king, Elizabeth lent him £5000, on security of a valuable diamond, which she surrendered at his importunity, and she failed in recovering her money. But she bore him no ill-will, and when he died, in 1595, she prayed God to pardon his soul, and recommended his children to the charity of the King of France.

Of the uncle of the present Queen, Don Miguel, who did indeed wear the crown for a short period, it is unnecessary to speak, since he only usurped it for a season, before it was recovered by, or rather for, the daughter of his elder brother, Pedro, Maria II. Pedro, indeed, belongs to the roll of abdicated sovereigns, having resigned to his son the Imperial crown of Brazil, in order that he might repair to Europe to secure for his daughter the royal crown of Portugal. There is one anecdote connected with that attempt, however, which will bear narrating, as it has never been printed. Pedro had, probably, read the account of the peculiar liberality of

Alphonso VI., when he rewarded the English saviours of his kingdom with a pound or two of snuff. The father of "Donna Maria" was very sensible of the services rendered to him and his daughter by his British Allies. In acknowledgment thereof, he once summoned an English superior officer to his presence; and, after speaking in the most fervent terms of such service, and of his desire to reward it equivalently, he said he had endeavoured to do so by resolving to confer on the gallant officer a gift, which might be considered as a present to the British army. Thus saying, Pedro placed in the officer's hands a little box, with which the bearer returned to the British quarters. There, he called his most intimate comrades around him, and they were all prepared to see some jewelled Order and a costly diamond-ring. On being opened, however, the box was found to contain nothing but a scant lock of Pedro's grisly hair!

KINGS OF PORTUGAL.

A.D.

1139. Alphonso, Count of Portugal, proclaimed King, after defeating the Moors at Ourique.
1185. Sancho I.
1212. Alphonso II., the Fat.
1223. Sancho II., deposed.
1248. Alphonso III.
1279. Dionysius.
1325. Alphonso IV.
1357. Peter the Severe.
1367. Ferdinand I.
1384. John, married Philippa, daughter of John of Gaunt.
1433. Edward.
1438. Alphonso V., the African.

A.D.

1483. John II., the Perfect.
1495. Emanuel, the Fortunate.
1521. John III.
1557. Sebastian, slain at Alcazar.
1578. Henry, the Cardinal.
1580. ANTHONY, deposed by Philip II. of Spain. Union of Spain and Portugal for sixty years.
1640. John IV., Duke of Braganza, restored independence to Portugal.
1656. ALPHONSO VI., deposed in 1668.
1683. Peter II., hitherto Regent, succeeded his brother.
1706. John V.
1750. Joseph, succeeded by his daughter and his brother, married by Papal dispensation.
1777. Maria and Peter III.
1786. Maria, alone; became deranged.
1816. John VI., who had been Regent since 1792.
1826. Peter IV., or Don Pedro, who, retaining the crown of Brazil, left that of Portugal to his daughter.
1826. Maria da Gloria. From 1828 to 1833, Don Miguel, brother of Pedro, usurped the throne.
1853. Peter V., born in 1837.

Turkey.

"Thy pendent diamonds let *another* take;—
Their trembling lustre shows how much you shake."
PARNELL.

FOUR centuries have elapsed since Mahomed II. planted his standard on the ruins of Constantinople, and the "Wanderers," or Toorks, found a permanent home in the old Imperial city.

Mahomed was the seventh sovereign in descent from Othman, the great chief, who conquered Prusa, and founded a dynasty in 1299. Orchan, the son of Othman, captured Nice in 1330, and obtained possession of nearly the whole of Asia Minor. His successor, Amurath I., carried terror of the Turkish name into Europe, but lost his life after gaining a sanguinary victory over the King of Servia, on the plains of Kossova. The Servian monarch was among the captives taken on the field, and the Turkish conqueror breathed his last, while in the act of condemning his brother-King to death.

Bajazet II Derim, or the Thunderbolt, swept Bulgaria, defeated the Hungarians, overcame the Emperor Sigismund, and added territory to the Turkish possessions, which he wellnigh lost, when intemperance, for a season, enervated his otherwise invincible arm. This first of his race who assumed the title of "Sultan," signalized his reign by the capture of Athens in 1397. He met, however, in Timour, an adversary by whom he was assailed and taken prisoner;—

and the last years of the conqueror of all his enemies save one, were passed, if tradition may be trusted, in the iron-cage, within which, the spent "Thunderbolt" was exhibited to the scorn and derision of the world. Bajazet was defeated on the Natolian plain, where Pompey had subdued Mithridates; neither of his sons could repair the disasters, still less emulate the triumphs, of their father's reign. Amurath II., who succeeded to the throne in 1421, made a fruitless attempt on Constantinople, conquered Thessalonica, and, desirous of enjoying peace, after a turbulent career, resigned his power. He was not permitted to enjoy the great boon which he most ardently desired. The faithlessness of Christian Princes, who broke the treaties which they had negotiated with the infidel, called him from his retirement; to which, after gaining the battle of Varna, he again returned; and from which he once again issued, to die on the throne.

The conquest of Constantinople, by the next Sultan, Mahomed II., made of the Turks a European power, and of the son of Islam, a "Protector of the Greek Church." Mahomed however was defeated before Belgrade, but his success in Asia was great; and he conquered Eubœa, although he failed to subdue Rhodes. He overcame Scanderbeg, and was only (humanly speaking) prevented from subjugating Italy by his death, A.D. 1481.

After the great conquest, came ambition and civil troubles. BAJAZET II. had to contend with a brother for the succession, and with his own son to keep what he had gained. He deserves to be remembered as the founder of the Turkish Navy. The instability of his power is seen in the facility with which he was compelled by the Janissaries to abdicate in favour of his son, Selim the Cruel, who added Syria, Palestine, and Egypt to the undisputed territory of the Turk. To this latter Prince succeeded Solyman the Magnificent,—the contemporary of Charles V., Henry VIII., and Francis I. The great exploits of his reign were,

the reduction of Belgrade, the conquest of Rhodes, the capture of Ofen, and many important victories both in Asia and Europe. His admirals at sea were as successful as their great master was by land; but the failures at Malta and Vienna tarnished the glory acquired in other localities. The last gleam of this so-called glory which fell on the Turkish armies, shone when Selim II., the successor of the Magnificent Solyman, accomplished the subjugation of Cyprus. But Selim was not of a very heroic complexion. He was frightened to death by a fire which broke out in the Seraglio in 1566.

From this period is dated the decline of the Turkish power. It lasted—not however without being constantly resisted—very little more than a century. For three hundred years the Turk grew gradually weaker, till at last the prostration was so complete, that the Czar Nicholas pronounced the "sick man" moribund, and invited the world to stand by while he seized on his possessions. The decay was slow, but it was hastened by the imbecility and cruelty of those who made successful snatches at power. Amurath III., that he might reign in peace, strangled his five brothers. His successor, Mahomed III., strangled nineteen, and with them, five of his father's wives. His reign was otherwise disastrous, and that of his successor Achmet I. was simply inglorious. The army was growing above the Sultan. The military chiefs deposed Mustapha (the brother of Achmet), and raised to the throne Achmet's son, Othman, who was, in his turn, strangled by the ministers of Mustapha. The last-named Sultan profited so little by this violently-active policy, that he was himself executed shortly afterwards. Under Amurath IV. the troubles of the Government were concealed, by giving to the ferocious Sultan the title of "Conqueror," in return for dearly-bought successes, of no value in themselves. Then was brought from prison, Ibrahim, the brother of Amurath, who exhibited such frantic

insanity in his political deeds, that his imperious soldiers consigned him to captivity and death. The infancy of his proclaimed successor, Mahomed IV., left the Turkish dominions to the skilful administration of Kiuprili; but the subsequent loss of Hungary and the Morea, and the memorable failure before Vienna, were followed by the deposition of Mahomed, and the accession of Solyman II., who lost Belgrade, but gained some glory in recovering it. The reign of Achmet II. (son of Ibrahim) was short and feeble; and the eighteenth century saw upon the throne that Mustapha II. who was deposed in 1703. The Third Achmet was not without glory: he defeated Peter the Great, and recovered the Morea; but his wreaths were composed more of cypress than of laurel, for he was defeated by Nadir Kouli Khan, and deposed in 1730. The following quarter of a century (save one year) was occupied by the reign of Sultan Mahmoud I. It was a turbulent and a disastrous period, in which the Turk fought spiritedly against every foe by whom he was assailed, in Asia and in Europe. During the brief reign of Othman III., there was a breathing-time of peace, and the Moslem spent it in preparations against the expected assaults of Russia and Austria, now the most dreaded foes of Turkey. The assaults came, and Mustapha III. sought to avenge defeat by ordering the massacre of all the Moldavians and Wallachians who had submitted to Russia; but he could not wreak a similar impotent revenge for the loss of that jewel in his crown—the ever-regretted Crimea. It was left, however, to the successor of Mustapha, Abdul Achmet, weary of the war, like Russia, but less crafty in negotiation, to sign that Treaty of Kainardji (1774) which placed the Ottoman power at the mercy of Russia, but which has been used by the latter with much success indeed, but with less than was anticipated.

The next two Sovereigns of the once proud race, Selim III. and Mustupha IV., were deposed. On the fall of the

latter, arose Mahmoud II., the great reformer, and the destroyer of those masters of the Sultans, the Janissaries. Abdul Medjid, son of Mahmoud, has succeeded to the poor inheritance. Of the two dozen lords of Constantinople of whom he is the indifferent heir, one-third suffered deposition from their high estate. Of these, some were murdered, others dragged out a miserable life, in hopeless activity. From Ali Othman, the conqueror of Prusa and the founder of the dynasty in 1299, to the present representative of the royal line, one only reigned during a longer period than forty years,—Solyman the Magnificent, who retained power from the year 1520 to 1566.

THE TWO BAJAZETS.

"Their sceptres stretched from East to Western shore."

SPENSER.

Of all the deposed monarchs of the Turks, the one best known to us generally, and most familiar to us, at least on the stage, is that Bajazet who bore the title of Il Derim, or the Thunderbolt. He ruled before the Ottoman power was established in Europe; and he is famous alike for his triumphs and reverses—for his mingled ferocity and gentleness of feeling. When he was proceeding to the last struggle, in which he was to win new crowns or lose all, he marched at the head of his vast army, deeply meditating on the loss of Sebasti, and the death of his son Ortogrul. As he passed along, he saw a shepherd who was watching his flock, and playing, for his individual pleasure, on the homely pipe. The Thunderer drew up, and gazed and listened in a sort of dreamy astonishment. Then, turning away, he exclaimed, with a deep sigh, "Oh, happy shepherd, who hast neither Ortogrul nor Sebasti to lose!" The Latin historians who recount this anecdote, do not add, what was probably the truth, that Bajazet pressed the "happy shepherd" into his service, and converted his flocks into *Kabaubs*.

The two grand circumstances in the life of the first Bajazet were his splendid victory over the too arrogant Christian Crusaders at Nicopolis; and his irretrievable overthrow by Timour at Angora. In the first case, the Christians were so confident of success that they defied Heaven. "If the sky itself were to fall," they exclaimed, "we could hold it up on our lances!" They were disgracefully and deservedly

routed. In the second case, Bajazet lost the battle by a similar contempt for his great foeman, the "Scythian peasant." To manifest how much he despised "Tamerlane," the leader of the Turks withdrew from his entrenchments, set his whole force on a gigantic hunting expedition, exhausted his men through thirst, hunger, and fatigue, and rendered them an easy prey to the watchful enemy, who annihilated the army and captured the leader.

The story of Bajazet, during the brief term of his captivity, has been told by poets and other romancers, as well as by historians. These differ so widely, that to reach to an approximation of the truth is somewhat difficult, though perhaps not impossible. The story of the confinement of Bajazet in an iron cage is asserted by some and denied by others. To ascertain the probability of such a circumstance, we must look less into the character of the vanquished than into that of the victor. Marlowe represents his "Tamberlaine" as moving in a chariot drawn by the deposed and captive Kings of Trebizond and Syria, with bits in their mouths. In addition to these monarchs who are reduced to the office of steeds, a couple or so of "spare Kings" follow the chariot, ready for use, when the great Timour should require a "change of horses."

The imperial charioteer is less courteous to his royal prisoners than Sesostris was to the Kings who were harnessed to the wheels of *his* chariot. "Holla," he exclaims,

> "Holla! ye pampered jades of Asia,
> What! can ye draw but twenty miles a day?"

—a piece of bombast which Shakespeare has ridiculed by making Ancient Pistol allude to

> "pack-horses
> And hollow-pampered jades of Asia,
> Which cannot go but thirty miles a day!"

Marlowe's portraiture of Tamerlane is perhaps founded

on tradition; but we obtain a different sketch of him and his conduct from other quarters. The narrative of Sherefeddin Ali has been condensed by Gibbon. It was written in the lifetime of Timour, and dedicated to his grandson, nineteen years after the decease of the great conqueror. Its value as the work of a contemporary is, to a certain degree, affected by a consideration of the side on which he wrote. It is only the Lancastrian historians who set a hunch on the shoulders of Richard.

The Oriental chronicler shows us Tamerlane graciously receiving his captive at the entrance to his tent, leading him to a seat by his side, and modifying gentle reproach by demonstrations of cordial sympathy. It was, perhaps, but little to the satisfaction of the prisoner that he listened to the logical deductions of the victor, proving that the calamity which had befallen the former was the inevitable consequence of his own policy. It may have been more satisfactory to him to hear the promises of good treatment and clemency by which the pious victor professed he was about to testify his gratitude to God.

Tamerlane flung over his royal captive a robe of honour, restored his harem and children to him, and, at the grand feast of victory, placed the now extinguished "Thunderbolt" in the seat of honour, a crown on his head and a sceptre in his hand. There was no excess of delicacy in the attention which thus compelled a monarch to occupy so conspicuous a position at a banquet held in celebration of his own downfall. If Timour really added the solemn assurance, that he would restore Bajazet to his lost throne, with an increase of glory, it was rather adding insult to injury. If we accept the feastings and promises as facts, in themselves, both were merely derisive. Even the profound respect paid to Bajazet by the guards had its drawbacks, since we are told that "the respect of the guards could be equalled only by their vigilance."

Not a word however is uttered, concerning the iron, or any other cage. On the contrary, Bajazet seems to have endured such a round of festivals, that, within nine months of his capture, he died of apoplexy at Akshahr, in Pisidia,—"amidst the care of the most skilful physicians."

On the other hand, the memoirs of Bourcicault are cited to prove that Bajazet died by a violent death in prison. The old marshal was a contemporary, and had been an antagonist of the Sultan. His biographer, who wrote within seven years of the events he describes, states that Bajazet died in prison "de dure mort,"—which may mean, by violence self-inflicted, or through hardships imposed on him by others.

About a quarter of a century after the Thunderer's death, Poggius pointed a moral touching the mutability of human fortune, by citing a fact for which he had the authority of ocular witnesses; and *he* speaks positively of the iron cage in which Bajazet was exhibited like a wild beast to the exulting tribes of Asia. Gibbon quotes other contemporary authority to show that "the same story, whether false or true, was imported into Europe with the first tidings of the revolution." We meet with contemporary Latin and Arabian writers agreeing in the circumstance of the "cage." One of the latter authors (according to Gibbon) adds, that at the feast of victory already noticed, "the wine was served by female cup-bearers, and the Sultan beheld his own concubines and wives confounded among the slaves, and exposed, without a veil, to the eyes of intemperance." From this circumstance, we are told, arose the custom adopted by all succeeding Sultans, save one, of avoiding legitimate nuptials. No calamity could then expose the *wife* of a Sultan to the insult of a conqueror. On the other hand, the Sultans are only sons of slaves.

The Turkish annalists, says the author of 'The Decline and Fall,' "unanimously deplore the captivity of the iron cage; and some credit may be allowed to national historians,

who cannot stigmatize the Tartar without uncovering the shame of their King and country."

All historians who introduce this incident of the cage, acknowledge that it was the result of the indiscreet impatience of Bajazet. The latter had learned that his captor intended to convey him to Samarcand, and he attempted to escape by digging a passage below his tent. This attempt being discovered, the Mogul Emperor imposed the harsher restraint. "An iron cage, on a waggon," says Gibbon, "might be invented, not as a wanton insult, but a rigorous precaution." Timour might have heard of a similar precaution, which had been exaggerated indeed into a story narrating how Maximian or Galerius Cæsar had enclosed a Persian King within the figure of a cow's hide. Whatever the additional restraint was, the strength of the mind and body of Bajazet fainted beneath it. Professor Creasy, whose excellent suggestion is worthy of a respect due to all that we derive from the Professor of History in University College, London, in describing the condition of Bajazet, after his attempt to escape, adds, "Thenceforth, Bajazet was strictly watched by a numerous guard, and was placed in fetters every night. When the Mongol army moved from place to place, Timour took his captive with him; but in order to avoid the hateful sight of his enemies, Bajazet travelled in an iron litter with covered lattice-work. The similarity of sound between two Turkish words caused the well-known story, that the Tartar King carried the captive Sultan about in an iron cage. The real ignominy which Bajazet underwent was sufficient to break a proud heart; and he died in March, 1403, *eight* months after the battle of Angora."

Professor Creasy's suggestion appears to be an adaptation of that of Von Hammer, who founded *his* opinion on a Turkish manuscript (which had once belonged to Christina of Sweden) in the library of the Vatican. He concludes from

this manuscript that "the pretended cage of iron was no other than a grilled, close litter, such as encloses or confines the ladies and the princes of the Seraglio; and this tale had no other foundation than the double sense of the word Kafir, which signifies indeed a cage, but also refers to the latticed apartments and conveyances of the females and princes, as every one knows who has visited Constantinople."

The particulars given in the manuscript are thus rendered in a note to Upham's 'History of the Ottoman Empire.' "The grandson of Aaschik Pasha, who lived under Bajazet II., reports the fact from an eye-witness, who had related the event to an old commander at Brusa, from whose mouth the historian gained this information.

"*Question.* Tell me, Dervish, on what authority you state this matter, as you were not at the war?

"*Answer.* There was a Naib of Brusa, who had been one of the guard of the Sultan Bajazet. He was about the Sultan after he had been made prisoner, and I demanded of him how Timour confined the Khan Bajazet. He said to me, 'In a latticed or grilled litter, similar to a cage, and borne by two horses. When he was on the march, Timour was preceded by this litter; and when they halted, this litter was placed in front of his tent.' This old Naib, who lived under Muhammed I., had received from that Sultan the command of the fortress of Amasia, and in his old-age was removed by Amurath II. to Brusa, where I heard from his mouth this account." If this be strictly correct, Timour was, at least, as humane as the English Government, which kept Vizar Ally, the deposed Nabob of Oude, in a cage, or caged prison, at Calcutta, during a period of nearly thirty years.

Marlowe's picture of the death of the deposed monarch is not inconsistent with Bourcicault's story of the end of Bajazet by a "dure mort;" nor can it be said of the expressions, that they are unlikely to represent the thoughts and

feelings of a deposed and despairing monarch. Alone, and in his cage, he exclaims:—

"Now, Bajazeth, abridge thy baneful days,
And beat the brains out of thy conquer'd head,
Since other means are all forbidden me,
That may be ministers of my decay.
O highest lamp of ever-living Jove,
Accursed day infected with my griefs,
Hide now thy stainèd face in endless night,
And shut the windows of the lightsome heavens;
Let ugly darkness, with her rusty coach,
Engirt with tempests, wrapt in pitchy clouds,
Smother the earth with never-fading mists,
And let her horses from their nostrils breathe
Rebellious winds and dreadful thunder-claps,
That in this terror Tamberlain may live,
And my pined soul, resolved in liquid air,
May still excruciate his tormented thoughts!
Then let the stony dart of senseless cold
Pierce through the centre of my wither'd heart,
And make a passage for my loathèd life."
(*He brains himself against the cage.*)

The two great adversaries were once more called upon the stage by Saunders, to whose youthful tragedy Dryden wrote a dirty prologue. The piece, however, did not please the public, as Marlow's had done, when represented, as Langbaine says, both the divisions of that truculent play *were*, by the Lord Admiral's servants. The Turk and the Tartar were again brought upon the stage by Rowe. The circumstance claims notice, on the ground that the deposed Ottoman and his conqueror would not have been evoked but for a deposition and a revolution in England.

Rowe's 'Tamerlane' is essentially a political play. The poet delighted in a subject which afforded him an opportunity to describe the virtues of William III. under the figure of the Mogul, and to brand the vices and ambition of Louis XIV. beneath the turban of Thundering Bajazet. The stu-

dent of old playbills will not fail to perceive that this piece was as regularly played, for the benefit of patriots, in November, on the anniversary of William's landing, as 'London Cuckolds' was on every Lord Mayor's-day, for the purpose of ridiculing the Aldermen; and 'George Barnwell,' on Boxing-night, for the edification of City apprentices. As long as there were Jacobite and Hanoverian parties left, this piece survived to receive an uproarious applause. That it should, however, have descended to our own times—Mr. Macready is the last of the London Bajazets—is matter for legitimate wonder.

Messrs. Austin and Ralph, in their 'Lives of the Laureates,' after stating that "Rowe's 'Tamerlane' was for a time regularly acted every 4th of November, the anniversary of the landing of William III.," add that, "at length, when that King was dead, and the two monarchies were at peace, the impropriety of such a distorted caricature of a great, though rival, sovereign, became manifest even to national prejudice, and the representation was discountenanced." The fact however is, that Rowe's play was not represented at all until after William's death, and that Bajazet continued to roar to the November galleries long after the decease of the monarch he was supposed to represent. The piece was first played at the Lincoln's-Inn-Fields Theatre, in 1702, when Queen Anne was on the throne. Betterton was *Tamerlane*, and roystering Verbruggen the *Bajazet*. The first part has never been acted with the grace and dignity which were imparted to it by Betterton. The two parts, in the order above named, have been represented by the greatest of our actors; as, for instance, in 1715, by Booth and Mills, at Drury Lane; in 1730, by Boheme and Quin, in "The Fields;" in 1744, by Sheridan and Delane, at Drury Lane; and in 1747, by Delane (who took Tamerlane) and Barry, at the same theatre. In 1772, still on the same stage, the respective parts were acted by Aikin and Palmer; and, three

years later, by Sheridan and Barry, at Covent Garden, where, in 1780, Henderson and Aikin (who now gave up *Tamerlane* for *Bajazet*) played the respective parts. In 1790, these were acted at the last-named house, by Harley and Aikin; and, in 1797, at Drury Lane, by Palmer and Kemble. In 1802, the representatives at Covent Garden were Henry Siddons and Cooke. At Drury Lane, in 1815, Pope mouthed *Tamerlane*, and Kean blazed through *Bajazet*, to the enthusiastic delight of his admirers. Finally, in 1819, at Covent Garden, Charles Kemble played the Tartar Chief, with a mildness that would have astonished the original, and might have gratified William. The *Bajazet* was Mr. Macready; but, melodramatic as the part is, it never ranked among the favourite impersonations of that performer.

Rowe, whose play, with the preface to Lord Hartington, was written before the death of William III., is modestly afraid, in that "epistle dedicatory," to confess that his Tamerlane was meant for that "greatest character" of his age, William III. He apprehends "a great deal of danger from avowing a design like this." He flatteringly avows that the actual "hero may have transcended the poet's thoughts." "There are many features," he adds, "in that man's life, not unlike His Majesty. His courage, his piety, his justice, his moderation, his fatherly love of his people, but, *above all*, his hate of tyranny and oppression, and his zealous care for the common good of mankind, carry a large resemblance of him." It is only necessary to recollect what the "Scourge of God" was, to be struck by the absurdity of this parallel; and men need only remember Glencoe, to feel assured that part of it is as absurdly inapplicable to William III.

Over the other parallel, between Bajazet and Louis XIV., Rowe glides upon a magnificent car of allusions. He names no one, but he counts up all the vices which go to the making up of *his* Bajazet, and adds that there is no trusting a power

whose policy is similarly marked. Il Derim little dreamed, at Angora, that he was affording opportunity to the poet of Lincoln's-Inn-Fields for writing nonsense.

In the play, Bajazet is a noisy ruffian, whose downfall excites no sympathy. He is not exhibited in his cage. Rowe had too much respect, perhaps, for Louis XIV. to show him up in that way. When Tamerlane, who is anything but a courteous conqueror, condemns his adversary to his iron prison, Bajazet rolls forth his last peal of dramatic thunder:

> "It is beneath me to decline my fate,
> I stand prepared to meet thy utmost hate.
> Yet think not I will long thy triumph see,
> None want the means when the soul dares be free.
> I'll curse thee with my last, my fleeting breath,
> And keep the courage of my life in death;
> Then boldly venture in that world unknown,
> It cannot use me worse than this has done."

With which rhymed bit of philosophy, which is what a Versailles Marquis, ruined at lansquenet, might have uttered before he went to commit suicide, the "Thunderbolt" goes off in a rage. On this outburst, Tamerlane delivers half-a-dozen equally bad rhymes, and not much better reasonings. He bids the spectators "Behold the vain effects of earth-born pride!" and adds a "tag," which, were it not at the end of a play, might have come from a platform at Exeter Hall.

In conclusion, it may be here observed that, although it was from the Turkish manuscripts in the possession of Christina of Sweden, that the probable truth was elicited concerning the treatment of Bajazet by Tamerlane, that unsceptred Queen herself does not appear to have perused them. Among the last things which fell from her pen was the remark:—"The treatment of Tamerlane towards Bajazet was not worthy of his other great actions; and I find something so barbarous therein, that I would not have accepted all his fortune at the price of such an action."

And yet Christina had, undoubtedly, studied the history of Turkey with some attention. Her "maxims" prove this; for many of them are the sententious condensations of various conclusions acquired by study on this subject. How mistaken these conclusions sometimes were will be seen by the following remark:—"The Ottoman house has, for four centuries, been labouring at the design of universal monarchy; and there is every appearance that *if Turkey does not succeed*, that design must be chimerical for any other nation." Christina believed in the ultimate success of Turkey. Its failure has been followed by that of Spain, of France, and of Russia, all of which Powers have struggled to accomplish the design in question.

It is the remark of Mr. Upham (whose compendious work has been already noticed), when adverting to the occasional desire of the second Bajazet to retire into private life, and to become a contemplative Dervish, among the shades of some favourite city in Asia Minor, that as these occasional withdrawals, or abdications, "occur so frequently in the Ottoman annals, and are so opposed to the insatiate thirst of power displayed in all other points by these fierce Sovereigns, there seems to have been some interesting or highly attractive object of personal indulgence connected with the nature and character of the retirements to which these monarchs were wont to betake themselves on the resignation of their power." The fact, perhaps, is, that it was not that power was so distasteful as that its tenure was perilous, and that retirement, however pleasant in itself, was perilous. A reigning Sovereign, not accustomed to respect the lives of brothers and nephews who might envy him his throne, was not likely to willingly let live an abdicated monarch who might be longing to remount it.

Since the death of the first Bajazet, in 1403, to the accession of Bajazet II., in 1481, more than three-quarters of a century had elapsed, and the Turks had established them-

selves in Europe. The second Bajazet was the son of that Mohammed who had taken Constantinople in 1453. His accession was opposed by his younger brother, that Prince Djem, or Zizimes, who escaping, after defeat, made his way to Rhodes, was transferred to Malta, and was thence conveyed to Rome, where the Father of the Church condescended to hold him prisoner, in consideration of an annuity paid by Bajazet Sofi, his learned and unscrupulous brother; a brother who often cited the Turkish proverb that "there was no relationship among Princes."

Indeed, Bajazet was much addicted to speaking in proverbs. When endeavouring to make some arrangements with Djem, the latter proposed the cession of some provinces in perpetual sovereignty. Bajazet's despatch, in reply, was laconic and decisive: "Empire is a bride whose favour cannot be shared." The poison of Borgia relieved Bajazet from his importunate rival.

Djem, when first flying from the pursuers in his brother's service, sent among them an arrow, bearing a paper, on which was written his wish that Bajazet might be disgraced in his government and unhappy in his family. The wish was fulfilled. By land, with rare exceptions, the arms of the Sultan acquired no glory. Kamel Reis, the "perfect Admiral," added brilliancy to the Crescent by his naval victories. War, however, was distasteful to the mystic and studious Bajazet. He led his troops without enthusiasm; he was more reluctant to gird on his scimitar than to apply himself to the Koran, and such philosophy as was within his reach. His soldiery, his people, and his children became, at length, weary of him in different ways. The youngest of his three boys, Selim, afterwards known as *Yeviz*, or the Cruel, became the most daring and the most dangerous of his enemies; but the rout of Selim at Adrianople, and his flight to the Crimea, left Bajazet leisure, as he hoped, to enjoy his volumes and meditations in uninterrupted leisure. He was

in the full flush of this enjoyment, or in despair at learning that his troublesome Janissaries preferred the warlike Selim to a mere student such as Bajazet had become, when he expressed a desire to abdicate in favour of either of his sons, except Selim. The Janissaries would not admit of this exception; and as the wishes of a Sultan were deemed sacred, and his word irrevocable, they first resolved that Bajazet should descend from the throne, and then, that Selim should take his place.

On the 25th of April, 1512, Selim appeared in front of his father's palace at the head of an irresistible force. The voices of those who composed it, cried aloud that the Sultan was old and infirm, and that he must make way for another, and that other his son. "If you will not yield," exclaimed the most ferocious of the Janissaries, "we will not indeed touch your life, but we will drag you by your robes on the points of our javelins, from the throne." Whether he demanded a night for reflection or not, it is certain that it was only on the following day he fully acceded to all demands. In the morning, he acknowledged that a dream of the night before had taught him the course he was to take. It was extricating him from disgrace, to follow the instructions imparted in a dream. He could do nothing contrary to Kismet. "This," said the monarch, who would fain have persuaded himself that he was abdicating, when he was really suffering deposition,—"this was my dream. I saw my crown placed, by my soldiers, on my son Selim's head. It would be impious to resist such a sign."

Bajazet accordingly descended from the throne, and congratulated Selim on his being raised to it. The latter requested his fallen sire to remain in the capital, but the deposed monarch was naturally uneasy in his new position, and petitioned to be allowed to withdraw to a distance. In his sententious way, he remarked, "One scabbard cannot hold two swords; let me go!"

Selim yielded to the prayer, and assigned Demotike for his father's residence. The new Sultan escorted the old one from the city with magnificent pomp, and ostentatious, but suspicious, affection. After journeying together a considerable distance, son and sire parted on the fondest terms. The embracing and the assurances of goodwil lwere endless, and the spectators may have thought that Selim had not failed in his filial duty, or that Bajazet was the most forgiving of parents and Sultans. Selim was especially careful for the health of his sire; and his last appointment, having the comfortable disposal of Bajazet in view, was that of a vagrant Jew, said to be a physician, and whose task was to act in that capacity.

The Jew did all that was expected from him. So rapid and vigorous was his practice, that Bajazet was dead before he had reached a distance of forty miles from Constantinople.

The deposed monarch was poisoned; and as *he*, after paying for the poisoning of his brother Djem, had interred the body with great funeral honours, so Selim buried his dead father with a gorgeousness of ceremony, which may have manifested as much gladness as grief.

As writers differ touching the catastrophe of the first Bajazet, so is there some difference of opinion touching the details connected with that of the second. No one denies that the ex-Sultan "died at a little village on the road, on the third day of his journey;" but Professor Creasy adds in *his* account, founded on Von Hammer: "His age and sufferings, both of mind and body, sufficiently account for his death; but a rumour was widely spread that he had been poisoned by an emissary of his son. The savage character of Selim may be thought justly to have exposed him to suspicion; but there seems to have been no clear evidence of the horrible charge." Hundreds of murderers, however, have been justly sent to the scaffold on evidence even less clear.

As specimens of Turkish dethronings, these two examples may suffice. It deserves, however, to be remembered, with regard to the fact of "deposition," that no Turkish Sultan was ever deposed until he had been convicted of acting contray to law. The circumstance that the sense of the law now and then suffered some violation, may serve to prove, not that the law itself was disregarded, but the jealousy with which infraction of it was regarded, and the severity with which transgression was punished. At this Turkish logic Christian statesmen may sneer, but they may not do so justly, unless they can prove that Christian codes have never been stretched to punish or enlarge an offender.

Mustapha I. was dethroned in 1617, after a brief reign of three months, by a revolution of the high officers of state, on the good ground of idiotcy,—a sacred condition which threw protection over his life. His successor, Othman II., who made targets of his own pages, and endeavoured to suppress the Janissaries, would probably not have been strangled, if he could have appealed to a party among the people. He had no friends there, however, chiefly because he had exhibited an illegal severity in petty matters of police.

A case still more to the point, presents itself in the person of Sultan Ibrahim. He was, in 1640, brought, in speechless terror, from a prison to a throne. He recovered his self-possession only to indulge in the most odious tyranny, licentiousness, aud blasphemy. He oppressed even his best friends, crushed the people by taxation for worthless objects, ordered the shops to be kept open at night, while the ladies of his harem visited to plunder them, wore jewels in his beard, ordered drums and cymbals to play when the solemn call to prayer was made from the minarets, and laughed in the faces of the Ulemas who boldly protested against these and other violations of social and religious law. Now, the Ulemas are the law and the church united. The lawyers and the priests have each their dis-

tinct vocation; but as guardians and exponents of the social and religious law, they are united under one name. When the vices of Sultan Ibrahim had brought him in collision with these powers, and an insurrection was raised against him, the insurgents sent deputies from the church, the law, the army, *and the people*, to represent to the powerful mother of the Sultan, that Ibrahim must fall. These demonstrated to her, that they were acting in accordance with the "sacred right of insurrection;" and to all her remonstrances, they answered, by appealing to the justification which they had, and the provocation to put such right in action. "Do not oppose us, gracious lady," was their cry, "for you would then be struggling, not against *us*, but against the Holy Law." When she continued to urge that her son was comparatively blameless, and that the insurgents were not supported by authority for their acts, the reply was remarkable:—"Your wise men, learned in the law, have met together, and have issued a Fetva, for a change in the occupation of the throne." The Sultana Validi, unwilling to give up her son, then observed, that the Mahomed whom they proposed to put in the place of Ibrahim, was a child only seven years old. One of the insurgents replied, with irresistible logic, "In the opinion of our wise men of the law, a madman ought not to reign, whatever be his age; a child, with reason, would more fittingly occupy the throne. If the infant sovereign have only common sense, a wise Vizier will set the world to rights. A Sultan, who is a mad *man*, brings ruin on all classes by his folly and his wickedness."

The mother yielded; and when the youthful Mahomed had been enthroned, the deputation proceeded to Ibrahim to announce to him his deposition. His fury was demoniacal; but the insurgents, with law at their backs, disregarded his fury. They calmly recited to him the long roll of his follies and his vices; and so overcame him by the recital, and the logic applied to it, that Ibrahim at length bent his

head, and entered his prison, saying, "This was written on my forehead: God has ordered it."

An attempt of a few of his creatures to rescue the master, by whose deposition they grievously suffered, cost Ibrahim his life. All however was again done strictly according to law. The revolutionary chiefs applied to the Mufti, with a case, on which they demanded his opinion. "Is it lawful," they asked, "to depose, and put to death, a sovereign who confers the dignities of the pen and the sword, not on those who are worthy of them, but on those who buy them for money?" The Mufti had no difficulty in replying. He at once said, that the law condemned a sovereign who gave such dignities to the unworthy, or who sold them to any one; and on that answer, Ibrahim was strangled,—strictly according to a law which is unknown among civilized Christian nations.

Again, at the beginning of the last century, Mustapha II. might have survived the effects of the disastrous close of his military career, had not the once resolute leader of his own armies, as Professor Creasy observes, "sunk into an effeminate sensualist, who forgot the boasted example of Solyman the Lawgiver, and appeared rather to follow that of Ibrahim." It was in consequence of such a course, that the legal insurrection was formed, which compelled Mustapha II. to abdicate in favour of his brother Achmet III. This latter sovereign was deposed twenty-seven years later (1730), precisely on the grounds which had authorized the deposition of former sovereigns. There was no rival anxious to gain his crown, nor any pretender in the field marching towards the throne. The Sultan had been unfortunate against foreign enemies, but his unpopularity was the result of the "excessive pomp and costly luxury in which he and his principal officers indulged." A consequent insurrection drove him from the throne. The law however could detect no further offence in him, and Mustapha passed the

remaining years of his life in tranquil confinement, within the apartments of the palace.

Even the deposition, at the beginning of the present century, of Selim III., was, in the Turkish point of view, a solemn act authorized by law. If the English law sanctions the dethroning of a monarch professing a religion hostile to the spirit of liberty which Englishmen love, the Mahometan law is not severe, when it condemns the adoption of customs opposed to the very existence of Islamism. Selim III. favoured many such customs, and would have introduced reforms into his country, which would have set it upon a course which, as was seen by the wise men, learned in the law of the Prophet, might ultimately overturn the law and the Prophet together. It is true that the condition of Turkey at the time, harassed by foreign friends, as well as foes, rendered revolt more easy than ordinary; but when the military insurgents entered the presence of Selim III. to announce to him that he had ceased to reign, they went, armed with a Fetva, which sanctioned their proceedings, on the ground that Selim had violated the religious law of the community of the faithful.

Selim accepted his destiny without murmuring, and he passed his uncrowned time in dignified utility. In the apartments of the palace, he found, in his prison rooms, his little cousin Mahmoud, and he took the boy and instructed him in lessons of government. In teaching the future Sultan how to rule the Empire, he held out "his own fate, as a warning against the weakness which the Sultan, who would reform Turkey, must discard, in order to save both her and himself."

If Selim fell from the throne by a law applied against him by the people, he was subsequently strangled by application of a law to which the new Sultan, Mustapha IV., had recourse. Selim and the young prince, Mahmoud, were, with Mustapha, the only existing members of the Imperial House

of Othman. Now the law stated that when that House should be reduced to the person of a single member, occupying the throne, it should be unlawful to depose him, on any pretence whatever. Mustapha sought for this security, by ordering both Selim and Mahmoud to be put to death. Selim perished; but his Albanian friends took the young Mahmoud, who had escaped, by concealing himself in the furnace of a bath, and having slain Mustapha in his apartments, they gave Mahmoud a "charmed life," wherewith to commence a reign, —as sole male descendant of the conquering Othman. This revolution, of 1808, was contrary, indeed, to law, for it was opposed by the Mufti and the Ulemas; but when it became an accomplished fact, those individuals recognized the law of inviolability which protected the "last man" of the governing race. Mahmoud had peace, at least, till his House had an heir, and even then he showed how he could profit by the teaching of his able and luckless cousin, Selim III.

The throne of Mahmoud has been occupied, since 1839, by his son, Abdul Medjid. Both Sultans succeeded in carrying reforms which the third Selim struggled, in vain, to establish. Whether the old Turkish character has been beneficially influenced thereby, remains yet to be seen. At present, the Osmanlee will, as eagerly as ever, kiss with ardour the hands which he cannot cut off; and will, in furtherance of his own ends, perform patiently the task enjoined in the Turkish proverb, namely, "dig a well with a needle." Abdul Medjid has recently been made to feel that more than one foot may stand in the Imperial slipper, for he has not been master in his own dominions; neither has he been reduced quite to the condition of a deposed sovereign. He himself might have exclaimed, after he was pronounced a "sick man" by Russia, and his provinces were occupied by foreign troops,—"When my beard is burning others try to light their pipe at it." The beard however has escaped; nevertheless they who see futurity through past prophecy,

which has foretold the fall of Islamism, are apt to repeat that other wise saw of the sententious Bajazet, "The fox, after all, goes to the furriers." The same people, on hearing of the Russians retiring from Silistria and flying from Eupatoria, exclaimed, "A small fly turns a big man's stomach."—"O Allah!" cried they, "the Russ is like the camel who went to steal horses, and so lost his own ears." In this sort of sententious wisdom, the Turk is an adept. Very recently, when the Russians affected to despise 'Serpent Island,' which they were compelled to leave, "Ay, ay," grinningly remarked the Stambouli politicians, "the poor man wouldn't eat the cucumber, *because it was crooked.*" But something more than this wit is wanted to give vigour to the sick man; and Abdul Medjid may yet have a name on the roll of the deposed.

THE SULTANS OF EUROPEAN TURKEY.

A.D.

1453. Mahomed II., the ninth Sultan of the Turks since the accession of Othman in 1299, took Constantinople.
1481. BAJAZET II., deposed.
1512. Selim I.
1520. Solyman the Magnificent.
1566. Selim II.
1574. Amurath III.
1595. Mahomed III.
1603. Achmet.
1617. MUSTAPHA I., deposed.
1618. Osman I., strangled.
1622. MUSTAPHA I., restored, deposed, strangled.
1623. Amurath IV.
1640. Ibrahim, strangled.

A.D.

1649. MAHOMED IV., deposed.
1687. Solyman III.
1691. Achmet II.
1695. MUSTAPHA II., deposed.
1703. ACHMET III., deposed.
1730. Mahomed V.
1754. Osman II.
1757. Mustapha III.
1774. Abdul Achmet.
1788. SELIM III., deposed.
1807. Mustapha IV., deposed.
1808. Mahmoud II.
1839. Abdul Medjid.

Conclusion.

"REX SUM!" is the ecstatic exclamation of the foolish fellow, in Plautus, who fancies that he has attained a majestic felicity. The idea of connecting happiness exclusively with royalty, still prevails. "Heureuse comme une *Princesse!*" is indeed the French proverb; but in England we still familiarly say, "Happy as a King." The Parasite in the *Aulularia* associates *his* particular idea of what is desirable in life, with the wearer of crowns; and when he ceases to be invited to dinner by a man who keeps the most sumptuous of tables, his dejection is manifested in his frantic expression, "Perdidi regem!"—I have lost a King! The phrase in Terence, "Regem me esse oportuit," has a reference, too, to that sort of respectability which is associated with fine linen and long purses; and the old proverb, "Rex aut asinus," found application of old to represent the utmost amount of human content, and the lowest condition in the social scale.

The preceding pages, however, may perhaps have served to show to those who have had the patience to go through them, that the experiences of life prove the fallacy of popular sayings. The Latin "saw," which declares that "the wicked are miserable, even in purple," may, perhaps, be an exception to this generality. The definitions of happiness are so many, that they prove, indeed, how little we are acquainted with it. That it does not necessarily reside under royal ca-

nopies is nevertheless certain. That it will not be the possession of a nation unless righteousness surround a throne, is almost as certain. If a government be based on justice, the head of that government is subject to be deposed by no power but death, or his own free will. If governments—despotic or constitutional, monarchical or republican—would submit to be ruled by the laws and principles which rule private society, war would almost cease upon the earth. On the other hand, if individuals were to regulate their conduct by the principles which seem to move too many governing powers, society would be in a condition of anarchy. When gigantic ambition makes felonious appropriation of a kingdom, it has no right to despise, however it may assume a right to punish, the poor pilferer whose hand is, perhaps, stretched forth by force of hunger. The halcyon days will perhaps come, when the extremes in society will pay more regard to the one divine rule of right than is observed by either, now. How few of the abdications recorded in the preceding pages would have found place there, had that rule been more strictly observed! In mere externals, perhaps, people and princes of modern times may be more refined, but they are not inwardly much more honest and virtuous, than the rudest of monarchs and roughest of subjects in the most remote periods: they are only more hypocritical. When Louis XIV. set up the great globe in the Royal Library, an inscription thereon informed all men that the said globe represented the dominions which the Grand Monarch might have subdued beneath his sceptre, only for his moderation! The weak tone of morality here indicated is ruinous to both governing and governed. We shall none of us be saved by the wrong we have omitted to do. If Kings especially would not only remember this, but act in accordance with it, even the sternest of Republicans might exclaim, *Vivent les Rois!*

Finally, with regard to the influences which have moved,

and the consequences which have followed, abdication from power,—these have been gracefully depicted by Madame Necker, when alluding to the case of Christina. "That Queen," says the French lady, "in surrendering her crown, in order to give herself up more entirely to men of letters, resembles the woman who had two of her fine teeth extracted, that she might gratify a lover who declared that he was in love with her mind, and cared nothing for her external attractions. But when his mistress became thus less beautiful, he loved her no longer."

Si quicquam irrepsit vitiorum, Candide Lector,
ipsemet æquanimo corrige judicio.

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THE END.

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